2

POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JUNE 20 · 1964 25c

CAN WE TRUST MISSILES?

Fierce row over how to defend the U.S.

A NEW ALPHABET

It can help your children learn to read

SWIM IN STYLE

New suits on show

More people should be servants / How to cheat at golf / The triumph of Sidney Poitier

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Providing the moving experience above—Chevelle Malibu SS Convertible

EVER SEE A CHEVELLE THAT WASN'T ENJOYING ITSELF?

Impossible. Chevelles are committed to having a good time. Especially Malibu Super Sports.

We make two Super Sports: a Convertible, for people who don't need a roof over their heads to be happy, and a Sport Coupe for those who do.

Being committed to good times, both Malibu Super Sports are loaded up with good-time equipment. Front bucket seats; all-vinyl upholstery; wall-to-wall carpeting; special instrumentation, and extra-special trim. All arranged on a wheelbase that makes bigger cars seem extravagant but doesn't put the pinch on passengers or luggage space. And nobody ever accused Chevelle's wide variety of engines of being spoilsports.

For really outgoing types, Super Sports can be persuaded to go all-out with extra-cost options like sintered-metallic brake linings, Positraction rear axle and electric tachometer.

Life of the party, that's Chevelle. And if Chevelle's enjoying itself so much, just imagine how the people who drive it feel!... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

Chevrolet • Chevelle • Chevy II • Corvair • Corvette

CHEVROLET

THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS

CHEVELLE! BY CHEVROLET

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The most beautiful bride in the world deserves Mass Mutual protection

To you, she's the loveliest girl who ever said "I do." You want to give her the world, the moon and the stars. And you would like her to have them forever—no matter what may happen to you.

You *can* guarantee that she—and your family as it grows—will be financially secure if you start planning *now*. And it will pay you to talk with the man from Mass Mutual.

Why the man from Massachusetts Mutual in particular?

The fact is: the ability of life insurance agents varies greatly from company to company. And Mass Mutual men are recognized as the ablest of professionals. (Example: one Mass Mutual man in eight has qualified for the Million Dollar Round Table, one of the top honors in the field. The industry average is one in *70*.)

Let your Mass Mutual man help put a solid foundation under your family. He's a specialist at it. And remember, he represents a company with 113 years of experience and $2.9 billion in assets. Call him. You'll be glad you did.

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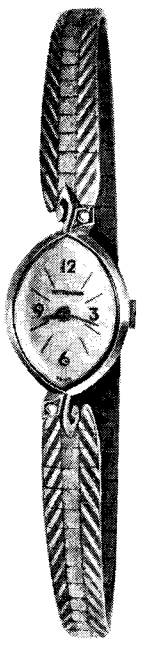
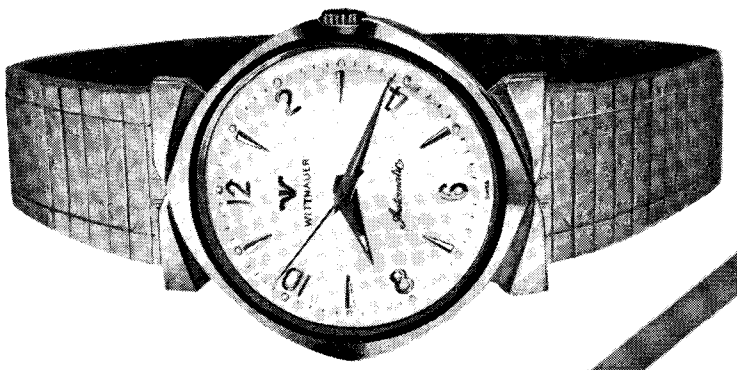
WITTNAUER



Wittnauer Exposition Model LD.
Two sparkling diamonds
to add elegance and beauty
to your wrist! Only $71.50.

Wittnauer Exposition Model MH.
Rugged, good looking. Winds
itself, sweep-second hand,
All-Proof®. Rare value, only $59.95.



Wittnauer Exposition Model MI.
Handsome, winds itself,
sweep-second hand, tells the date
automatically, All-Proof®.
Only $71.50.

Three more good reasons
for you to wear a WITTNAUER Exposition Watch!

These three Wittnauer Exposition watches are splendid examples of the elegance and precision-perfect manufacture that has been a *Wittnauer* hallmark for almost a century. Wittnauer watches offer remarkable value. For example, Exposition automatic watches (shown above) are individually pressure-tested to insure waterproof integrity. And each is shock-protected against the normal hazards of hard daily use. Anti-magnetic, too, and temperature resistant for reliable service in arctic cold or tropical heat. The Wittnauer self-winding movement is one of the world's most advanced... powered by gravity for a carefree lifetime of satisfaction, accuracy and dependability. The beauty of the Wittnauer Ladies Exposition watch shown above is fired with two sparkling diamonds for elegance beyond belief! All Wittnauer watches are meticulously crafted and incorporate every proven horological advance. It is a fact that one Wittnauer watch (regardless of price or purpose) will outlast a succession of short-lived "bargain" timepieces. Why settle for less when you can own a fine Wittnauer watch for as little as $25. The Wittnauer watch is, in every way, a worthy companion watch to the world-honored Longines. Visit your Longines-Wittnauer Franchised Jeweler to see the Wittnauer Exposition watches—and don't miss the magnificent Longines-Wittnauer Exhibit, Swiss Pavilion, N. Y. World's Fair.

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POST

JUNE 20, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 24

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Should the United States build a new strategic bomber now that responsibility for the nation's vital air defense has been given over to intercontinental ballistic missiles? Congress and the Air Force chiefs say yes; Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara says, emphatically, no. A *Post* contributing writer examines both sides of one of the hottest controversies raging in Washington today.

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The authors. Contributing writer **James Atwater,** who last month reported on the fantastic but controversial A-11 plane, spent long hours on Capitol Hill and at the Pentagon studying the arguments for and against a new manned bomber. He once interviewed House Armed Services Committee chairman Carl Vinson while walking along a corridor of the House Office Building at 7:30 in the morning. . . . Another *Post* contributing writer, **Don Oberdorfer,** spent 14 days in and around prison cells, a lot more time than many of the prisoners he interviewed, to learn about their difficulties in securing bail bonds. . . . Twenty-eight-year-old **Robert B. Berry,** an insurance salesman, placed second in a national falconry contest held in South Dakota last fall by the North American Falconers' Association. . . . Free-lancer **Bil Gilbert,** who recalls some of his boyhood caddying experiences, is an amateur naturalist; last summer he taught survival training to a group of Peace Corps volunteers at Georgetown University. . . . For the picture article on bathing suits, *Post* women's editor **Jeanette Sarkisian** looked over some 300 swimsuits and 75 California pools, but in two weeks of filming she did not have time to put on her own swimsuit; however, she *did* get into the water once—fully clothed—to double-check an underwater shot.

The cover. Model Anitra Ford shows off her two-piece daisy swimsuit in fire pink (Par-Form, $15) for contributing photographer **Lawrence J. Schiller** at a backyard pool in Palm Springs, Calif.

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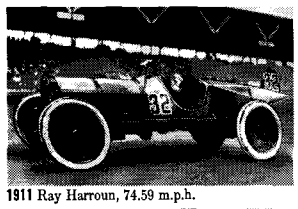
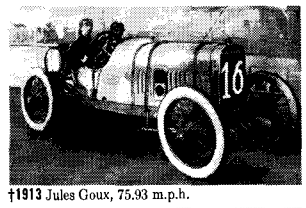
A. J. Foyt, 1964 winner at 147.350 m.p.h. says:

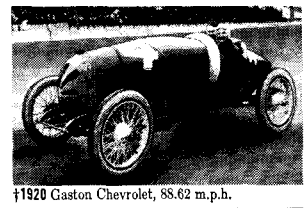
"Firestone tires did a tremendous job. I went all the way without a tire change."



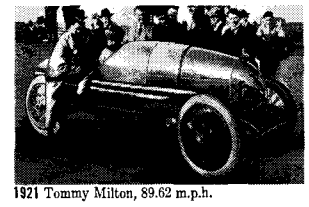
1911 Ray Harroun, 74.59 m.p.h.



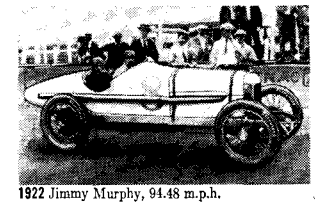
†1913 Jules Goux, 75.93 m.p.h.



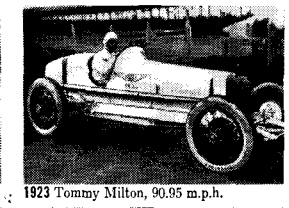
†1920 Gaston Chevrolet, 88.62 m.p.h.



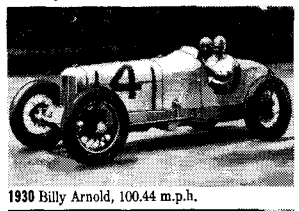
1921 Tommy Milton, 89.62 m.p.h.



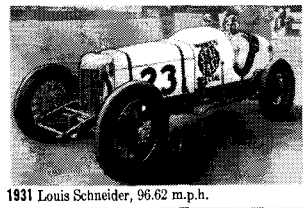
1922 Jimmy Murphy, 94.48 m.p.h.



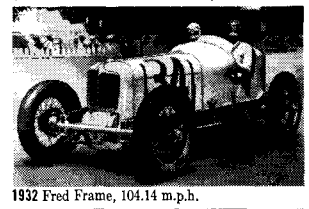
1923 Tommy Milton, 90.95 m.p.h.



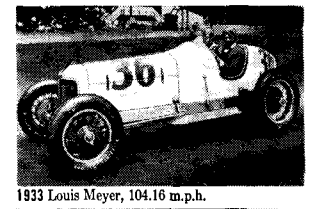
1930 Billy Arnold, 100.44 m.p.h.



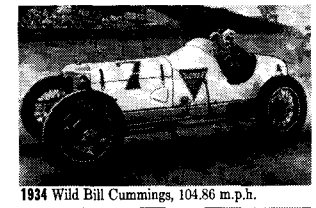
1931 Louis Schneider, 96.62 m.p.h.



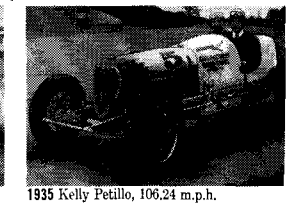
1932 Fred Frame, 104.14 m.p.h.



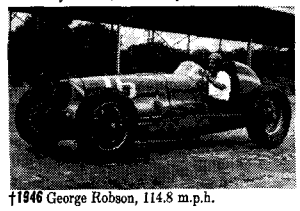
1933 Louis Meyer, 104.16 m.p.h.



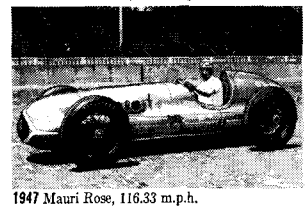
1934 Wild Bill Cummings, 104.86 m.p.h.



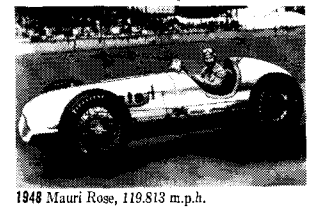
1935 Kelly Petillo, 106.24 m.p.h.



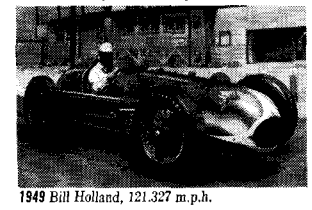
†1946 George Robson, 114.8 m.p.h.



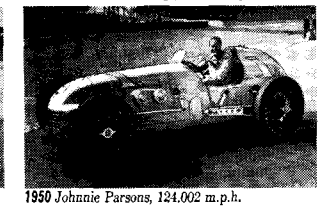
1947 Mauri Rose, 116.33 m.p.h.



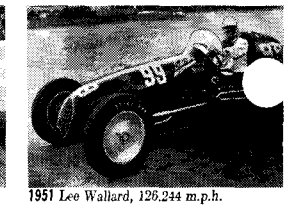
1948 Mauri Rose, 119.813 m.p.h.



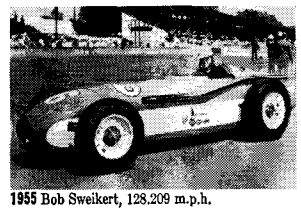
1949 Bill Holland, 121.327 m.p.h.



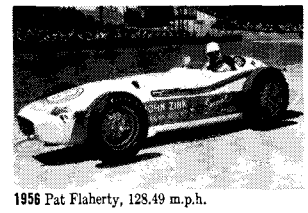
1950 Johnnie Parsons, 124.002 m.p.h.



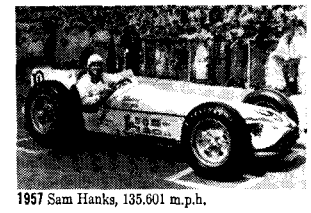
1951 Lee Wallard, 126.244 m.p.h.



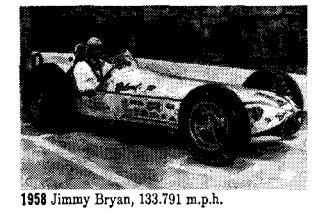
1955 Bob Sweikert, 128.209 m.p.h.



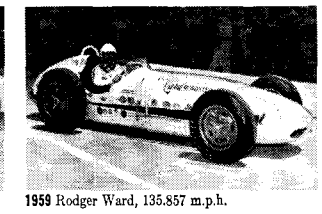
1956 Pat Flaherty, 128.49 m.p.h.



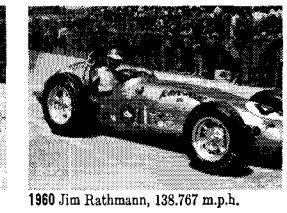
1957 Sam Hanks, 135.601 m.p.h.



1958 Jimmy Bryan, 133.791 m.p.h.



1959 Rodger Ward, 135.857 m.p.h.



1960 Jim Rathmann, 138.767 m.p.h.

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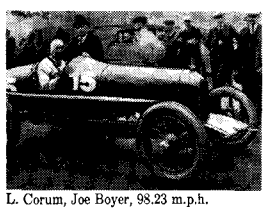
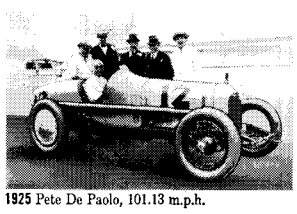
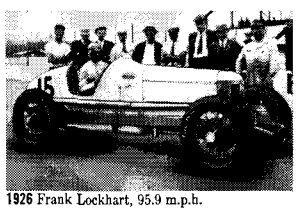
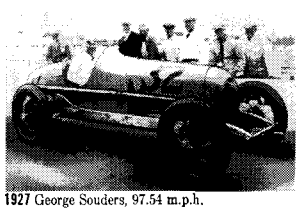
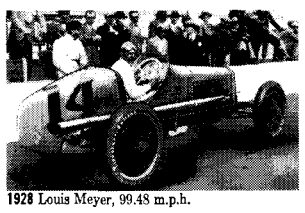
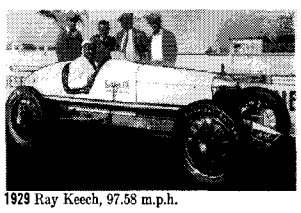

L. Corum, Joe Boyer, 98.23 m.p.h.

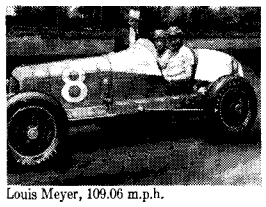

1925 Pete De Paolo, 101.13 m.p.h.

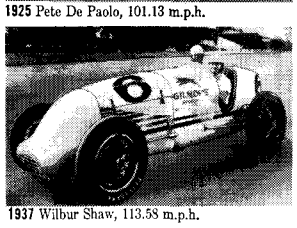

1926 Frank Lockhart, 95.9 m.p.h.

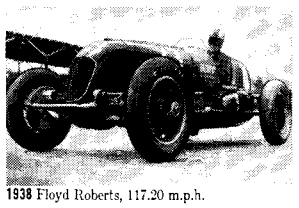

1927 George Souders, 97.54 m.p.h.

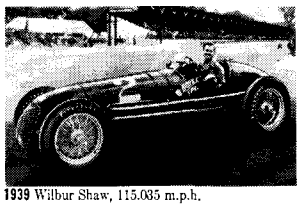

1928 Louis Meyer, 99.48 m.p.h.

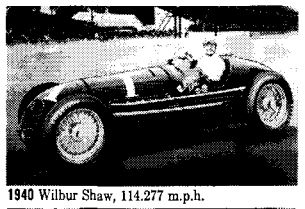

1929 Ray Keech, 97.58 m.p.h.

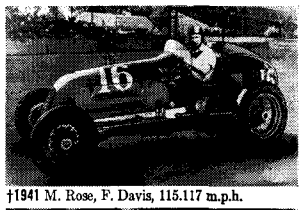

Louis Meyer, 109.06 m.p.h.

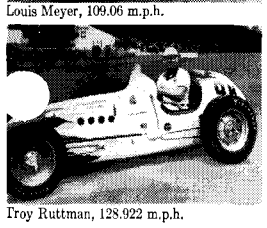

1937 Wilbur Shaw, 113.58 m.p.h.


1938 Floyd Roberts, 117.20 m.p.h.


1939 Wilbur Shaw, 115.035 m.p.h.


1940 Wilbur Shaw, 114.277 m.p.h.


†**1941** M. Rose, F. Davis, 115.117 m.p.h.


Troy Ruttman, 128.922 m.p.h.

†*No races during the war years.*

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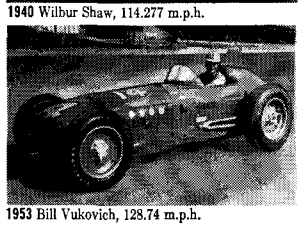
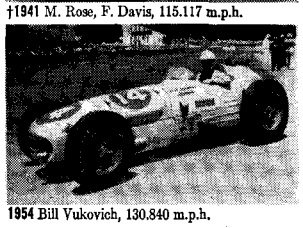
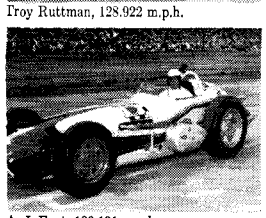
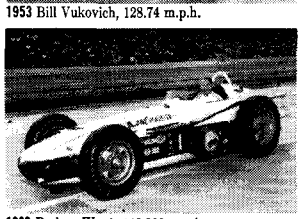

1953 Bill Vukovich, 128.74 m.p.h.

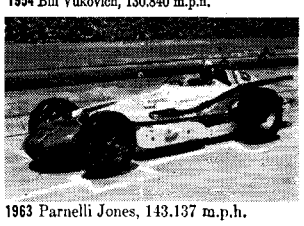

1954 Bill Vukovich, 130.840 m.p.h.

Firestone

THE GREATEST TIRE NAME IN RACING


A. J. Foyt, 139.131 m.p.h.


1962 Rodger Ward, 140.292 m.p.h.


1963 Parnelli Jones, 143.137 m.p.h.

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LETTERS

California primary

Thank you, *Post*, for your editorial telling us Californians how to vote [THE CRUCIAL VOTE IN CALIFORNIA, May 30]. Whether you approve or not, I shall vote for my country and for Barry Goldwater.

MRS. SHIRLEY HEFFERNAN
Orinda, Calif.

• You say a vote against Goldwater is a vote against extremism and the John Birch Society. How ridiculous can you get? The fact is, a vote for Barry is a vote against Communism and the liberalism that is heading us toward Communism.

MRS. H. E. STAUNTON
Bloomington, Ill.

• The stand you have taken is, I feel, at once logical and honest. I agree with your statement that a Goldwater victory "could deliver the Republican Party into the hands of the extremists and a permanent minority status." This nation has in the past managed to work with a two-party system and I, for one, would like to keep it that way.

KEITH MARVIN
Troy, N.Y.

• Out of the Republican Convention in San Francisco will emerge a new Republican Party, dedicated once again to the preservation of the Union, ready and willing to climb aboard the pendulum as it commences its swing back into government as conceived by our founding fathers and best illustrated by those great Americans, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and Barry Goldwater.

MARION A. DAVIS
Jackson, Ohio

Folk music

Your articles on folk music [JUST PLAYIN' FOLKS, by John Launois, and PETER, PAUL AND MARY, by Alfred G. Aronowitz and Marshall Blonsky, May 30] were convincing enough to make me buy a guitar and grow a beard. They contain the honesty and sincerity which folk music implores. I hope they will influence many to listen to our nation's heritage in song.

J. GABRIEL MICEK
Chicago, Ill.

• I'm glad people (mainly, unfortunately, we younger people) are beginning to understand why folk music is liked and almost craved. A folk song doesn't have to be an old song—just one that expresses your own feelings and/or thoughts. I am one of the dedicated and feel that folk music is here to stay.

GEORGIA AURAND
Auburn, N.Y.

• Your article is brief, straightforward, 100 percent honest and, like the music you describe, open to much criticism by the people who know nothing of the subject.

JOHN SHEA
Newton, Mass.

• The condescending tone of the article on Peter, Paul and Mary is absolutely revolting. Peter's conceit, combined with Mary's nasal whine and Paul's boorishness, make the group singularly unappealing to me, a former fan. Let these pseudo-aristocrats stick with their greenbacks, I'll stick with the authentics.

GAIL WETROGAN
Oceanside, N.Y.

• What can one make of a society which rejects the folk song's expression of human ideals and aspirations, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows? Is it provincial to be a human being rather than a set of punchings on an I.B.M. card? Is not the resurgence of folk music related to such great contemporary movements as integration, conservation, voluntary poverty and pacifism?

RICHARD CRANE
Woodstock, N.Y.

• I had been waiting anxiously for your folk-song article. I expected a lengthy, comprehensive, discerning and cognizant treatment. We have been taught in writing seminars that a significant subject needs extended treatment. The significant subject in this case is the ethnic folk singer. All you give that singer is a cursory glance while you parade the new homes of Peter, Paul and Mary in the spotlight. I'm disgusted.

J. LONG
East Braintree, Mass.

• I dearly love to hear the folk singers sing, but tell me—is it necessary for them to fix themselves up to look as if they have just escaped from an insane asylum?

MRS. H. R. GRUBBS
Johnson City, Tenn.

• The popular revival of folk music is losing the fringe-element that jumps on any bandwagon, but a large core of devotees has formed and will remain a force in determining the musical tastes of the nation (witness the waiting lists for the better makes of guitars).

R. L. RODGERS, *Editor*
Washington Folk-Strums
Silver Spring, Md.

Balance of terror

I am writing about Stewart Alsop's TERROR'S STABLE BALANCE [May 30]. It seems to me that the optimistic idea that the "revolution in weaponry" is "about complete" is unjustified and may lead to dangerous complacency. A space vehicle, for example, may not *at present* be a good launching platform for offensive weapons. This doesn't mean it won't be in a few years. If we go to sleep behind our "wall" of ICBM's, we may never wake up. We cannot afford a nuclear Pearl Harbor!

DAVID W. JOHNSTON
Washington, D.C.

• My strongest objection to Mr. Alsop's essay on the "stable" balance of terror is that it tends to lessen fears of the occurrence of nuclear war, if only slightly. It seems that only a few are talking rationally about nuclear catastrophe, among them psychologists who speak of the process of denial ("I won't die") and the ascendancy of Thanatos (the death instinct) over Eros (the life instinct). In order to save ourselves we must learn more about ourselves, particularly our unconscious selves, and quickly.

JAMES A. MULLER
Toledo, Ohio

COMING SOON... in The Post

RICHARD NIXON *speaks out:*
L.B.J. should debate on TV

"What we women must do"
By Lady Bird Johnson

A NEW SERIES ON
America's Great Industries:
STEEL

FLOYD PATTERSON FIGHTS HIS WAY BACK

The plot that started World War I
AN ASSASSIN'S STORY

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

6–Vytas Valaitis. • 10–James Pickerell (Black Star). • 13–Lawrence Schiller. • 14–Burns Brothers. • 15–Lawrence Schiller. • 16–Ollie Atkins. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25–Lawrence Schiller. • 26–Wide World; Lynn Pelham. 28, 29, 30, 33–Lynn Pelham. • 62–G. Ronald Austing. • 63–Robert Berry. • 64, 65–G. Ronald Austing. • 66, 67–I. C. Rapoport. • 73, 74, 75, 76, 77–Bill Bridges.

The baseball business

Pitcher Jim Brosnan's attempts to prove that the pen is mightier than the sword [BUSINESSMEN ARE WRECKING BASEBALL, May 30] are appreciated by those of us who feel, as he does, that baseball is becoming far too conformist. I have heard Broz speak publicly and have read his books and have come to regard him as the "voice of freedom" speaking from behind the "iron curtain of baseball." Individualism is a necessary part of the world's greatest game.

SELBY MARTIN
Toronto, Canada

Help from hams

The ham-radio fraternity is indebted to you for Max Gunther's RACE AGAINST BLINDNESS [May 30]. Hams can be found on the scene of any emergency in which communications can be of assistance (i.e., hurricanes, floods, forest fires, search parties, etc.). We are proud of Alson Braley and Ted Hunter as men who have achieved the goal that all of us hams have set for ourselves—that of continuous, effective public service.

GLENDON WHITEHOUSE, *KIDIK*
Unity, Maine

Faithful Scots

For the past 10 years, I have not missed a single issue of *The Post*, nor have eight of my fellow Scots, my copy circulating among them. I should apologize for their not buying their own but, being Scots, they are loath to part with the wherewithal. Anyhow, please allow all of us to congratulate you on your excellent magazine. It gives us here in Scotland a real insight into the American way of life.

DAVID SPITTAL
Fifeshire, Scotland

College acceptance

William Trombley's THE EXPLODING UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA [May 16] spelled out in superb fashion the problems—and challenges—facing state universities today. Needing correction, however, was the statement that many such universities have to accept every high-school graduate who presents himself at the door. This is true today in only five states, and even there the universities' reputations for high standards discourage the unqualified from applying. To suggest that state universities automatically accept all comers offers false hope to thousands of parents whose children may have to be turned away.

ALLAN W. OSTAR, *Director*
Association of State Universities
and Land-Grant Colleges
Washington, D.C.

Unequal space

I wonder whether you are aware of the fact that in connection with James Phelan's PLUCKY PIERRE CRASHES THE PARTY [May 30], you gave Salinger approximately 125½ square inches of picture space and graciously gave Alan Cranston a mere 15¾ square inches. Not that we didn't appreciate every little bit.

EVELYN E. BAILEY
Bakersfield, Calif.

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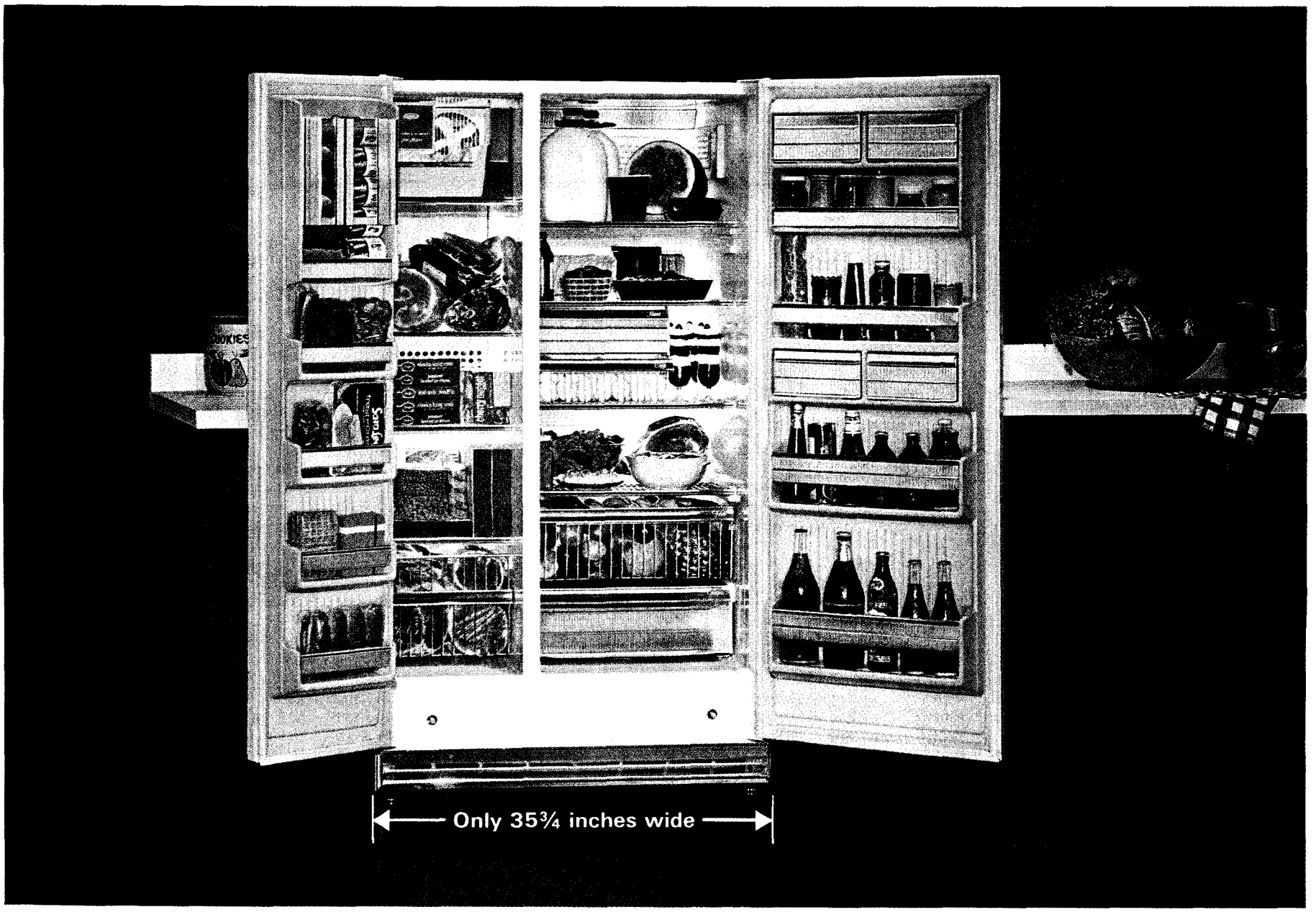
Newest Admiral Duplex (35¾″ wide) fits in your old refrigerator space

NEVER BEFORE! AN 18.8 CU. FT. STAND-UP FREEZER-REFRIGERATOR

For the big family with a small kitchen



For the first time . . . a side-by-side Freezer and Refrigerator with an 18.8 cu. ft. capacity . . . in one beautiful cabinet just 35¾″ wide!

The Duplex 19's unique stand-up design and new, foamed-in Thinwall Insulation save valuable space inside and outside . . . nearly double the storage capacity of your present refrigerator space!

At left: the spacious 246 lb. freezer is just 64 3/16″ high . . . lets you reach right in without squatting, stooping or stretching.

At right: the expansive 11.8 cu. ft. refrigerator holds gallon milk bottles, big hams, bulky packages . . . lets you help yourself without hunting.

Shop just once a week for the big family. Enjoy a convenient automatic ice maker* . . . and automatic defrosting in both the freezer and refrigerator.*

See the Duplex 19 now . . . in Copper Bronze, Shell Pink, Citron Yellow, Turquoise and White.

Admiral® Duplex® 19

Newest thin-wall freezer refrigerator

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Model shown, ND 1949. *Ice maker and no-defrost freezer, optional extra. Specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario

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SPEAKING OUT*

A graduate of Vassar, Caroline Bird has written for many leading magazines. She spends half each week working at a Manhattan public-relations firm and the other half writing at home in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. She has a two-year-old son and, by the daughter of a previous marriage, a six-year-old granddaughter.

MORE PEOPLE SHOULD BE SERVANTS

Through our snobbery, says this writer, we make it a disgrace for one person to serve another. Yet many jobless Americans are more suited to service than to factory jobs, and the rest of us desperately need the personal services they might supply.

By Caroline Bird

The notion that there is something shameful about personal service is an invisible ceiling on the vaunted American standard of living. Our housewives, executives and consumers struggle with chores they haven't time or energy to do, while those who could do them better can't find jobs of any kind.

The barbarities we've learned to accept are appalling. An old lady is fined because she can't quite shovel her own snow off the walk. Another falls and breaks her hip jockeying a full garbage can to the curb, as requested by the labor-short sanitation department.

Some hospitals keep patients drugged all the time because they haven't the help to answer the bells. Some of them try to spread the help they have by sending every normal maternity case home three days after childbirth, whether the mother has any decent help there or not. When the visiting relative or unfamiliar hired help goes home, the new mother faces an ordeal never demanded of those peasant women who bore large broods without missing a day in the fields. She has to take over 24-hour-a-day care of the new baby and other preschool children *alone*. Anyone who has ever tried to nurse a baby while a phone or doorbell rings unanswered will understand why so many American babies are bottle fed.

Everybody says you can't find anybody to help anymore. People thought we were crazy to buy a house in the country and count on getting into New York several days a week. The local employment services warned me I'd never get anyone to live in and take care of my two-year-old son. "We've got a lot of people out of work," a clubwoman admitted, "but we don't have anyone who will do housework. If you want a maid, you'll have to bring one up from the city." In desperation, I put an ad in the local paper explaining that I was a writer who had fallen in love with a house and wanted someone to share it with me and care for it and my small son a few days a week. I stated that I was looking for a social equal, an honorary aunt for my little boy.

I got answers in droves from all sorts of women who had never thought of domestic service. I heard from women who had office jobs but couldn't face going home to an empty room every night. I heard from women suddenly left alone to earn a living who had been gathering their courage to compete with younger women for scarce office jobs; to them my ad offered a respectable way to go on living the domestic life they really liked best. One whom I couldn't use was insulted when I told her the local employment agency had 20 housekeeping jobs it couldn't fill. "I'd never think of going down there," she said with real horror. "I might meet someone I knew." I finally hired a widow who would rather live with us and collect rent on her own house than keep it up for herself alone. Some people think she is my mother.

Domestic service is disappearing because it means class distinction. We're supposed to have no classes in America, and most of us will endure a lot of discomfort and forego some money to maintain this pretty fiction. Housewives say they don't like having extra people around the house, but what they really mean is that they are embarrassed to appear superior. Or they are afraid they can't give orders without damaging the dignity of the person who takes them. Or they don't know what to say and how to act. Girls say they would rather work in a factory and be "free" than live as a domestic servant and have more money left over at the end of the week. What these girls really mean, of course, is that they don't want to be a servant.

The stigma attached to being a "maid" may come down to us from our immigrant past, when domestic service was the job that beginners had to do until they could get something better. So guidance counselors don't encourage young Americans to become waiters, window washers, tailors, porters, doormen, charwomen and home launderers; the youngsters, they feel, ought to "aim higher"—to office or white-collar work. As a result, there are few good places where a boy or girl can learn cabinetmaking, cooking, table service, catering, tailoring, dressmaking or professional gardening. Those who practice these trades are apt to be foreign-born, and they make so much money that a lot of them can boast a net worth far greater than that of white-collar patrons who worry about treating them as "equals."

Meanwhile, Americans who ought to be using more services suffer from a "frontier mystique," which endows self-reliance and do-it-yourself with a peculiar virtue, especially when "it" is something that has to be done at home. A man who isn't expected to answer his own phone at the office, and who may find nothing amiss in having a shoeshine boy work on his shoes, has to put up his own storm windows, and his wife has to assemble and lug groceries home as if her time and energy were worth nothing.

The housewife is quite generally the victim of improved efficiency. Businesses have raised profits by squeezing every bit of service out of their products, thus making the housewife do their work for them. Furniture comes knocked down for you to assemble. Department stores won't send a dozen dresses home so you can try them on a little girl. Alterations aren't free; they cost so much you wind up doing them yourself. Stores won't give you samples of wallpaper or material so you can save a trip when you have to match them. Banks won't give you your balance anymore free of charge. Repairmen won't give you a free estimate, so you feel you ought to try to fix the machine yourself before calling them in. When you go to the doctor's, you find he has scheduled several patients at the same hour to avoid any waste of his time, so *you* have to wait.

Butchers are becoming obsolete. If you want meat cut in a certain way, you have to operate yourself on something the supermarket has wrapped up for no one in particular. Milk and mail, newspapers and telegrams are delivered at the convenience of the deliverers, and if you don't like it, you have to go yourself.

With all her labor-saving appliances, the American housewife is supposed to have such a cinch that she doesn't need a day off. You'd think that machines gather up her laundry, mend it, fold it and put it back in drawers. Cake mixes mix themselves in mixers. Garbage walks off the plates and into the disposal unit. Vacuum cleaners unwind their cords, plug themselves in and glide effortlessly over floors and furniture. An electric brain plucks the right boxes from the supermarket shelf and assembles them at the checkout counter, leaving the little lady nothing to do but lug them into the car and out of the car. If she is neurotic, it is obviously because she loafs at home all day instead of getting out and doing something for the community.

Our cultural blind spot about personal service keeps us from seeing where we lack it. Because we assume that a red-blooded man will insist on driving himself, we have hard-pressed physicians driving themselves from patient to patient

**One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors of The Post often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.*

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YOUR FEET NEED DAILY CARE

Dr. Wm. M. Scholl

"Neglect of common foot troubles can affect your health and appearance ... even your disposition!"

says WM. M. SCHOLL, M.D.,
World's Foremost Foot Authority

Look for this display in stores everywhere!

This week they are featuring all of the medically-approved Dr. Scholl's Foot Aids you need for proper care of the feet and relief from all common foot troubles!

When your feet hurt, *you hurt all over!* Yet, this is *needless* suffering, because most common foot troubles are caused by neglect. This is why your feet deserve the same daily care as your face, hands and hair . . . even more!

Start *your* daily foot care habit right now—during DR. SCHOLL'S FOOT COMFORT® WEEK. It's so easy when you use Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Remedies, Appliances, Arch Supports. Sold at Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores everywhere; also at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops in leading cities. Do it now. Enjoy happy feet again!

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Super-soft *Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads* quickly relieve pain and gently remove corns; lift shoe pressure; soothe, cushion. Also prevent corns, sore toes, blisters. 19¢ and 45¢ boxes.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for bunions, relieve tender and enlarged joints, lift painful shoe pressure. 19¢ and 45¢ boxes.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve and remove soft corns between toes. Be sure to ask for the *soft corn* pad. 19¢ and 45¢ boxes.

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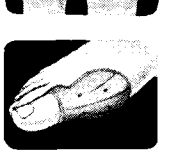

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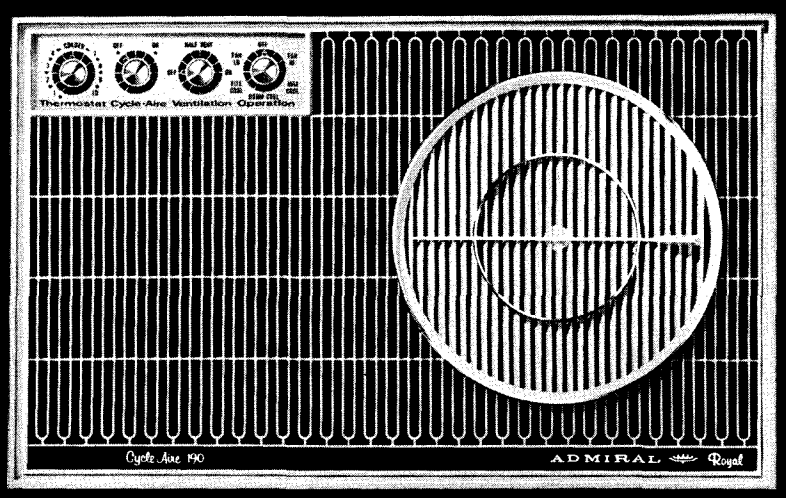

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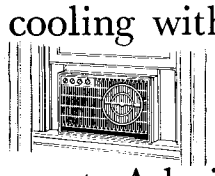

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instead of using the few moments to rest. Our answer to the shortage of doctors is a computer that will diagnose and monitor a patient's condition but cannot hold his hand or give him a cheery smile. Our answer to the teacher shortage is to devise teaching, testing and grading machines that enable one teacher to take care of more pupils. The unexpected outburst against telephone digit dialing is a sort of spasm of protest against the dehumanization of services that formerly carried some sort of personal relationship, however fleeting.

The pity is that millions need the work that is being saved. Some of them need it to be human. The loneliest people in this country are the single sisters, cousins, aunts and widowed grandmothers who used to watch the babies and help around the house. Today they are expected to go out and get themselves a "real" paying job. (Now that they have gone, there is no one left at home to fold a sheet with or run to the store. If mother is sick, father has to stay home from the office, because grandmother has a job and a home of her own, and heaven help her if *she* falls sick.) The tragedy, however, is that these people, who are so needed in personal services of all kinds, are just the people who can't find jobs in industry. Old folks with obsolete skills, the young people who don't or can't take enough schooling to qualify for the exacting new jobs of running the labor-displacing machines—both groups are growing. Unless we can find work they can do, we will never keep unemployment down to reasonable bounds.

It is cruel delusion to tell young people that more education is the answer. It's true, of course, that unemployment is highest among the unschooled. According to the Labor Department, 30 percent of adolescents will not finish high school, and of those who want to enter the labor force, 30 percent will be unemployed. (The unemployment rate in the labor force as a whole is almost six percent.) But all this means is that you've got to get through high school to get a job at all. It doesn't mean that there will *be* a job for all high-school graduates. Universal college for everyone won't create new jobs. It will merely intensify the competition for the dwindling number of high-productivity jobs that will in future suffice to produce all the things that the rest of us can consume.

If all these people are going to support themselves, they are going to have to work helping each other. We could, of course, put them to work shooting the moon or building up underdeveloped nations, but they are needed here and now. All we have to do is to redesign personal service. It must be made to meet the social and psychological needs of school dropouts and Appalachian isolates who cannot stand the impersonal discipline that factories impose and who do not want to better themselves so much as they want to be warmly related to the people around them. As factory productivity rises, more people should be free to do the humanly satisfying work of making or doing something for just one other person.

Why don't we do it? The real reason is not that personal service isn't as productive as machine tending and can't command industrial wages. We have licked more uneconomic problems than that. We have subsidized marginal farmers. We haul millions of children to consolidated schools and back again every school day. All this took money and planning that dug deep into people's lives. But we pay the bill and endure the red tape because we feel that the family farm and the future of children are worth it. Can't we put the same social ingenuity and high purpose to work providing the human support that will lift the morale of housewives and make life for able-bodied Social Security pensioners worth living?

This rich and versatile society ought to think of something better to do with these so-called "superfluous people" than to give them a handout that will barely keep them alive in desperate loneliness. There are better ways to show overburdened mothers and unemployed factory girls, for example, that they have something both human and economic to offer each other. We need only to organize domestic work so that it is dignified and well enough defined so that both parties know how to act.

A splendid model exists in New York City's Part-Time Child Care service. This private employment agency registers women who pass a rigid screening for child care and dispatches them, on call, to baby-sit. It allows students, airline hostesses in town for a few days, engaged girls waiting for fiancés, office girls who like to take care of children at night and middle-aged women with or without families to work when and as long as they wish. It gives mothers the comfort of knowing that reliable help is less than an hour away by telephone. Part-Timers are strictly child-tenders. The agency spells out for both sides exactly what they will and will not do, what meals are expected and what accommodations will be provided.

All sorts of services could be patterned on this model: pet care, lawn care, convalescent care, shopping, housecleaning, children's parties, temporary homemaking for families disorganized by sickness. Other opportunities for new small businesses could be patterned on the typewriter services that keep office machines running. A much-needed one is repair-and-maintenance insurance for all the machines in a household.

We need to analyze personal-service work so that we can organize it in a way more comfortable to both sides. It may turn out that rescheduling of some home routines will shorten long hours traditional for domestic service and enable domestic workers to live off the premises without discomfort. We ought to explore all kinds of solutions—live in, live out, live so that we break the distasteful master-servant pattern; live so that individuals may respond more freely to their own preferences.

There is no reason why we should put up with doing ourselves all the things that aren't economic for a machine to do. There is no reason why the people the machines have left behind should wither. There is no reason why a lonely grandmother should grow old before her time because she needs to be needed while an isolated mother yearns for the lift and the moral support she once could get from sisters, cousins and aunts.

No reason, really, but the false pride which dooms millions to work that provides no human response, while the people who need their help are just as lonely and burdened doing it all themselves.

Caroline Bird

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George Richardson inside his barn on his dairy farm in Jacksonville, Florida

"I'm putting my money in cows . . . not life insurance!"

"That's what I said . . . until a MONY man showed me a plan that builds cash for retirement or estate taxes."

George Richardson talks it over with Charlie Mock, CLU

"I was pretty tough on MONY man Charlie Mock when he first stopped by. I had a growing business with the farm, and some insurance already. I went into debt to get this place and the cows, so my big worry was to pay all that off.

" 'But that's just the point,' Charlie told me. If I died suddenly, my present insurance would probably be all swallowed up in debts and estate taxes. I didn't know what would happen to my family or the farm.

"The life insurance plan that Charlie outlined would help provide the protection I need against all this . . . while I'd be building cash values for retirement. I started then and there.

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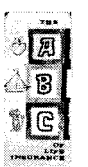

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Vietnam: Go North?

Airborne G.I. over Vietnam.

WASHINGTON: As these words are written, a passionate debate is going on behind closed doors within the American Government. The debate is about whether or not to adopt a "Go-North Policy." To "go north" means, in the current Washington shorthand, to use American air and sea power to bomb and blockade the Communist regime in North Vietnam, in order to force an acceptable settlement in South Vietnam and Laos.

President Johnson may have made a decision to go north even before these words are printed. He is most unlikely to make a decision *not* to go north, since the time may be coming when direct American military pressure on the Communist side will be the only alternative to defeat in Southeast Asia.

In any case, the President's ultimate decision could mean a lot more than most people realize. It could mean a war involving American ground troops on a scale at least as big as the Korean War. The responsible policy makers all recognize this fact. But the fact is recognized by very few people outside the inner official circle.

The proponents of the Go-North Policy, in both the Pentagon and the State Department, hope, and in some cases also believe, that the policy will not require the use of American ground forces. Some 24 targets for "iron bombs" (meaning high-explosive, not nuclear) have been chosen. The first targets would be the training camps in North Vietnam for the Communist Viet Cong in South Vietnam, whose locations are precisely known.

If aerial bombing of these camps did not have the desired effect, the plans are to "escalate" by blockading the coast and bombing such targets as airports, rail and road communications, and finally the new factories which are the pride of the Communist regime. The desired effect is, quite simply, to force the Communist side to live up to the 1954 and 1962 Geneva accords, and thus make possible a reasonably stable government in South Vietnam, and a genuinely neutral regime in Laos.

Under the present rules of the game, the proponents of the Go-North Policy argue, this effect cannot be achieved, since Ho Chi Minh's Communist regime in North Vietnam is allowed to supply, direct and reinforce the Communists in South Vietnam and Laos without fear of retaliation. Therefore the rules must be changed.

These arguments are compelling. But the risks involved in changing the rules ought also to be squarely faced. There are several risks, including the risk of Chinese Communist intervention, conceivably leading to general war. But what most of the experts consider a great deal more likely is that Ho Chi Minh would respond to air attacks on North Vietnam by sending his army against South Vietnam.

Opinion is divided on what might happen then. Some air enthusiasts believe that, given American air support, the South Vietnamese Army could fight the Communists to a standstill. But the majority view seems to be that the South Vietnam Army, already weakened by desertions and threatened from the rear by the Communist Viet Cong, would quickly disintegrate unless American ground troops intervened in strength.

If American ground forces had to be used, they would be used—this country could not in honor stand aside and see all Vietnam overrun as a direct result of American action. In short, the Go-North Policy involves a very real risk—how great a risk depends on individual judgment—of another Korea-scale ground war, this time without the support of the United Nations or any of this country's major allies.

The risk is recognized by the officials responsible, including the President. But it ought to be recognized by the public, as well as by the officials behind their closed doors.

It may be, of course, that the risk is not great; that American air power alone would force the Communist side to back down; or that American air intervention alone would prevent South Vietnam from being overrun in case of a Communist attack south. But history does not support such hopeful views.

In fact, there has been a tendency in this country, going back to the last war, to suppose that air power is an adequate substitute for what the British call the P.B.I., or Poor Bloody Infantry. This reporter was in the P.B.I. himself, in Italy, which may have prejudiced him. There was no German Air Force worth the name in Italy, right back to the Alps, and the American Air Force bombed German troops and supply lines absolutely at will. But that did not make the Italian campaign a picnic for the infantry.

After the Allied break-out from the Normandy beachhead in July, 1944, the Allied air forces wholly dominated the skies over Europe. But the need for infantrymen was still so great that men were being transferred from the grossly overmanned air force and sent into infantry battle before they knew how to throw a grenade properly. On the other side of the world, to cite a single example, Merrill's marauders were suffering 300 percent casualties per month when there was not a single Japanese plane left in Burma.

After the war the tendency to suppose that control of the air solves all problems persisted. President Truman's military advisers, including General MacArthur, assured him that the Communist aggression in Korea could be contained by air and naval power alone, without any ground forces. Within a few months we had been forced to commit six American infantry divisions to fight the Communists. The real fault of the planning for the Bay of Pigs lay in the too-easy assumption that, given control of the air (which was not achieved), a few hundred men could take and hold a beachhead against a big ground army.

All this is not to suggest that the proponents of the Go-North Policy are necessarily wrong. They may be dead right. Total Communist victory in Southeast Asia would be a near-total disaster to the United States. But it is wrong to embark on any course of action without recognizing the dangers involved and preparing to deal with them. It is wrong to suppose that great ends, like a Communist backdown in Southeast Asia, can be achieved on the cheap.

If there is no other way to avoid disaster, we must be prepared to change the rules in Southeast Asia. But we also ought to be ready to face the quite possible consequences—that is, a lot of American soldiers fighting a very nasty war on the ground. It is because he is aware that these consequences are possible that President Johnson seems unlikely to adopt the Go-North Policy—especially in an election year—unless he has absolutely no other alternative to disaster.

Stewart Alsop

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The Maytag that went to summer camp and stayed 20 years

The Maytag at Broadview Farm Summer Camp just didn't seem to know when to quit.

When you consider that over the 3 months' summer season Broadview Farm is home to 150 kids plus 15 staff members, you know this veteran Maytag handled more than its share of laundry. Yet total yearly repair bills ran less than 3 dollars.

Quite a feat when you consider the Maytag was 15 years old when it was given to the Farm.

In 1962, the 35-year-old Maytag Wringer Washer was put into involuntary retirement. Replaced by a brand-new Maytag Automatic. It has 8 wash cycles including a fast rinse cycle that's perfect for cleaning bathing suits and beach towels. Maytag's perforated tub with swirlaway draining action takes care of the sand. As in every new Maytag Automatic, this one has big-family load capacity, a zinc-coated steel cabinet and a safety lid that stops action in seconds when opened.

If the old Maytag didn't act its age it was probably because it was hanging around all those kids every summer.

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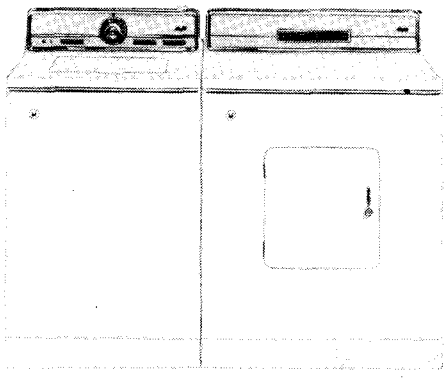

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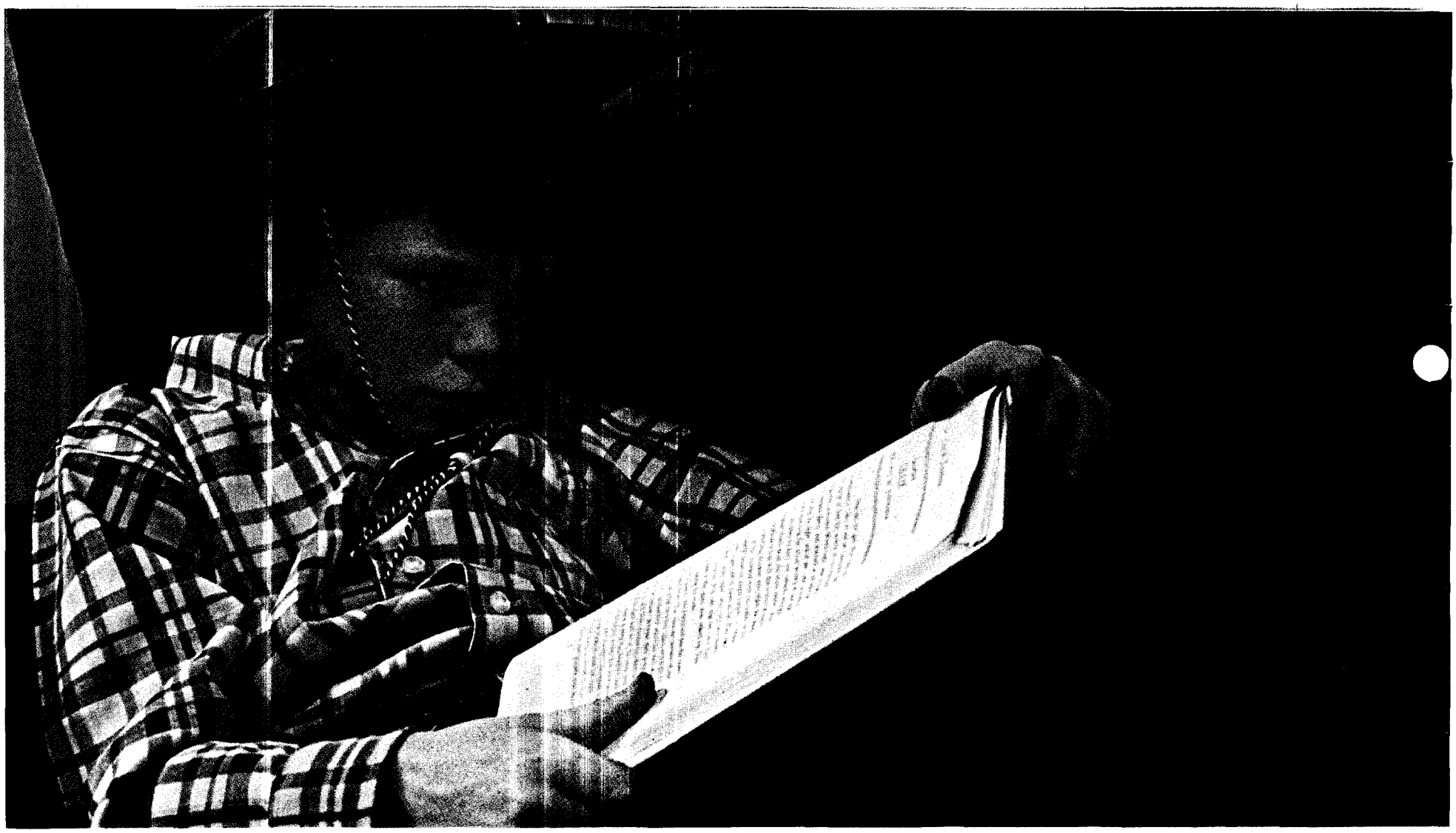

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How to use TV to get your child to read more

Westerns, space programs, newscasts, even weather reports can start your children reading more. Here's how you can supply an additional nudge

IF CHILDREN had voted in the 1956 election, Davy Crockett would have been their choice for president.

It all started with one television program. Within a few days, kids were talking like him, dressing like him and ransacking libraries and bookstores to find out more about the King of the Wild Frontier.

How to lend a helping hand

Peter Pan, Cinderella and Wyatt Earp caused similar reading booms after their TV debuts.

What happened? Simply this: television sparked an interest that only books, with their great range, could fully satisfy.

If *your* child doesn't start searching for books on his own, don't be dismayed. Here are some ways you can give him a helping hand.

Watch TV *with* your child occasionally. And keep a dictionary or encyclopedia near the TV set. When he starts popping questions, you can help him look up the answers then and there. (His teacher or local librarian can recommend the best reference books for his age.)

As you talk over the programs with him, you'll soon learn his pet subjects. Whatever they are—from the Wild West to the Milky Way—you can help him find exciting books about them at the library.

Help him get "the whole story"

A child's curiosity moves on fast. Be quick to take advantage of this fleeting interest. Show your child how he can get "the whole story" in books. Try reading the first two or three chapters of his next book right along with him. *Aloud*. Watch him discover how much fun it is.

In fact, you may be surprised to find out how much fun *you* can have in the process.

Your child probably won't realize it, but little by little you will be guiding him toward an entire *lifetime* of reading.

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By James Atwater

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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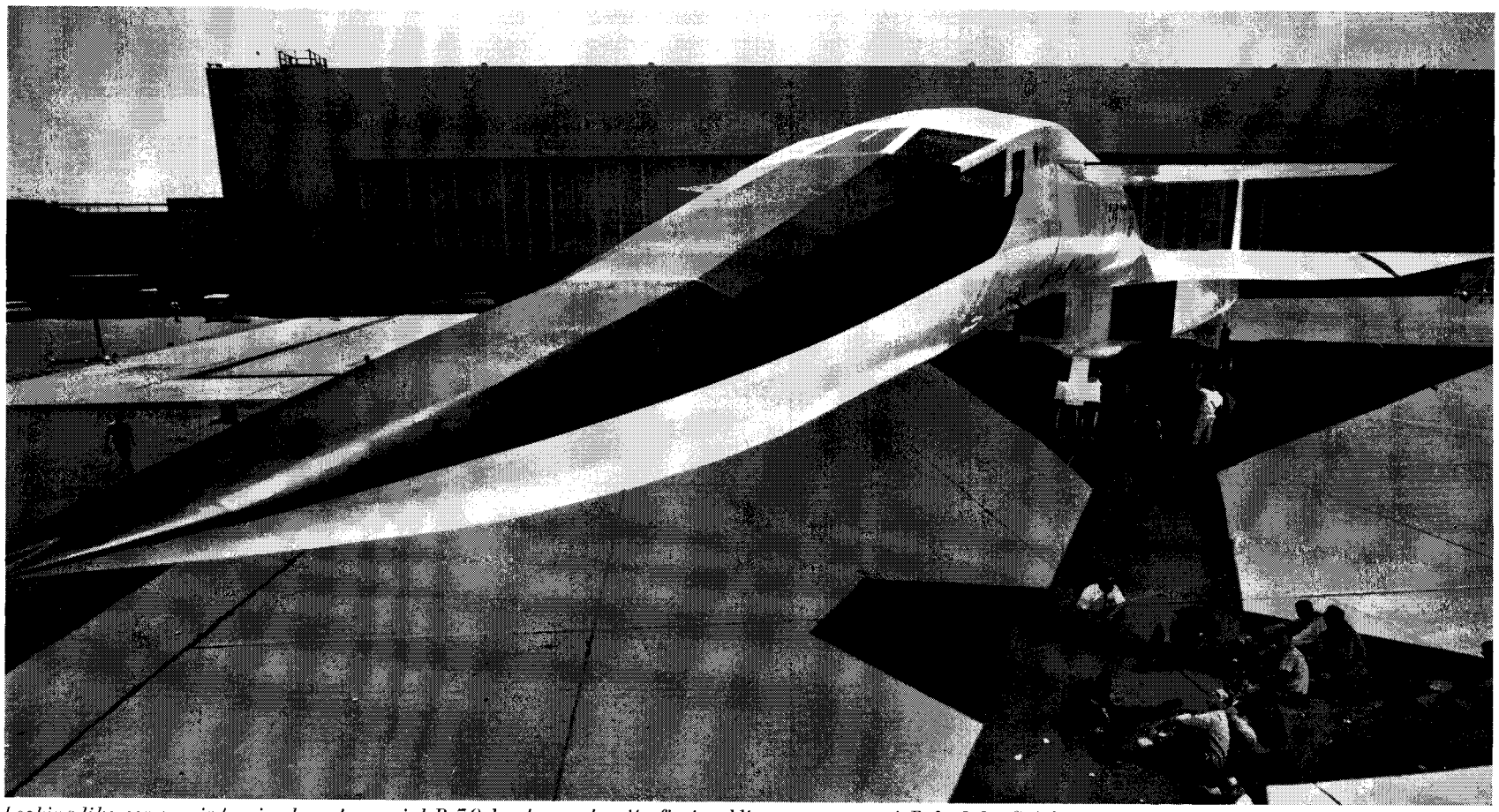
Last stand of the big bomber

In a bitter Pentagon fight, the Air Force is arguing that it needs a new strategic bomber. Robert McNamara insists missiles will do the job better—but how reliable are our ICBM's?



Looking like some weird animal, controversial B-70 bomber makes its first public appearance at Palmdale, Calif., plant of its builder, North American Aviation.

The outcome of a bitter and divisive battle raging inside the Pentagon today will dictate the shape of American military power for the foreseeable future. The subject of this struggle is the long-range bomber, and the battle will decide whether it remains a vital weapon in the American arsenal or follows the brontosaurus and the battleship into extinction.

Gen. Curtis LeMay, Air Force Chief of Staff, is convinced that the United States should not rely solely on missiles. He is convinced the intercontinental bomber can—and should—continue to play a valuable part in the U.S. deterrent force. And he badly wants a new bomber to replace the rapidly aging aircraft of his Strategic Air Command.

Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara argues with equal force—and from a position of greater power—that strategic bombers will be too slow and too vulnerable to fight effectively in the missile era of the 1970's. He has repeatedly turned down Air Force requests for new bombers.

Ultimately, of course, it is President Johnson who must decide for or against a new bomber. He has kept a close watch on the fight between LeMay and McNamara, but so far he has not committed himself. Even when he does, however, the controversy is unlikely to die down. The issues involved are too fundamental, and the implications too sweeping.

For one thing, the debate between McNamara and LeMay brings into question the reliability of our growing arsenal of ICBM's—a matter which is likely to figure in the forthcoming presidential campaign. The Republicans can be expected to charge that McNamara's policies would permit Russia to open a "bomber gap" on the U. S., just as the Democrats in 1960 accused Eisenhower of permitting the opening of a "missile gap."

The Republicans' attack will be particularly sharp if their nominee should be Barry Goldwater, who has already accused McNamara of trying "to fool the American public into thinking we have a missile system ready to go." The senator from Arizona, a major general in the Air Force reserve, says: "I would much rather put my faith in the testimony of a man like General LeMay, who has grappled with these problems in war and in peace, than in a man like Secretary McNamara, who puts his primary reliance on computers."

On this issue, at least, Goldwater has the support of some Democrats as well as Republicans in Congress. Although the Democrats are pleased with McNamara's overall performance, and positively delighted with his cost-cutting program, they line up with the Air Force on the bomber. "Congress feels strongly that there should be some kind of showdown on the new bomber," says Democratic Senator Henry Jackson, a prominent member of the Armed Services Committee.

The heavy bomber has been the great weapon of the United States since the early months of World War II. After the war, the American deterrent was built successively around the B-50; the lumbering B-36; the B-47, the first all-jet bomber; and then the B-52, the long-range aircraft which is now the backbone of SAC's fleet, and the smaller, supersonic B-58.

When McNamara took office in 1961, SAC had a force of over 1,700 bombers, and the airplane was still king. The missile was just starting to move into battle. The Navy had deployed five Polaris subs, each

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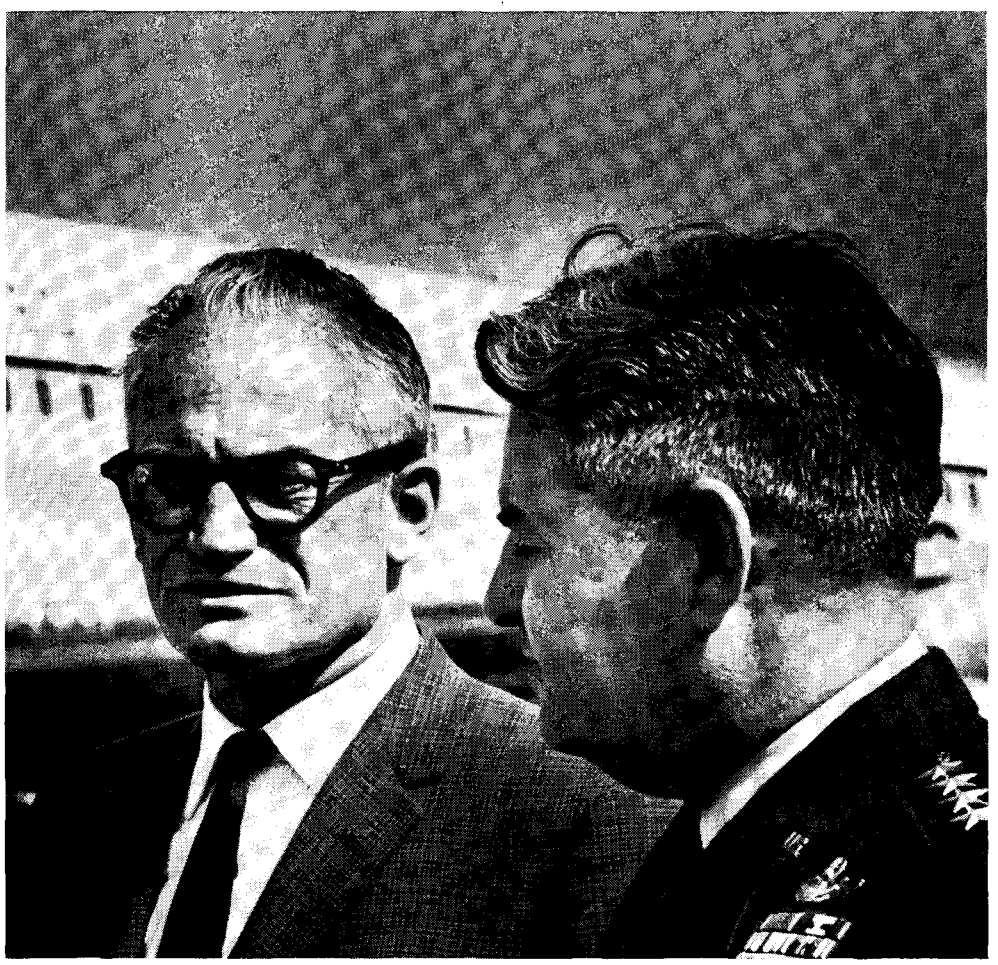
Despite pressure from Congress, McNamara has consistently refused to



Sen. Barry Goldwater and Air Force Chief Gen. Curtis LeMay both fear "bomber gap."

Gen. LeMay and McNamara talk Air Force business in the Defense Secretary's office.

Bomber's Last Stand

carrying 16 missiles. The Air Force had six Atlas missiles ready to fight, but these would have been easy targets for the Russians, since they were not only concentrated but also "soft"—above ground.

McNamara soon decided, however, that the missile was the weapon of the future, not the bomber. In 1961, when Congress voted $525 million for an additional wing of B-52's, McNamara simply did not spend the money on bombers. As a result, the last B-52's—and, as it happens, the last B-58's—were delivered in 1962. Instead of buying bombers, McNamara speeded up the timetable set by Eisenhower for procuring missiles, particularly the Polaris and Minuteman.

McNamara's refusal to buy the additional B-52's infuriated Congress. In 1962 Carl Vinson, the benevolent despot who is chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, decided to try to force a bomber upon McNamara. But instead of taking a stand on the B-52, Vinson chose the B-70, the Air Force's bomber of the future, then still under development.

Prodded by Vinson, the committee voted $491 million for the B-70, and then declared that the Secretary of Defense was "directed, ordered, mandated and required" to spend every penny of the sum on the aircraft. The ukase set up a potential constitutional conflict between the Legislative and Executive branches of the Government. President Kennedy averted the crisis by inviting Vinson to stroll with him through the White House rose garden. While they were casually taking the sun, he sweet-talked the ol man. The directive was dropped.

The ambitious B-70 program has now been cut back to the construction of two airplanes, which will cost about $1.5 billion and be little more than flying laboratories. The plane was first shown in public on May 11, and the first flight is planned for this summer, about 18 months behind schedule.

The B-70 was designed to fly at 70,000 feet at Mach 3—three times the speed of sound, or about 2,000 mph. In 1955, when the plans were drawn up, this seemed to make it an elusive enough target, but one of McNamara's main arguments against the aircraft was that, even at this speed and altitude, it could be hit by Russian rockets. Early in 1963, accordingly, the Air Force began a desperate search for a type of bomber that could dodge the rockets and thus qualify as a valuable supplement to the missile.

Gen. Bernard A. Schriever, the service's top technical expert, and a number of the brightest young colonels in the Air Force set to work on the problem. Assuming that the missile would be the principal nuclear weapon of the future, they asked themselves what characteristics a bomber would need to serve as valuable part of the weapons "mix" in the 1970's. Their answers, submitted last fall, are embodied in the plane the Air Force calls the AMPSS—for "advanced manned precision strike system."

The proposed bomber would avoid Russian rockets by flying too low to be detected by radar—as low as 50 feet, according to LeMay's cool estimate. It would skirt known enemy defense installations, and carry missiles to knock out those it could not avoid. To fly that low and also cruise at high altitudes—where fuel consumption is more economical—the aircraft would need a versatile new engine, but the Air Force is convinced that such an engine can be built.

The bomber would almost surely use a wing that could change position while in flight. For slow speeds at low altitudes, the wing would extend straight out from the fuselage. For higher altitudes or greater speeds—up to 1,600 mph—it would fold back. The AMPSS would use kiloton nuclear missiles that could be fired from miles away. It would also be able to carry old-fashioned gravity bombs, either nuclear or high-explosive.

To deploy 200 AMPSS bombers would cost about $10 billion, and even with start this year, they would not be reac for combat until 1972. But the Air Force does not believe that the AMPSS would be difficult to build. "It is less of a technical challenge than the B-70," says Lt. Gen. James Ferguson, Deputy Chief of Staff for Research and Development.

The Air Force elected to begin its big push for the AMPSS in a setting that was a curious combination of business and

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spend money to buy new bombers.

pleasure. In late December, President Johnson invited the Joint Chiefs of Staff to his Texas ranch for a casual Christmas holiday. The President wanted to give a proper sendoff to Gen. David (Uncle Dave) Shoup, the commandant of the Marines, who was about to retire. The gathering was pleasantly relaxed. Then one evening the President ushered the commanders into his living room and began what was to become a 90-minute discussion of the nation's military problems. Each service chief spoke in turn.

The presentations generally covered topics familiar to the group, until LeMay's turn came. He proceeded to outline the AMPSS to the President. The general said that some technical studies were still needed before the new bomber would be ready for production, and that the Air Force wanted to spend about $52 million for this "program definition phase." He made it clear that the AMPSS had the highest priority in the Air Force. If necessary, he would be willing to finance the studies by borrowing funds from other Air Force projects.

Even to shift its own money, however, the Air Force would need the permission of McNamara, one of LeMay's most attentive listeners that evening. Although he had not received the detailed AMPSS proposal, McNamara knew about the program. And he had already indicated that he was against it.

How LBJ really feels

President Johnson has great confidence in his Defense Secretary, but he admitted to the group that night that he also has "an intrinsic belief" in air power. He told LeMay to make his case before the Joint Chiefs and McNamara—and freed him to tell Congress about the AMPSS when he testified on the upcoming Air Force budget. But no one in the President's living room that evening envied LeMay the job of trying to persuade McNamara to give up his antibomber policies.

McNamara's argument begins with the assumption that bombers never again will drop bombs. "The question is not bombs versus missiles. We are all agreed it must be missiles," McNamara has said, somewhat overstating the case. "The debate is about alternative launching platforms and alternative missile systems."

McNamara argues that the bomber starts out with three major handicaps compared to the modern ICBM. First, a bomber on the ground is terribly vulnerable to attack. One hydrogen warhead could wipe out an entire SAC base. The Air Force claims that it could get at least half of its bombers off the ground in the frantic 15 minutes after Soviet missiles were picked up by the radar of the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System, which is strung across the top of North America. But McNamara replies that Soviet submarines off either coast will someday be able to launch missiles which would not be detected until they exploded. In contrast, the Minuteman and the Polaris are specifically designed to survive a surprise attack. The Polaris hides in the sea; the Minuteman is protected by a blastproof concrete cocoon that is imbedded in the ground.

Second, McNamara argues that even if our bombers survived the initial enemy attack, they would suffer heavy casualties from Russian antiaircraft missiles. Defense Department experts are convinced that ICBM's could get through far better than bombers, even if the Soviet Union develops an antimissile missile.

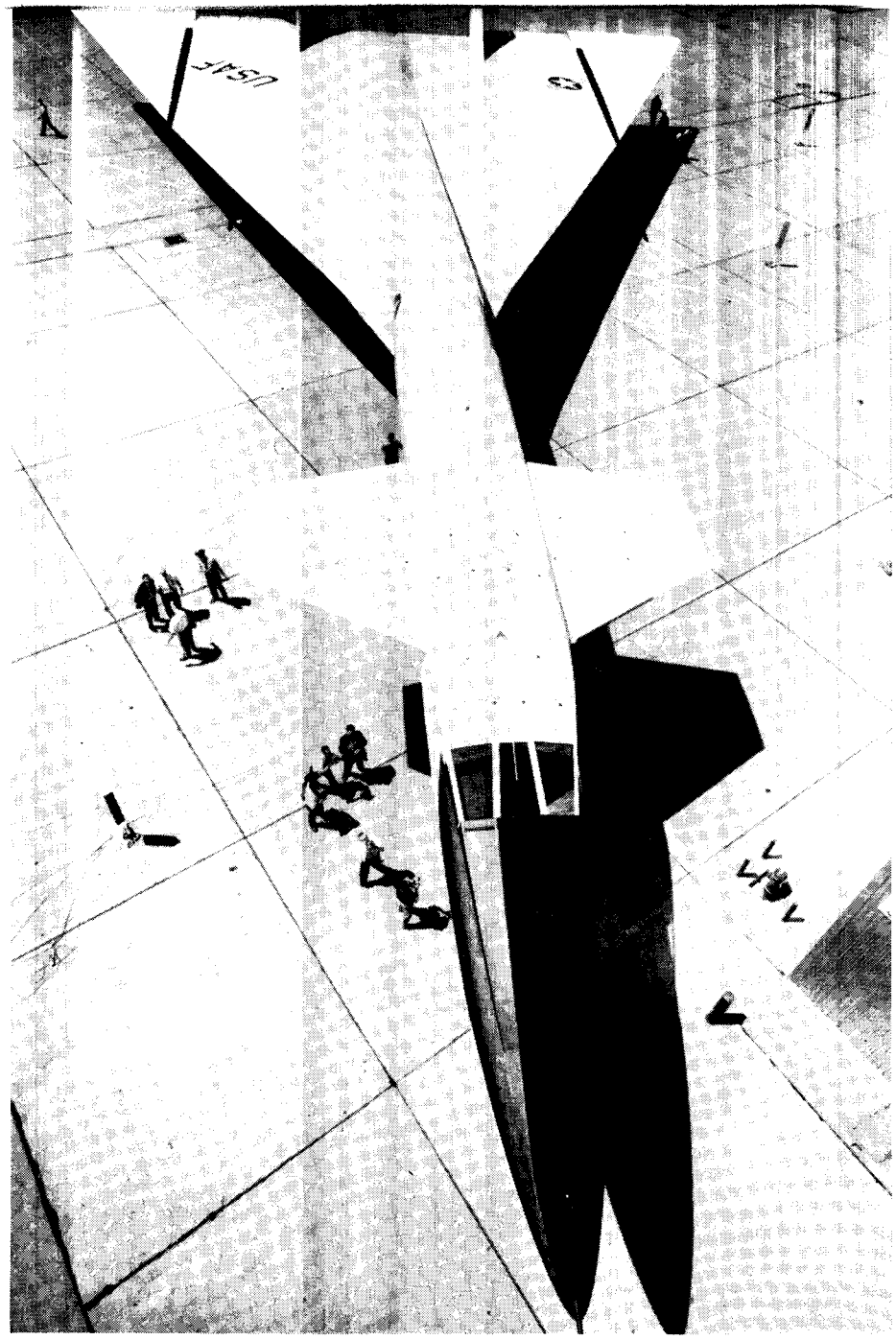
SAC has always maintained that its bombers could penetrate enemy defenses. Gen. Thomas S. Power, SAC's commander, has gone to the extreme of declaring: "I think the B-47 fleet in the hands of professionals could deliver weapons in the year 2000." But McNamara doubts that bombers could make it without the large-scale use of ICBM's to knock out Soviet defenses. And he insists that ICBM's would be more efficient used directly against Soviet targets.

Third, McNamara contends that even if the aircraft did survive the initial attack, and even if it did successfully penetrate enemy defenses, the bomber would not be as effective against targets as the ICBM. He claims that no airplane has any chance of finding a mobile target, such as a missile hauled by a truck, and the Air Force puts up no real argument that it could. Fixed targets whose location is known, he believes, can be attacked more effectively—and more cheaply—by ICBM's. McNamara admits that a bomber can haul heavier weapons than a missile—a B-52 carries about 50 megatons, as against the ten-megaton warhead on the Titan II, the biggest missile. But he points out that the few targets that need more than ten megatons could simply be attacked by more missiles.

That leaves the fixed targets of unknown location. McNamara holds that bombers are less likely to find these than SAMOS reconnaissance satellites or reconnaissance aircraft, possibly including the newly revealed A-11. And once located, the target could be destroyed by ICBM's. According to one Defense spokesman, the accuracy of the missile has increased so much that it now can pinpoint a target after a flight of 2,000 miles about as well as a bomb dropped from an aircraft.

McNamara uses the same reasoning against the Air Force argument that a bomber could mop up after the ICBM's, using radar and infrared sensors to find targets that had survived the great salvo. Furthermore he asks, "What is the role of a bomber after you place 1,000 to 2,000 missiles on the Soviet Union? What have you left to mop up?"

Finally, McNamara contends that bombers might be too slow to get into action before the war was decided. "The quicker our retaliatory strike can reach the opponent, the more chance we have of catching a substantial part of his force on the ground," McNamara told the House Armed Services Committee in January. "We must, in order to do that, depend primarily upon missiles which can function in a period of roughly 30 minutes from the time the presidential decision is made to attack our opponent's forces. Under the best of circumstances, a manned aircraft would require something on the order of three hours."



Overhead shot shows B-70's dartlike shape. Only two of them will ever be built.

"The Air Force has some good arguments for the use of aircraft," says a Defense official, "but not for a plane like the AMPSS. The arguments apply to tactical airplanes, which are designed specifically for precision strikes."

McNamara's beliefs are reflected in the changing missile-bomber balance in the nation's deterrent arsenal. SAC now has about 750 ICBM's on combat status. Some 600 of these are Minutemen; the others are Titan and Atlas missiles. By June, 1965, McNamara expects to have 800 Minutemen on the firing line, and the number will eventually grow to 1,000. In addition, the Navy now has a dozen Polaris submarines at sea, each carrying 16 missiles. McNamara's program calls for a total force of 41 submarines, with 656 missiles, to be deployed by June, 1967.

As the missile buildup continues, McNamara plans to maintain the present bomber force of 630 B-52's and 70 B-58's right through 1969—although the Air Force wonders how many will still be able to fly by that time. In recent years, it has spent $1.6 billion to modernize the B-52's for low-level missions, but with less than total success: In April the entire B-52 fleet was grounded briefly after two planes lost their tails due to buffeting on low-level training missions.

The obsolete B-47's are now being phased out of service, and McNamara has made it clear that he is willing to have SAC's entire bomber fleet eventually disappear. His budget for fiscal 1965 included only five million dollars for studies of a new bomber—pocket money these days for a task of such complexity. "We are continuing studies," McNamara told the House Armed Services Committee, "but we have no plan at the present time to produce a successor to the B-52."

The Air Force hopes it can change McNamara's mind, and it has been doing its best to undercut the Secretary's case against the AMPSS. Air Force leaders argue that, in a showdown, the best way of convincing the Soviet Union that the United States is ready to fight is to send the bomber fleet into the air. During the Cuban crisis, SAC was ready to go, and the Russians knew it. "How are you going to impress them with a missile?" asks an Air Force officer. "Hold your thumb a half inch nearer the button?"

Bomber men maintain further that complete reliance upon the missile would be disastrous if the Russians ever did perfect an antimissile missile, or found a way to hunt down the Polaris subs. And the Air Force contends that a mixed force of bombers and missiles compounds the enemy's defensive problems tremendously; it costs less to build a bomber than to defend against one.

But, at heart, the Air Force's argument for the AMPSS stems from a completely different approach than McNamara's to

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Joint Chiefs visited President's LBJ ranch last December. From left, Marine Gen. David Shoup; Adm. David McDonald of Navy; Gen. Maxwell Taylor, chairman; President Lyndon B. Johnson; Air Force Gen. Curtis LeMay; and Army's Gen. Earle Wheeler.

"We can't buy $10 billion worth of nostalgia."

Bomber's Last Stand

the job of planning for war. McNamara relies on war games to conceive all the various ways that fighting might begin. Then, using computers, he calculates how the bomber would fit into each situation. McNamara's approach is built on statistics and the laws of probability.

General LeMay is a combat man, and his view is strongly colored by the combat veteran's grim knowledge that war is not fought according to plan—the enemy always has surprises.

In February, accordingly, LeMay went before Congress in an attempt to shoot down the Secretary's arguments, and to persuade the legislators to give him $52 million for the advance studies on the AMPSS. "I say anyone is foolish to try to sit here now and assume a method of fighting a war that may happen to us 10 years from now," he told them. "I want all the flexibility in the world so that I can do something in case I am surprised, which I am sure I will be. I am not doing this from love and affection (for the bomber). I am trying to defend the country ten years from now.

"There are certain tasks that can be done with manned systems much better than you can do with unmanned systems. For instance, (the missile) goes where you say it should go when you launch it. You cannot change your mind and bring it back. You cannot hit imprecisely defined targets with a missile. You have to send a missile to a certain longitude and latitude. Manned systems can use judgment, can find targets you know are in the area, but you do not know exactly where until you go and look."

Basic to the controversy surrounding the manned bomber is the question of just how reliable our missiles really are. Testifying on the Hill, McNamara told Congressman F. Edward Hébert that "the successful shots for Minuteman are too small a statistical sample on which to project reliability with accuracy." But he did insist that its reliability was satisfactory. In contrast, LeMay produced some reliability figures on the Minuteman that were "substantially" lower than the Secretary's according to one committee member, and "drastically" lower, according to another.

What particularly worried some committee members was the fact that the Minuteman had never been tested with a live warhead. "If we have to fire these things on Thursday, how many are going to get the job done?" asked a Republican. "I want to see it come out of the chute right there and know it gets where it's supposed to go, and know it goes off when it gets there."

One former Air Force leader has strong doubts about the missile's reliability under combat conditions. "This thing isn't a jukebox," he says. "You don't just press a button and it goes. If anything goes wrong in a missile, it all goes wrong. But a lot can go wrong with a bomber and it will still do the job. You can lose two engines and your armament and radio, and you can still get through."

"I don't feel that you are going to ever get to the point where you will have the same confidence in the missile as you have in manned systems," LeMay told the Senate, but he added, "I would be willing to accept the missile as a weapon system with a lower degree of reliability than I am sure we are going to get because of the other advantages it has."

LeMay made it clear, however, that even a foolproof missile would not induce him to give up the bomber. "Let us assume the perfect missile in 1974, perfect in that you may never have a mechanical failure, so fantastic in accuracy that every time you press the button you automatically destroy a target. I do not think you are going to get this, but let us assume this comes to pass. I still say you are in a muscle-bound position. You are endangering the defense of the country by depending on this weapon system alone, because you have no flexibility. You only have two choices. You are either off the button and at peace, or you are on the button and at war."

In the end, Congress listened to LeMay instead of McNamara. "I don't want to waste any money," said Sen. Richard M. Russell, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, "but I don't think there is any way to put a monetary value on complete assurance that we have military superiority, and I am just not willing to risk the maintenance of military superiority on missiles. I think we ought to have the manned bomber."

McNamara vs. millions

Congress quickly added the $52 million LeMay had requested for AMPSS studies to the Air Force budget for fiscal 1965, and the House has already appropriated the money, with the Senate expected to do so later in the year. But the great question is whether or not McNamara will allow the Air Force to spend the money. Testifying on Capitol Hill, Dr. Harold Brown, director of Defense Research and Engineering, indicated that the department might spend $10 million of the $52 million—but no more.

Congress may rage and fume, but as yet it has found no way to force McNamara to use money on projects he considers to be senseless. Perhaps the most frustrated man on the Hill is Chairman Vinson of the House Armed Services Committee. An ardent advocate of the AMPSS, Vinson is retiring from the House this year after 46 years of service, and he would love to go out a winner.

Early one morning recently Vinson sat in his office and talked about the future of the bomber. "The bomber should not be like the old soldier," Vinson said. "I think we're making a serious mistake if we get rid of it. We need the missile *and* the bomber. There may be some duplication in mission between the two, but the country can afford it."

Did Vinson see any way to induce McNamara to spend the money? "There's no way we can put pressure on him. I went all through that once with Kennedy and the rose garden and all the rest. But we can raise a heap of fuss. I don't want to be in the position of the southerner after the Civil War who told a friend, 'You said we could lick them with cornstalks—only they didn't use cornstalks.'"

There is some support on the Joint Chiefs of Staff for building another bomber, but the prevailing opinion is that the AMPSS is not it. In particular, the chairman, Gen. Maxwell Taylor, is against the concept.

McNamara has already rejected the proposal for the AMPSS, saying he found it totally unconvincing. Air Force Secretary Eugene Zuckert, unhappily caught between McNamara and LeMay, has asked the generals to make a stronger case for the AMPSS, and has warned them he will not approve it unless it includes some solid suggestions of specific missions the bomber might perform.

Department of Defense analysts are frankly becoming irritated with the Air Force's repeated efforts to sell the manned bomber in new packages. "The Air Force people keep on bringing up the same tired old arguments that were shot down again and again," says one of McNamara's aides. "They seem to suffer from some memory lapses—or just figure that we have forgotten our previous studies and experience. The manned bomber has to serve a realistic requirement in the 1970's. Just arguing that the human brain in the aircraft makes it more valuable or more effective does not make sense. Despite fanatics like Senator Goldwater, bombers are not necessarily more reliable or dependable than missiles."

There is no personal animosity betweer McNamara and LeMay about the manned bomber. The general has been a good soldier, waging his fight according to the rules of the game. But the Secretary has been impatient with his Air Force Chief of Staff for some time. McNamara feels that LeMay has become too inflexible on too many issues, that he no longer is doing any productive thinking.

The Secretary was more than willing to have LeMay retire this month, as scheduled. But in April, LeMay's term as Chief of Staff was suddenly extended until next February, when he will have completed 35 years in uniform. LeMay told one Air Force general that his job had been saved by pressure brought by his supporters in Congress. It has also been pointed out, however, that by keeping LeMay in the Pentagon, President Johnson avoided any possible danger of the general's sounding off about a "bomber gap" during the election campaign.

When McNamara listened to LeMay make his pitch to the President that night last December, the Defense Secretary promised that if he ultimately turned down the AMPSS he would allow the general to go to the White House and try to sell the program personally to Johnson.

The President still has not made up his mind about AMPSS. He has firm faith in McNamara's judgment—"I think he is a great public servant," he has said. But the President has repeated privately that he has what amounts to an instinctive feeling that the nation needs a strategic bomber. "I just hope it can be proved so that reasonable men can believe it," he has said. "We can't buy $10 billion worth of nostalgia." THE END

Workmen at North American rest in the shade of B-70 after its debut on May 11.

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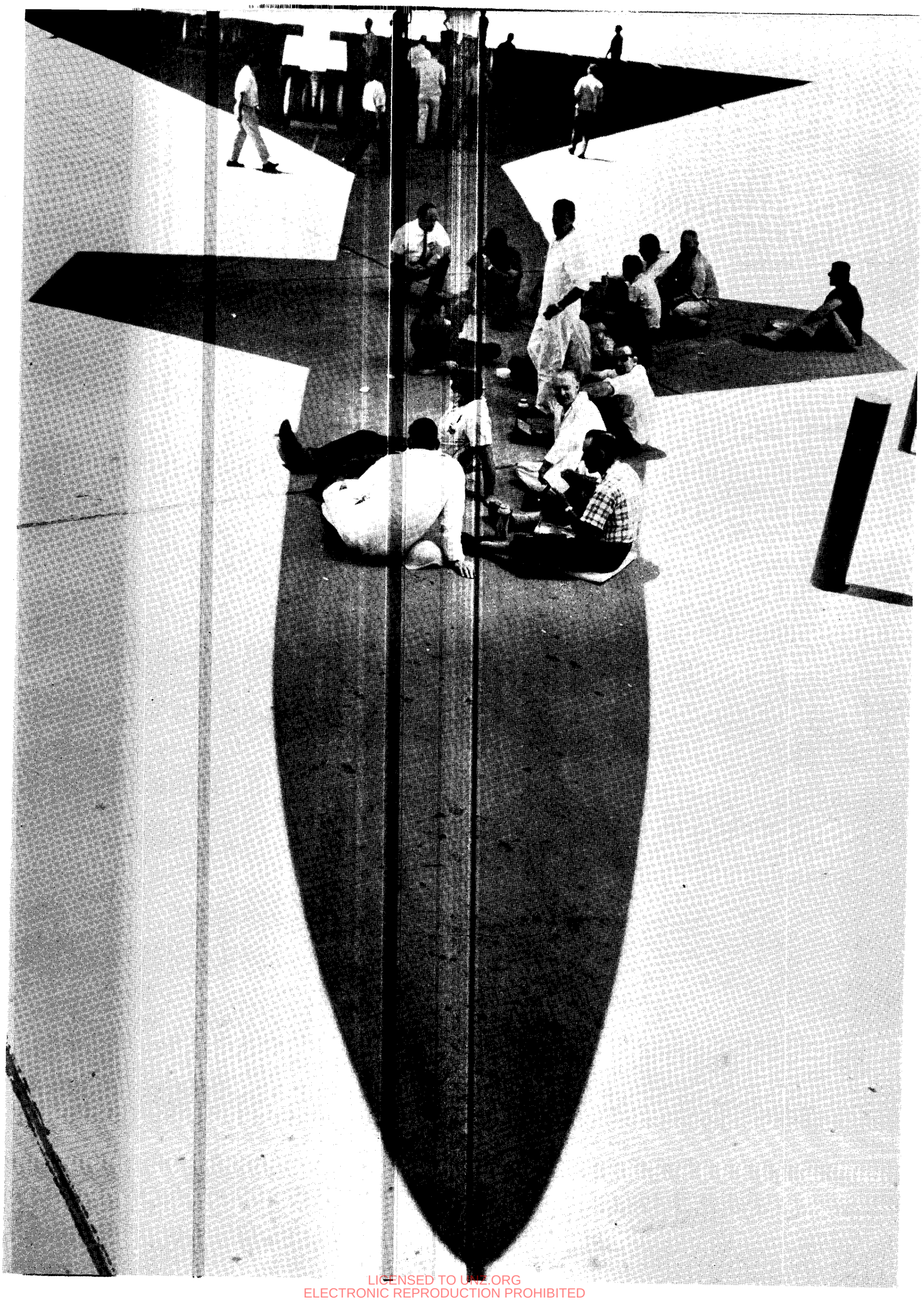

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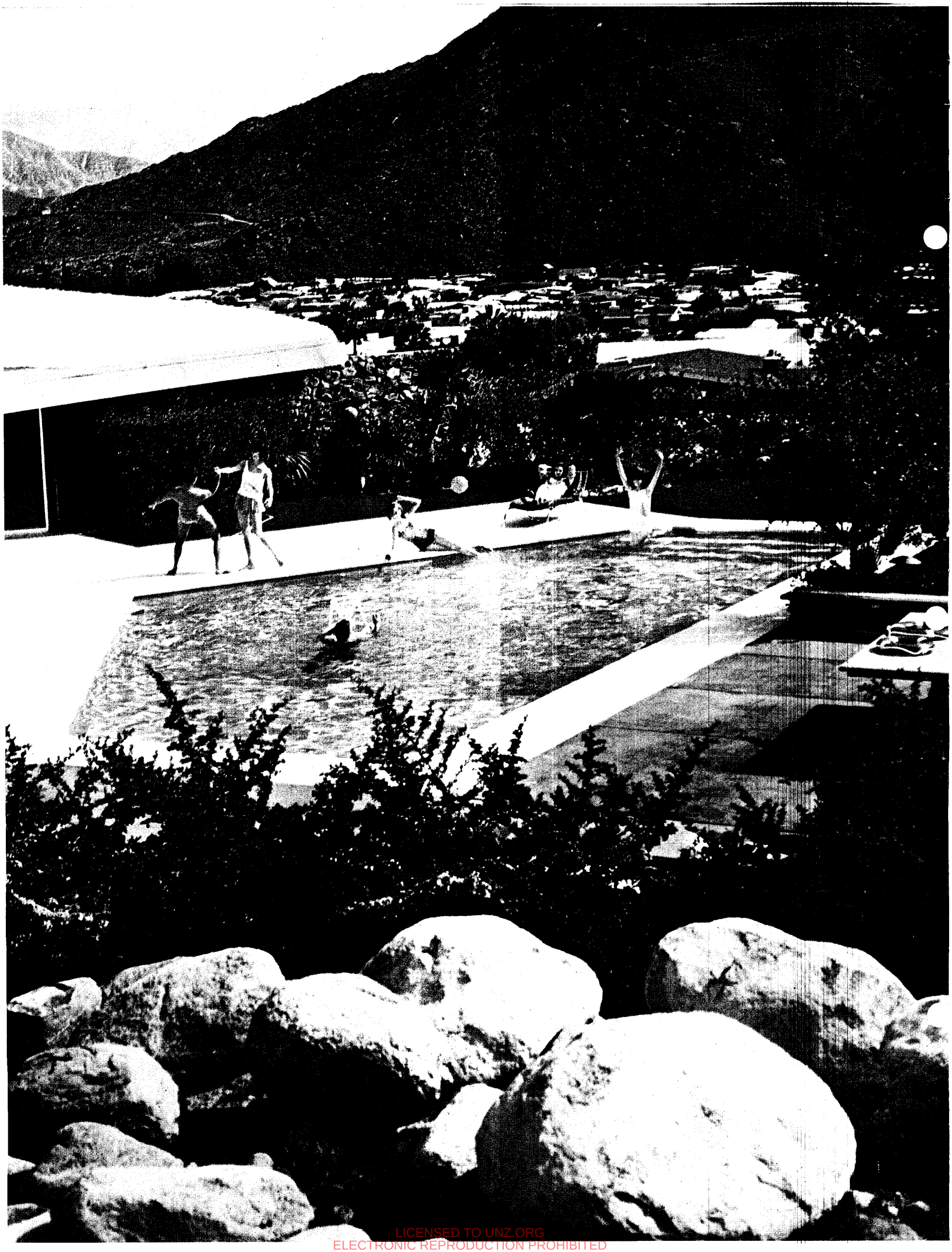

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◀ *The Robert Alexanders' pool is one of 3,100 in Palm Springs, Calif., which proudly claims to be the pool capital of the world.*

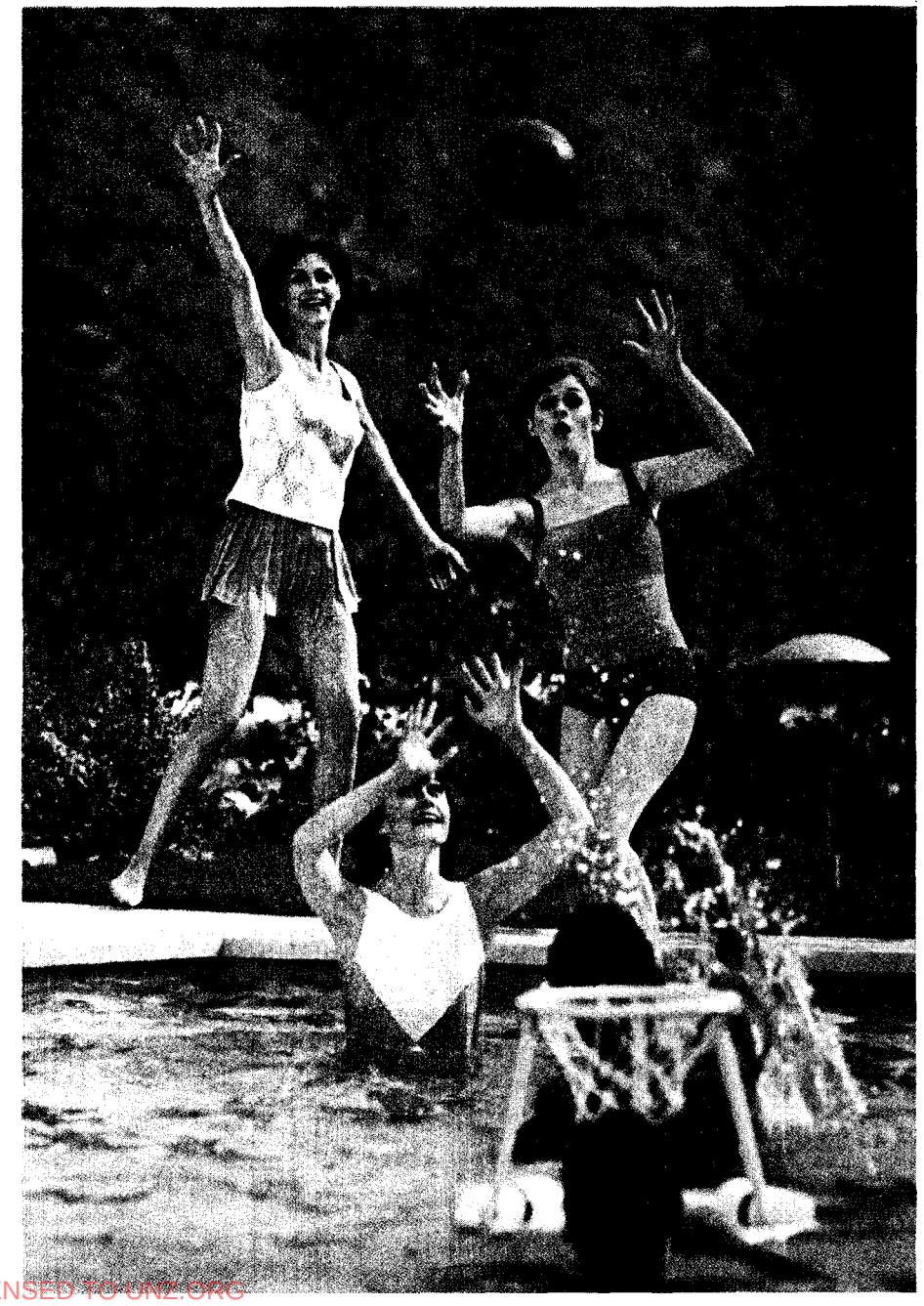
Designer Lucie Ann's pool in Beverly Hills: knit Jantzen Jr. (left), $18; Par-Form, $15.

BIKINIS IN THE BACKYARD

As more and more private pools dot the American landscape, the view across the fence takes on a new charm: Girls too shy to wear bikinis at the beach feel more carefree at home.

Photographs by LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER

Suited for basketball: Catalina lace tunic, $25; Peter Pan "Jester," $28; R.M.R. Jr., $20.



It has been almost 20 years since the bikini first appeared on the French Riviera and began its inexorable spread throughout the Western world. Today the bare-all bikini is still with us, but it has an inexplicable rival—the bare-nothing suit. While the bikini leaves little to the imagination, the new suits leave almost everything. They come with long sleeves, turtlenecks, covered backs—everything but Dr. Dentons. Not only has this new style boomed sales in the bathing-suit industry but the manufacturers have benefited from another discovery. The girl who would never dare wear a bikini on the beach, they find, will happily wear one in her own backyard. The standard two-piece suit is now the three-, four- or five-piece outfit—as customers demand matching skirts, shifts, blouses and long gowns. After a hot stretch over the hibachi, a hostess pulls off her dress with a deft motion that a burlesque queen might admire, and plunges into her pool wearing an outfit that would barely cover a year-old baby. With all the new styles, a girl can no longer survive with one suit. The pool addict, who wouldn't be caught drip-drying in the same suit two days in a row, buys three.

Part of this boom in bathing suits is a result of the amazing increase in the number of private swimming pools. In 1948 there were only 2,500 backyard pools in the country. In 1958 the number had risen to only 87,000, but by last year the industry claimed over 300,000. Before 1965 industry officials expect to see another 80,000. Pool manufacturers are not the only beneficiaries of this trend. Toy stores that once catered to the wading-pool set now feature an ever-increasing line of pool games for grown-up children. New York's F.A.O. Schwarz reports brisk sales in its water-basketball, -volleyball and -quoits games, not to mention a floating chaise longue that enables you to take a nap without the discomfort of getting wet. One manufacturer sells a plastic bubble that not only concentrates the sun's rays for quicker tanning but provides the finicky sunworshiper with a cocoon to keep him safe from splashing water or blowing sand. The latest trend is the pool which is half indoors and half out, providing year-round swimming. If this keeps up, a husband may never see his wife in anything *but* a bathing suit.

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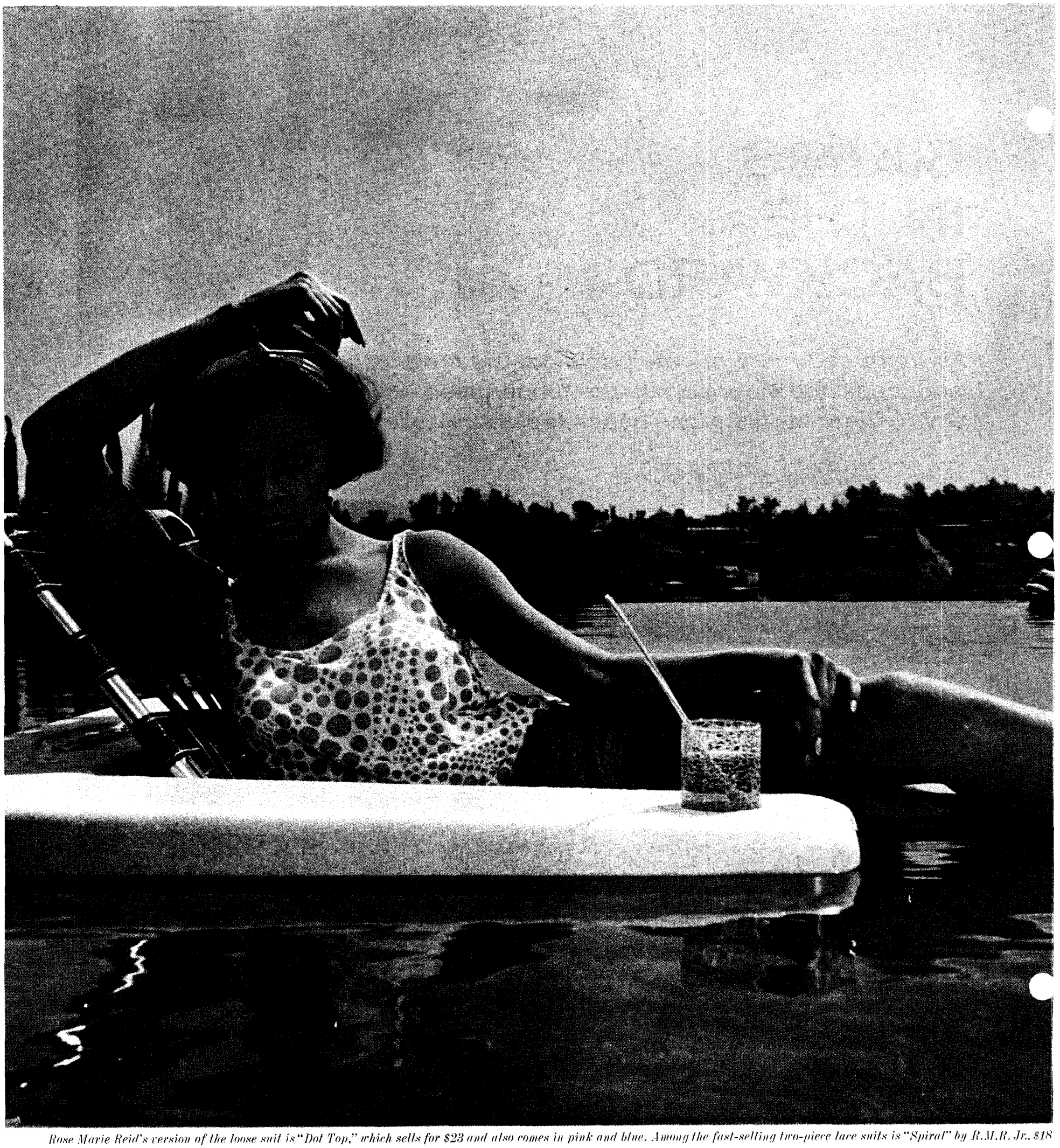
Hottest fashions are loose suits, lace suits, the barest bikinis



Rose Marie Reid's version of the loose suit is "Dot Top," which sells for $23 and also comes in pink and blue. Among the fast-selling two-piece lace suits is "Spiral" by R.M.R. Jr., $18

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and covered-up turtlenecks.

hotographed at Silvertop, experimental house designed by Ken Reiner.

The only wonderful thing about Jantzen's bikini is the price—$19.95. Hat, Tapoo Hawes.

Cole's turtleneck suits, baring only the arms, are perfect for nonsunbathers. Price is $24.

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Guests at estate of Harold Chittenden, Pebble Beach, wear matching suits [illegible] with [illegible] Penninsula, $34, Harbor Road, $49; Lorraine, $35.

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Wining, dining, dancing and romancing all take place at poolsides.

Jules Lander's pool at Royal Oaks overlooks San Fernando Valley. Elon of California baby-doll suit, $16, comes in a pink-geranium color. Architect William Pereira's black-pool suits trend to black and white: by Cole, bikini, $18, overblouse, $24, shell, $20; V-neck by Catalina, $26.

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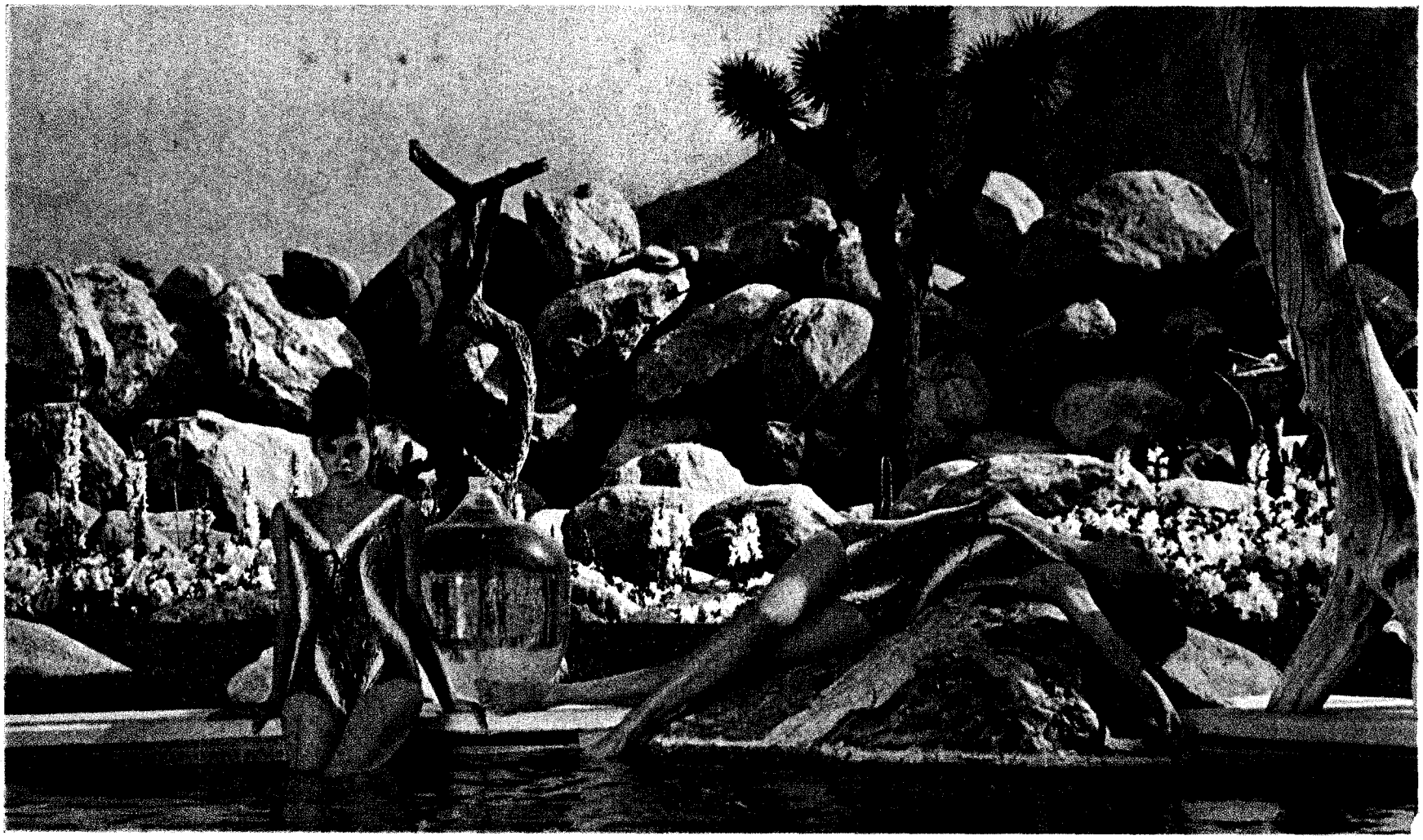
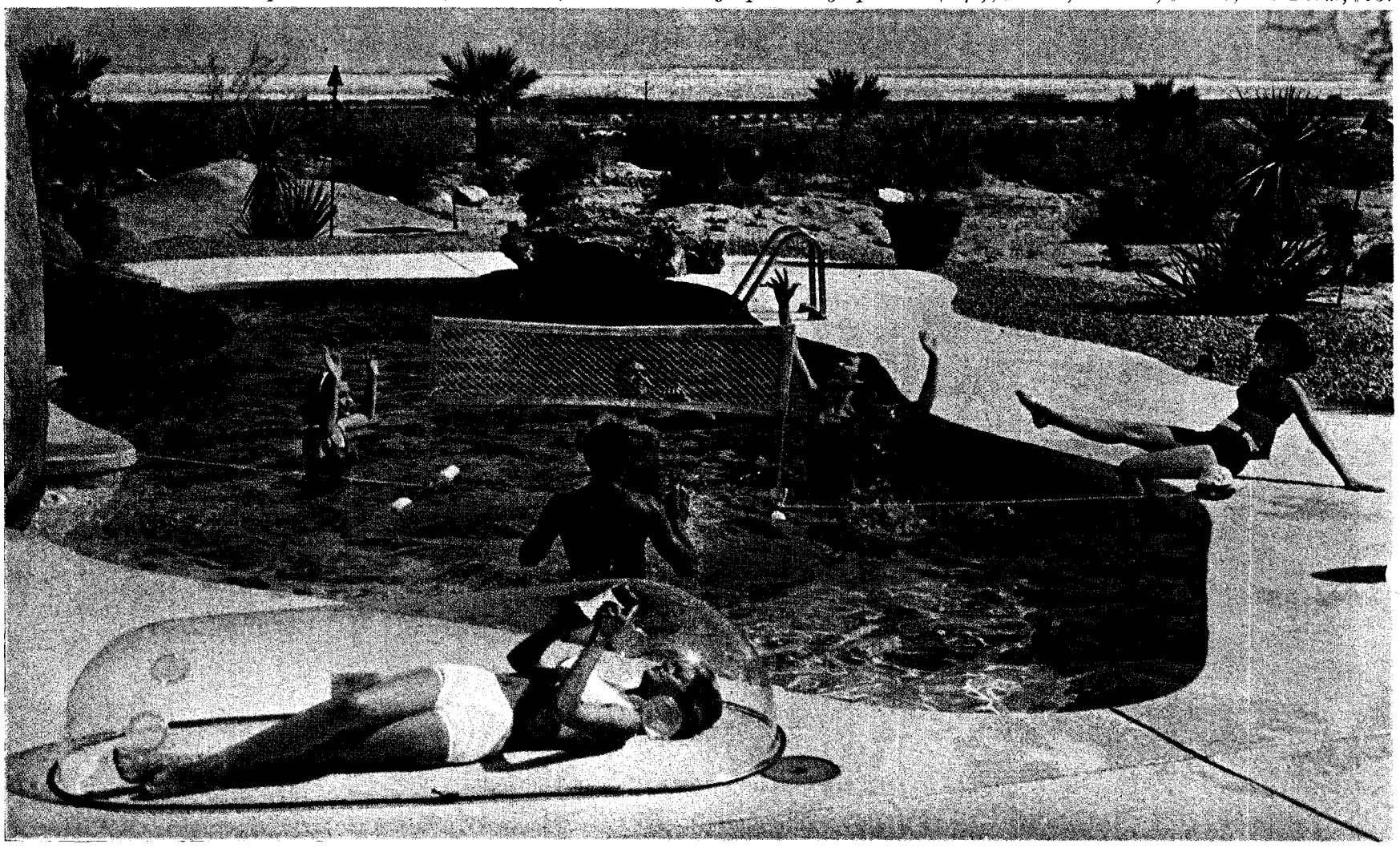
Skinny snakes, hot desert colors and jazzy dots perk up pools.



Cole's snake suits, $24, blend perfectly in rock setting of Raymond Loewy's pool in Palm Springs. Half of pool is inside house, half outside.

Pete Petitto's Palm Desert pool. Under bubble, R. M. R. Jr., $20. White Stag-Speedo Olympic suit (left), $13.95; Jantzen, $14.95; Par-Form, $13.



Dots look abstract under water. From left: Par-Form, $13; Sea Fashions of California, $13; Catalina, $20; Peter Pan, $24.

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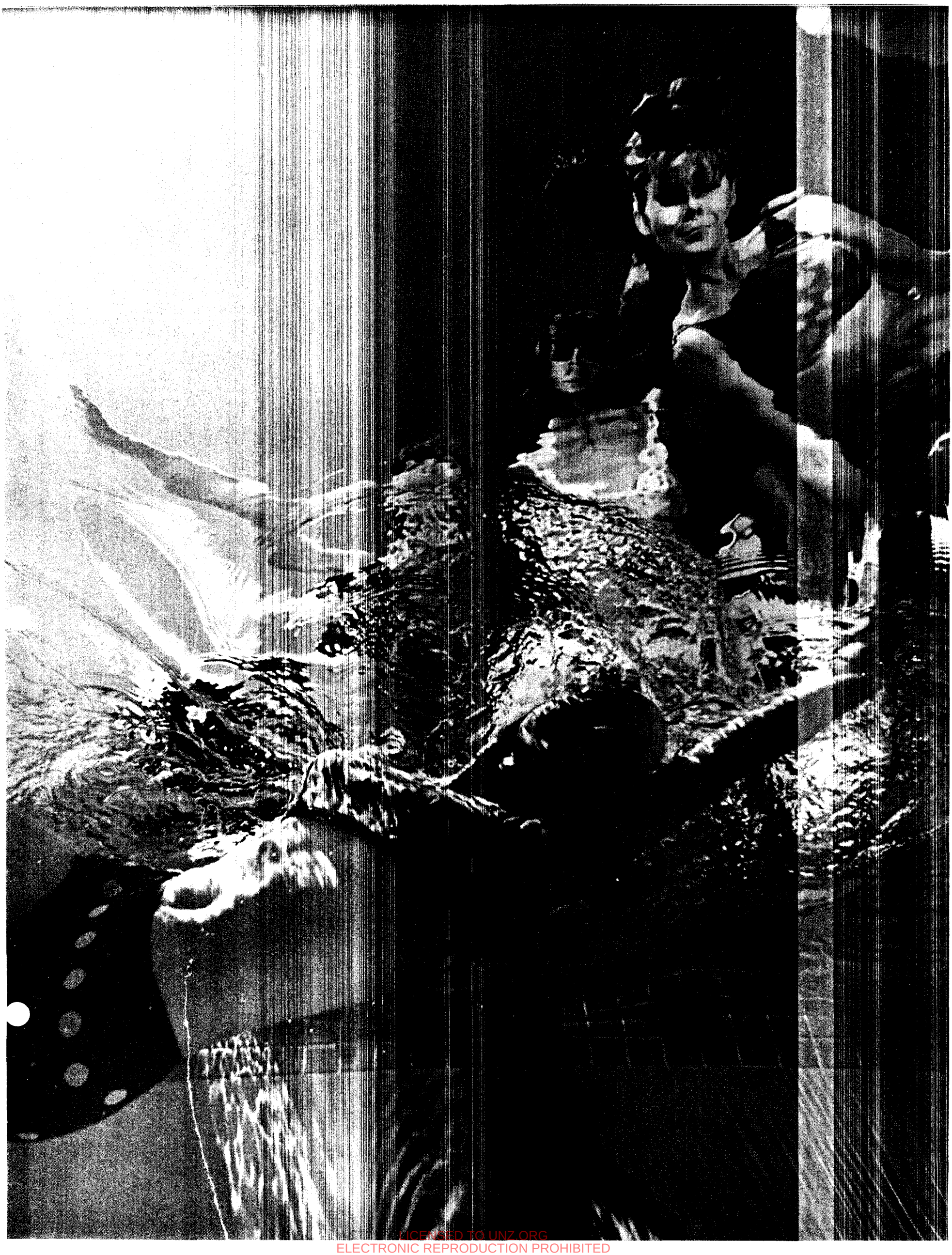

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Sidney Poitier admires Best Actor Oscar.

By Normand Poirier

Sidney Poitier's long journey

When the city of his childhood turned out to honor him, the gala celebration was made bittersweet by the memories of his earliest struggles against poverty and prejudice.

From his suite atop Nassau's pink Emerald Beach Hotel, Sidney Poitier looked seaward—past an expanse of manicured lawn, past swaying palms and poincianas, past a neck of white beach—to the horizon where the ocean met the sky. A departing ship was just visible on the line, and he had been watching it for some time. Then the faintest smile rippled across his face.

"I used to stare at that line for hours," he said, softly. "When I was a boy I'd stand on the piers and watch the ships until they disappeared and then I'd just stare at that line and dream. I was a real dreamer. I'd conjure up the kind of worlds that were on the other side and what I'd do in them. So *many* hours I stared at that line. . . ."

He reflected. Gradually the smile gave way to a stormy frown. "We were so poor," he went on. "My mother used to go around collecting empty flour sacks, you know? She'd rip them apart and get about two or two and a half yards of burlap out of them. Then she'd bleach it all in a big pot behind the shack, and she'd make shirts for me and my brothers." He shook his head slowly. "She used to say that it was all right to wear patches as long as you were clean. Well, I want you to know," and his voice crackled with anger as he turned his gaze on his visitor, "that I wore me some patches! We were poor, man!" And the next line was delivered in a thunderous, measured monotone. *I mean we were bus-ted!* He turned his gaze back to the sea and the storm passed from his face.

In repose, the face was handsomely boyish, untroubled, perhaps not too unlike that of the boy who had left the Bahamas at 15 to explore the other side of the horizon. It suggested nothing of the anguish and turmoil that Poitier's psychiatrist has been trying to unravel for two years. The body, garbed in dark blue slacks and polo shirt, was lean and hard—small at the hips, flat at the stomach, broad at the shoulders—a gracefully linear six-foot-two. There was a slight scar over the right eye from a stage accident and a blurred scar on the left calf from a stray police bullet fired during a Harlem riot. But for all his 37 years, both his face and his figure were in excellent shape.

So were his career and finances. For 15 years, in films like *No Way Out*, *Blackboard Jungle*, *The Defiant Ones*, *Pressure Point*, and *A Raisin in the Sun*, which he also did as a play on Broadway, he had established himself as one of the finest actors in the business. His salary soared to more than $150,000 a picture. He had a 14-room Tudor mansion on a wooded hillside in Pleasantville, N.Y., a tax accountant, golf and poker habits, and a steady call for his services. But all that was topped one night this spring when he became the first Negro to win a major Academy Award for his portrayal of an itinerant construction worker who builds a chapel in Arizona for five nuns in *Lilies of the Field*.

A few weeks after capturing that Oscar, he returned to the place where it had all begun—the Bahamas—to accept a hero's welcome. Sleepy Nassau's streets and storefronts came alive with bright banners: OUR HERO SIDNEY; HAIL SIDNEY; GREATEST ACTOR IN THE WORLD; WELCOME HOME SIDNEY; WE ADORE U SIDNEY; YOUR GLORY IS OURS.

Several thousand Bahamian natives—most of them Negro, since 80 percent of the islands' 106,000 population is Negro—cheered him at Windsor Field with waving flags and calypso bands. Thousands more lined the 10-mile motorcade route to the city, standing on car tops and shack roofs and hanging from trees for a closer look at Poitier, his attractive wife, Juanita, and the youngest of their four thriving daughters, Gina, 3. Rain, which normally stops all work on the island, only added to the day's adventure.

At Nassau's main intersection, Rawson Square, crowds of laughing, wild-eyed, squealing revelers milled around Poitier's platform, straining to get close enough to shake his hand. Someone offered him an umbrella, but he waved it off with: "*They* don't have any umbrellas." A fat black woman in an orange skirt and a faded blue blouse finally barged her way through the crowd with a huge red-and-white beach umbrella, climbed the stage and covered him with it. The crowd

At Nassau in the Bahamas, welcome-home parade was staged for Sidney Poitier. Despite downpour, Poitier refused to wear raincoat.

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4-minute way to make supper a picnic:

Delicious Tomato Rice Soup with sliced meat sandwiches

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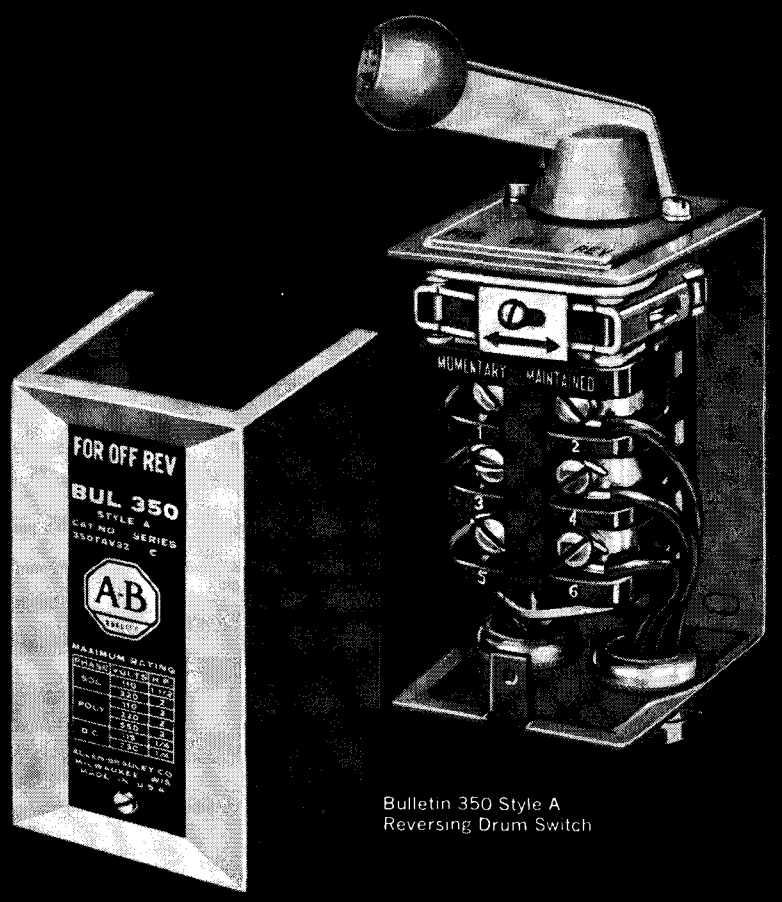

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"The land where we grew our tomatoes was very rocky," recalls Poitier. "We were so poor that we didn't even own dirt."

Poitier's Long Journey

roared with laughter and when Poitier, his gray wool suit soaked through, rain dripping from the tips of his nose and chin, put his arm around the woman and kissed her cheek, the crowd shrieked and stomped with excitement.

He was close to the islands and their people. He had been back many times in the past 10 years—his parents had lived on there after he had gone to the United States in 1943. Several of his five brothers and two sisters had stayed on too. He had built his parents a fine home from a success they never did quite understand. But he was close for another reason too. The April night he accepted his Oscar as best actor of the year, he had said, simply: "It's been a long journey to this moment. . . ." Only from back there, in the Bahamas, back where the journey began, could the incredible distance he had journeyed be truly reckoned.

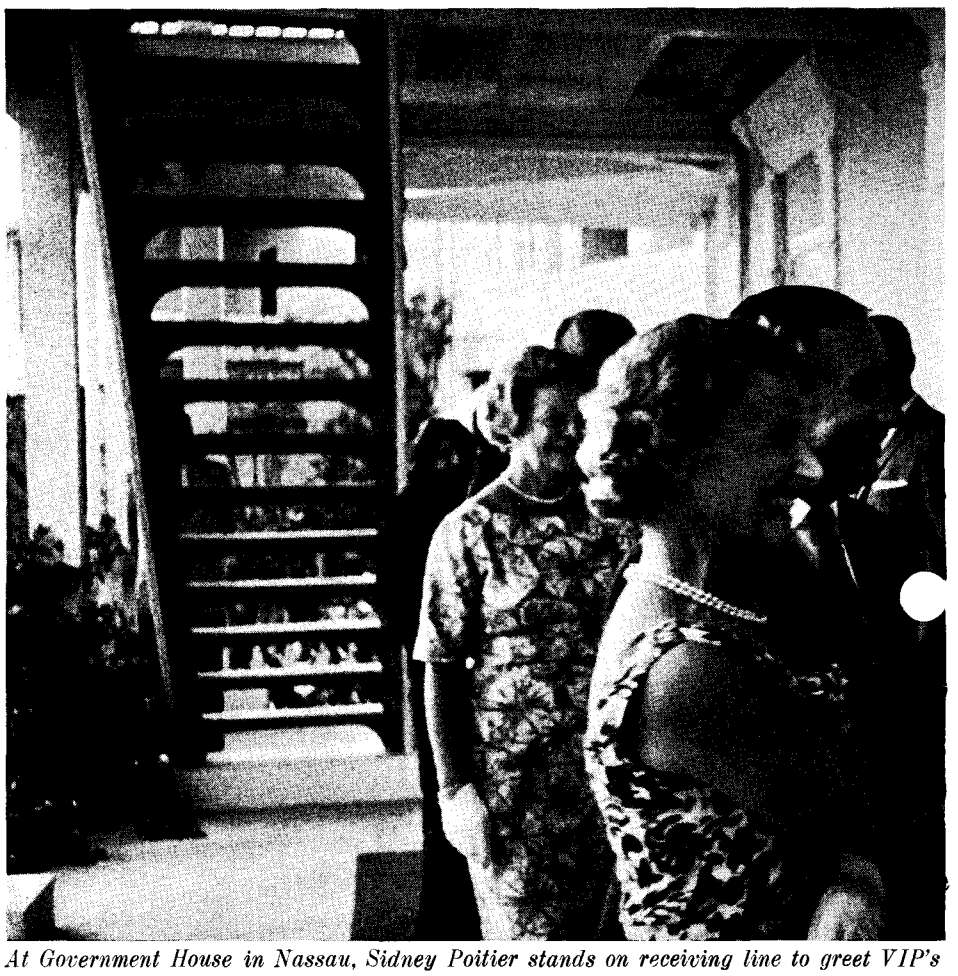
Back in his suite later that day, at the window that overlooked the sea, he pointed to the horizon in the east. "Until I was 11 we lived on Cat Island, about 100 miles thataway. I remember working in the fields with my poor father. I was the youngest of eight and actually I'd been born in Miami when my mother and father sailed there to sell some tomatoes. But I was back on the island after a month or so. My father was 40 when I was born, and by the time I was old enough to help, he was worn out with rheumatism and arthritis. The land where we grew our tomatoes was very rocky, you know? We'd take the donkey and cart and go to a cave and get a load of dirt. Then we'd come back to our land and place the dirt by hand in cavities in the rock so we'd have something to plant the seeds in. We were so poor we didn't even own dirt. . . ."

The family lived in a stone hut with a thatched roof. There was no school. There was no electricity. When he wasn't working in the fields or lugging water and chopping fire wood, he roamed the small island at will, playing with turtles, catching fish, swimming, returning at dusk to the hut to hear his mother say only: "Sit down and eat your supper."

"Then my mother and I came to this island," he said, sitting down, his long legs stretched out before him, a golf cap low over his eyes. "We were the only passengers on a sailboat manned by three men. We sailed from 11 one morning to 11 the next morning and that night we stayed in the boat's hold and it was full of huge rocks for ballast, and it smelled awful of sponge and sisal. I didn't sleep all that night."

The next morning, as the boat approached Nassau, 11-year-old Sidney saw automobiles for the first time. "From way off I thought they were beetles," he laughed. "I didn't say a word that whole day, I was so amazed. I saw electricity working. I had my first ice-cream cone. I looked in all the store windows at things I never knew existed, like cameras and fancy clothes and a washing machine."

But existence on Cat Island, despite its primitiveness, was kind compared to the next four years in Nassau. The family of 10 was reunited after several weeks and lived in a succession of two-room wooden shacks with leaking roofs, outdoor kitchens and outhouses. Hominy grits and fish was the daily diet, with rice added



At Government House in Nassau, Sidney Poitier stands on receiving line to greet VIP's

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Poitier served as a private in United States Army in 1945.

on Sundays, and on rare occasions a piece of mutton or goat. An older son, Cyril, who moved on to Miami, occasionally sent back boxes of discarded clothing and shoes. "I only wore shoes on Sundays to go to church and they were *tor-ture*," recalls Poitier. "They were always too small because if they were just a mite too big they would always go to someone who was older than me."

He went to school for a year and a half, but his casual life on Cat Island hadn't prepared him for discipline. He quit school at 12½ for a job as a water boy to laborers. Before he was 13 he was a laborer himself, swinging a pick and working a shovel. Whatever recreation he had he made himself with friends like Yorick Rolle, Harry Johnson and Joe Palashi, boys his own age. Because he was allowed a few shillings from his labor, he would go to the movies and come back and recreate all the parts for his friends. Once they stole corn from a farmer's field for a beach roast and were caught, and his father had to pay a 10-shilling (about $2.50) fine. Another time the four bought a bottle of rum and got themselves drunk. "My poor father," he said, shaking his head again, slowly. "He gave me such a beating. He tried so hard to keep me out of reform school. He was a just and fine man, my father. When he died two years ago they came from all over the islands for the funeral."

Yorick Rolle finally did get into serious

at cocktail party. Flanking Poitier are island's Acting Governor H. W. Sweeting and wife.

"Suddenly headlights came from nowhere –then everything went black"

(BASED ON COMPANY FILE # SWD 81 KAL 40)

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With some strong aid from cheering banner in the background, visiting celebrity Poitier tries to sweet-talk a Nassau policeman out of giving him a parking ticket.

"A friend of mine told me not to forget the anguish. 'Use it as an actor,' he said."

Poitier's Long Journey

trouble. He stole a bicycle to ride it for a day. He was sent to the reformatory for four years. "Yes, four years for stealing a bicycle," Poitier said, bitterly. "Let's say the severity was one of the unfortunate aspects of minority rule. The reformatory cast a long shadow in those days."

He got up from the chair, restless, and walked to the window. "You make me talk about things I haven't talked about in 20 years." He was silent for a long time and then he said: "I had only three really good friends on this island and now they're all gone. Yorick died four years ago. Of alcohol. Joe Palashi died three years ago. Of alcohol. Harry Johnson died of a respiratory disease aggravated by alcohol. You see, they used to drink this rum made for native consumption that cost a shilling a bottle. A lousy shilling a bottle," he said, angrily. "You can imagine what was in that stinking rum!"

As part of Nassau's four-day celebration, Poitier was guest of honor that evening at a reception in Government House, a stately, porched relic of British colonialism perched high on a hill over the city. He stood, imperially slender in a dark gray suit, with Acting Governor and Mrs. W. H. Sweeting, and received some 200 of the island's cabinet ministers, senators, members of the House, and the Premier, Sir Roland T. Symonette. White-uniformed Negro waiters served drinks in the balmy night air of a palm-roofed stone terrace while a white-uniformed police band off at a polite distance played airs from *Porgy and Bess*. Poitier, surrounded by the government leaders and their sleekly dressed wives, gave polite answers to polite questions about acting, Hollywood, his career. Toward the end of the reception the Acting Governor mounted a step and asked for quiet. In his clipped English he praised Poitier's success and said: "I know that you would all want me to propose a toast to Mr. Poitier and so I do—to Mr. Poitier." He raised his glass in salute, and the 200 assembled guests raised their glasses and intoned: "To Mr. Poitier." He accepted the toast with a slight smile and no comment.

Later that night, Poitier was in the Negro quarter called Over the Hill, a guest at *The Cat and Fiddle*, a sprawling open-air club that has only chicken wire for a roof, a protection against debris from the tall palms overhead. There were calypso singers and limbo dancers, and 500 Bahamians who had come to sit in Poitier's presence. "Today's reception was the most moving event of my life," he said. "It rained but I was bathed in love. . . ." The ovation was wild. Later he dropped into the Banana Club, a dark, packed, native haunt where black light turned white shirts and teeth a glowing purple, and where a calypso band churned away relentlessly. He shook a hundred hands and called a score of men by their first names—men who by day were cab drivers, waiters, laborers, fishermen—danced with two entranced girls, and sang along in a chorus of *Amen*, the spiritual he taught the five nuns in *Lilies*.

Through it all he had a ready hand, an easy smile, that encouraged even the most timid to approach. But in unguarded moments he lapsed into a restless, troubled pensiveness. It is his nature never to be far from self-consciousness, from an awareness of himself and his environment, especially on this island where he was surrounded by the graves of Yorick Rolle, Johnson, Palashi, of an older brother, Cedric, who had died of asphyxiation in a truck, of his arthritic father, of his mother who had died only three months before this homecoming.

His own journey had gone from Nassau to Miami, where his father had sent him after Yorick's incident with the bicycle. He had sent him, however, with no warning or advice about racial prejudice in the United States. "It was all over the place like barbed wire," Poitier said next afternoon during a stroll along a deserted beach. "And I kept running into it and lacerating myself."

Fear and humiliation

He remembered his shock at seeing WHITE and COLORED signs. He remembered his humiliation when a white man yelled at him, "Take your hat off when you talk to me, boy!" He remembered his fear when he hitched a ride with a car that happened to be occupied by four white policemen. "They really had their fun with me," he said. "They put a pistol right to my forehead and for ten minutes just joked about whether to shoot me in the right eye or the left eye."

Before the year was out he left Miami for New York, arriving in midwinter with $1.50, an extra pair of pants, and a light jacket. He knew nobody. He was just 16. He washed dishes for his meals and slept in bus-terminal pay-toilets. When the weather warmed, he slept on mid-Manhattan roofs under a blanket of *New York Times* pages.

Somehow he survived. He worked as a busboy, dishwasher, chicken plucker at the Waldorf-Astoria, dockhand, truck driver. His first room was a $3-a-week cubicle in Harlem. "I'd lie in bed at night and cry. I used to cry 'Mamma, mamma, come get me.' But I couldn't go back home. I would have been just another mouth to feed." Somehow he avoided all the pitfalls that yawn in Harlem for a young boy—liquor, gambling, narcotics, crime. "That was never my scene," he said. "I came away from the islands highly sensitized towards danger. I steered clear of it."

Then, one day, he saw an ad in a newspaper. It said ACTORS WANTED, and was signed by the American Negro Theater, an impoverished but dedicated band of professionals who provided classes and a showcase for unemployed actors from 1940 to 1950. He applied. But his singsong Bahamian accent provoked only laughter from the other auditioners, and from the director a humiliating "Forget it, boy. Next!" As he walked to his room that night, Poitier resolved to become an actor. "I was burned up at the way that man treated me. If he had been gentle I would have forgotten it. But he insulted me and I was going to show him!" He bought a cheap radio and for six months listened to announcers, repeating sentences after them. Night after night in his sleazy room he worked to rid himself of his accent. He read aloud from newspapers and magazines, and not always with an understanding of what he was reading, because his year-and-a-half of schooling had left him barely literate.

He returned for a second audition, and because he didn't know that actors could buy play scripts to study, he read a short passage from a love story magazine, including the girl's line: "There I stood waiting for Jim, my one and only Jim." He was taken on as a trial student. He pushed racks by day in the garment district and worked in acting classes at night.

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The United States Army claimed him for one year and he served as a private in an all-Negro company. In 1946, he got his first big break when a Broadway director, who was casting an all-Negro version of the Greek classic, *Lysistrata*, saw him in a student production and signed him to a 12-line part. The production ran only four days but he impressed those who saw him: he was signed for an understudy role in a company of *Anna Lucasta* that was going on national tour. For the next three years he played many roles in many cities, and by 1949 he had so improved that 20th Century-Fox signed him to his first film, *No Way Out*. His sensitive performance as a doctor in a big city hospital won him the important role of the young priest in *Cry the Beloved Country*. The barefoot boy from the Bahamas was on his way.

He has forgotten nothing, not a single detail, from his long journey. "An actor friend of mine told me once not to forget the anguish. None of it. 'Store it all up and use it as an actor,' he told me. Well, even if I tried to get rid of it, I think I couldn't."

He has tried. For two years he has seen a psychiatrist an hour a day, four days a week. He started the sessions about the same time he separated from his wife, a handsome Georgia-born, Columbia University-educated ex-dancer he married in 1951. She lives with the children in the mansion in Pleasantville and he lives in a comfortable five-room apartment on Manhattan's West Side near Central Park. She accompanied him on the Bahamian trip so the celebration wouldn't be marred for the islanders: few did suspect there was a rift between them.

"It's a very personal matter," he said, strolling along the lonely beach, "and I don't want to go into it. But the anguish over leaving that house . . . oh my God! My wife's a marvelous mother, you know? And my kids really dig me. I don't know if I could go through that day of separation again."

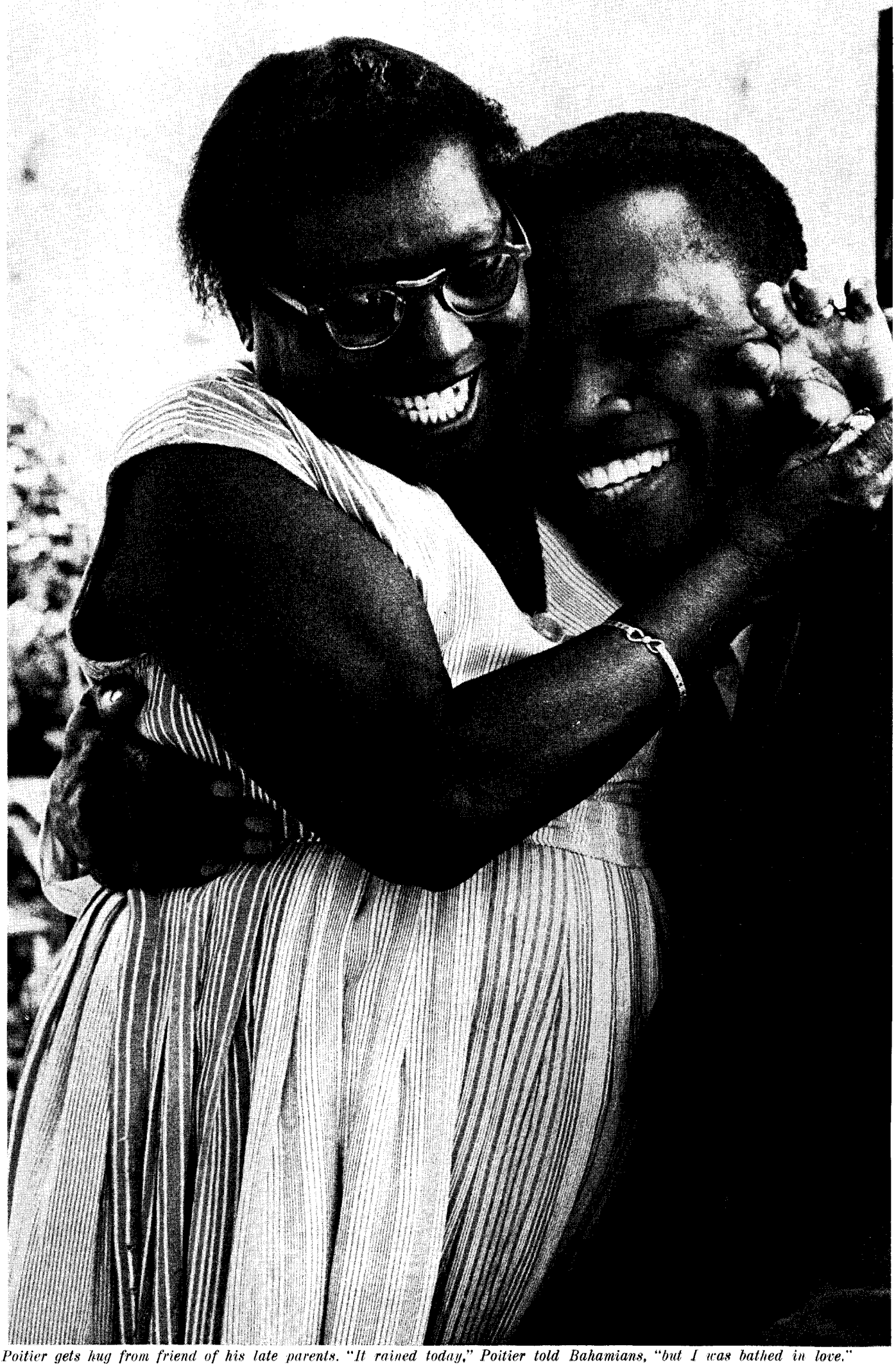
In New York he amuses himself with poker with friends on Thursday nights, and golf two or three times a week. He drives a modest rented Chevrolet, has only six suits, wears the same two pairs of shoes, and reads constantly anything from news magazines to tracts on Oriental philosophy.

He also works on a play about Negro and Puerto Rican dropouts that he's been writing for three years, contributes time and money to the civil-rights movement, which has concerned him acutely throughout his career, and is really happy only when he's acting.

"Work is my life," he said. "I'm going to work and work and work and then I'll be dead. An Oscar is a wonderful thing to have, of course, but it doesn't convince you of anything about yourself. You have to keep accomplishing. You have to grow all the time. All these cheers and accolades are fine, but if I heard one man in the crowd say, 'Aw, he's not so hot,' I'd have to go to that man and ask him why he thought I wasn't so hot.

"It's all insecurity and it all traces all the way back to my youth. To right here," and he gestured vaguely out toward Nassau. "Every time I come back I understand it a little better. Can you begin to understand what I mean?"

Overhead, a silver airliner roared northward. In three hours it would be in New York. For some travelers the journey is longer. THE END



Poitier gets hug from friend of his late parents. "It rained today," Poitier told Bahamians, "but I was bathed in love."

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By MAX GUNTHER

cracking the grœn-ups' cœd

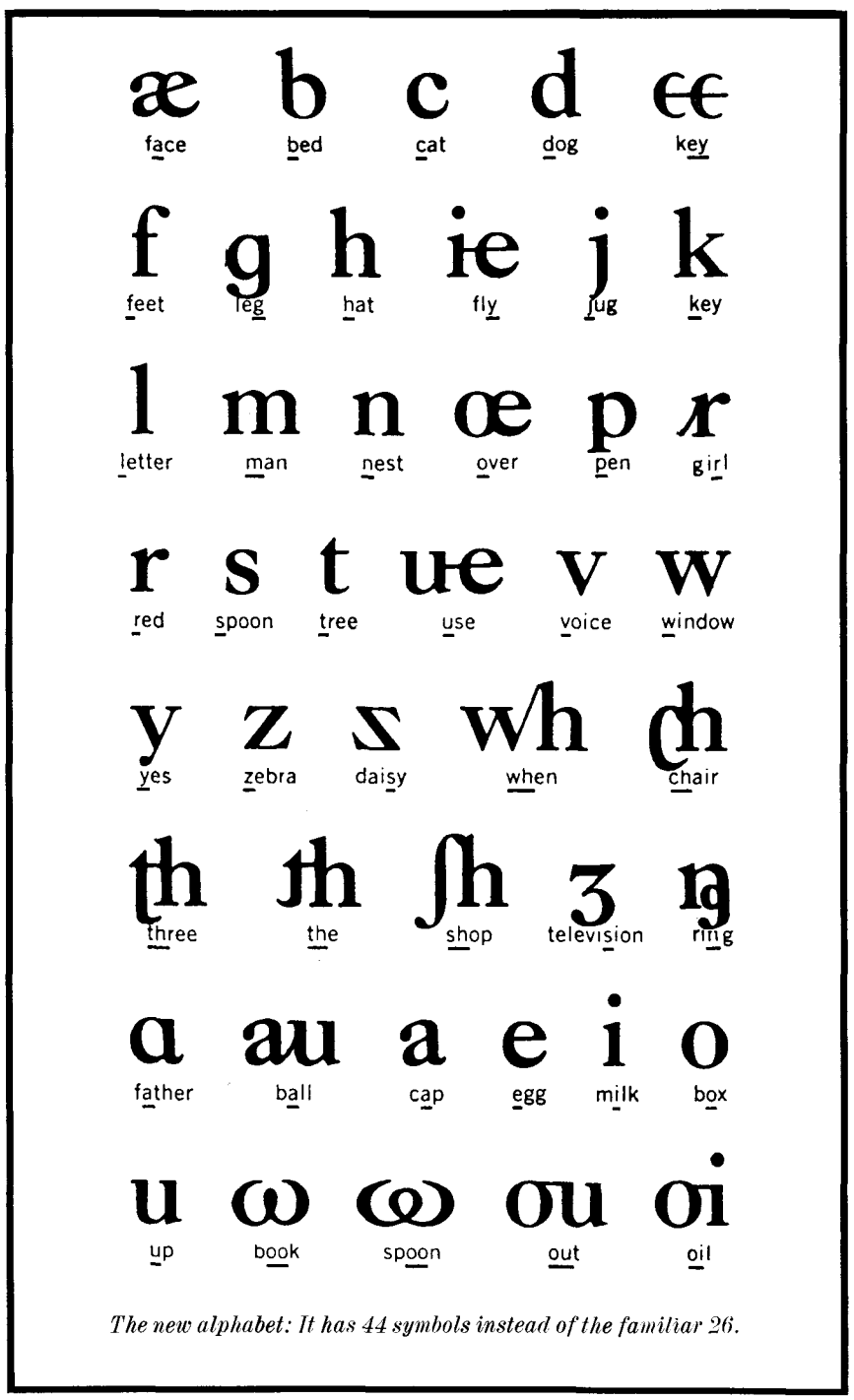
To a child, our illogical spelling can look like a secret code, but a revolutionary new alphabet from Britain now

David was 16 years old, a high-school freshman at Uniondale, N.Y. He was a boy of average intelligence. He grasped complex ideas quickly when they caught his interest. He did well in mathematics. But his ability to read and write lagged far behind his other powers.

Being a child of divorced parents may have been part of David's difficulty, but the specific trouble was that somewhere in the early grades he had become baffled by the illogic of a language whose 40-odd basic sounds are spelled 2,000 ways. As he puts it, he grew "disgusted with the whole business of reading."

The problem grew worse as he moved up the grade levels and fell farther behind his classmates. By the time he reached high school, he was a troublemaker, earmarked as a potential dropout. He seemed destined to join the illiterate 2.4 percent of our population. Like 21.5 percent of all U.S. draftees, he would flunk Selective Service I.Q. tests.

When the school reading supervisor, Miss Dorothy Dietrich, called him to her office late in 1963 and suggested a new try at learning to read, he reacted with a cynical shrug. Other remedial-reading courses hadn't helped. But Miss Dietrich promised that this would be a radically new kind of reading instruction. David reluctantly agreed to try it.



The new alphabet: It has 44 symbols instead of the familiar 26.

It was indeed new—not only to the students but also to the teacher, a big, calm man named Dick McKellar, who had felt grave doubts about the course. The alphabet to be used was not our familiar 26 letters. It consisted of 44 symbols. Each symbol represented a single sound of the English language—and never any other. The symbol "o," for instance, was always to be pronounced as in "hot." It never strayed, like our ordinary "o," into pronunciations like do, go, one, book or moon.

The course started in January, 1964. "All my doubts evaporated in the first session," says McKellar. It took the 15 semiliterate teen-agers exactly 35 minutes to learn the new alphabet. In the third session David did something he probably had never done before. He approached an unfamiliar word with a calm intention to master it, sounded it out symbol by symbol, blended the sounds and recognized it as a word he had known by ear.

Four months later he was able to read material from high-school textbooks transcribed into the 44-symbol alphabet. He became so confident that he volunteered to read aloud before a group of observers from another school system.

"This boy has found he can trust his own learning ability instead of letting the printed word panic him," says Dr. Harold Tanyzer, a Hofstra University professor who helped set up the experimental course. Soon, says Doctor Tanyzer, David will begin to transfer his new confidence and reading skill to the 26-letter alphabet that once defeated him.

The 44-symbol alphabet was developed by Sir James Pitman, member of a prominent British family that has long been fascinated by odd alphabets and codes. (Sir James's grandfather, Sir Isaac, invented one of the world's most widely used shorthand systems.) The Initial Teaching Alphabet (I.T.A.), so called because it is mainly intended for young children who are just learning to read, was first tried out in 1961 on groups of English children of kindergarten age. They advanced so rapidly that Education Minister Sir Edward Boyle decided to sponsor further experimentation with government money. A thousand British schools are expected to try the Initial Teaching Alphabet in the next few years.

The I.T.A. method is also being tried in several dozen American towns, among them Lompoc, Calif.; St. Cloud, Minn.; Chicago; Cleveland; Akron and New York City. Hundreds more will probably start I.T.A. classes in 1964 and 1965.

Not all U.S. educators are convinced I.T.A. is a good idea. "It will be forgotten in ten years," predicts Dr. Donald Durrell of Boston University, one of the best-known reading specialists in the country. "The I.T.A. people make the assumption that children's chief reading difficulties come from our language's variations in spelling and sound. The assumption is unwarranted." Actually, says Doctor Durrell, reading problems can grow from hundreds of causes. The U.S. Office of Education, refusing to commit itself either way, plans nationwide tests of I.T.A. and other new reading-instruction techniques in the coming school year.

But many educators feel I.T.A. could become a permanent fixture in the early grades of U.S. schools. One of the largest I.T.A. studies is being conducted in elementary schools at Bethlehem, Pa., under Dr. Albert Mazurkiewicz of Lehigh University. With traditional instruction methods, teachers normally expect that about 50 percent of first-graders will end the year with enough ability to tackle a second-grade reading book. But when the Bethlehem first-graders were tested halfway through the 1963-64 school year, 57 percent of them could handle a *third-grade* I.T.A. book.

In Media, Pa., 26 first-graders began learning to read with I.T.A. last September. "I've been interested not only in how fast they learn to read but also how well," says Nona Chern, the school system's reading consultant. Of those who have finished their first readers and taken the test, Miss Chern reports, the lowest-scoring I.T.A. youngster has done better than the highest-scoring child from the traditional classes.

Other schools are using I.T.A. as a remedial tool. In Lompoc, Calif., instructional supervisor Robert Thompson put together a class of 10 third-graders whose reading ability was a year or more below their grade level—including some who couldn't read at all. The I.T.A. sessions were held after school. The 10 youngsters continued to get traditional reading lessons in their regular third-grade classrooms. In the five months every one of the 10 pulled up to grade level.

The job of learning to read is difficult even for the brightest child. "It is basically a code-breaking process," says Nona Chern. The child learns how to pronounce the word "I," for instance. But later he discovers there are many other ways (more than 20, in fact) to spell the same sound: sky, high, buy, eye. "If we aren't careful," says Miss Chern, "the child may get the feeling that the grown-ups' secret code is unbreakable."

I.T.A. is intended as a key to the code. Its proponents say it isn't actually a "system" of reading instruction but only a tool. It plays little part in the Why-Johnny-Can't-Read controversy. There,

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offers problem readers a key.

Beginning reader practices his I.T.A in Bethlehem, Pa., where one of the most successful U.S. studies of new system has been made.

the basic issue is whether beginning readers should be taught to recognize whole words at a glance or to approach each word letter by letter. A teacher using I.T.A. can apply either system.

Eventually the I.T.A. reader must switch over to the alphabet that the rest of us use. Teachers and parents alike have been worried about this phase of the process in almost every town where I.T.A. has been tried. Some parents have refused to allow I.T.A. instruction for their children, fearing that a child brought up on it would have trouble later in both word-recognition and spelling. (In I.T.A., for instance, the word "once" is spelled by four symbols that look like "wuns.") But most children so far have made the switch with surprising ease.

"In fact, many of them make it automatically, without any coaching at all," says Anita Metzger, a private reading teacher in Ventnor, N.J. "They grow anxious to try their skills on the 'grown-up' alphabet. They read breakfast-cereal boxes, street signs and comic books. The grown-up alphabet and spellings are different from what they're used to, but not so much different that a little imagination can't bridge the gap."

Sir James deliberately designed his new alphabet so that children could be weaned from it easily. Most of the symbols bear some resemblance to those of the standard alphabet. An adult seeing I.T.A. for the first time can read it without much difficulty. Twenty-four of the symbols are ordinary lower-case letters from the standard alphabet (there is no "q" or "x"), and 14 are digraphs, or pairs of letters joined typographically to make single symbols. The sound of "oo" as in "boot," for instance, is represented by a symbol something like a "w" with curved sides. To an adult, the symbol looks vaguely like two "o's" written carelessly. In any case, if he tried to pronounce the word "bwt," he would still come out with a sound so near to "boot" that he would recognize it.

The same process goes on in reverse in the mind of a child transferring from I.T.A. to ordinary print. Anita Metzger, the Ventnor reading teacher, has demonstrated how easily children can make the transfer. In January, 1963, she took into her school six children who, because they were a few months too young, had just missed getting into kindergarten for the 1962-63 school year. From January until June, she taught them I.T.A. After the summer vacation they returned to her school. She led them through a few refresher sessions in I.T.A. Then she handed out a first-grade primer in standard print.

"I was worried about many things before that day," says Miss Metzger. "Capital letters, for instance. There are no capitals in I.T.A. The practice is simply to make the symbols taller where capitals would be called for. But in our standard alphabet we have many capitals, such as A and L, which don't look much like their lower-case forms. I was afraid these would trip the children. But in almost every case the child would look at the capital letter, look at the rest of the word, think about the context for a while and pronounce the word perfectly." By mid-1964, a year and a half after they started to learn I.T.A., all six youngsters could handle standard print fluently.

It has long been dogma in many U.S. schools that the average child isn't ready for reading until first grade. But I.T.A. could become a tool for reading instruction at a much younger age. At the Windward School, a private day school in White Plains, N.Y., Mrs. Joan Kemp teaches I.T.A. reading to four-year-olds.

"We don't think every nursery-school child is ready to read," says the school's director, John McConnell. "But some are. And since a youngster today has so much to learn between nursery school and college, why hold him back if he wants to get started early?"

Not long ago I visited the Windward nursery classroom and spent a cramped but entertaining hour on a miniature chair. Some children made paper masks. Others built with blocks. Half a dozen sat at a table with Mrs. Kemp and read from a first-grade I.T.A. primer. Later a dark-haired, serious little girl walked over and watched me scribble in a notebook.

"Can you read that?" she asked.

I said I could, though with difficulty.

"It looks easy," she said. "I'll be able to read it tomorrow."

She exaggerated somewhat, but not out of bravado. It was out of utter self-confidence. THE END

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THE 480

"Whoever gets six hundred fifty-five delegates is the Republican candidate for the Presidency. But the ordinary road to that figure, dear girl, is fraught with ambushes, bloodshed, duplicity, much booze, little sleep, elaborate organization and dollar bills. We haven't got the horses to take that road. We'll take a byway."

By EUGENE BURDICK

Illustration by Diane and Leo Dillon

Almost overnight John Thatch had become a legend. The head of his own engineering firm, with contracts all over the world, he had literally built a bridge of understanding between India and Pakistan, which were on the verge of war over a boundary disagreement. Back home in San Mateo, California, with his Filipino wife, Terry, whom he had first met in a Japanese prison camp at the end of World War II, he found himself not only a national hero but the object of heavy pressure to enter the race for the 1964 Republican presidential nomination. Among those urging Thatch to become a candidate were such influential Republicans as Levi and Bookbinder, and Madison Curver, a young member of Bookbinder's New York law firm. Curver, after consultation with a pollster named Cotter and with Doctor Devlin, an attractive young woman psychologist and behavioral scientist, had become convinced that Thatch, of all the candidates in the race, had the best chance to win. Thatch himself, with no political experience and with the memory of his nervous breakdown while facing a large group in college, was reluctant but flattered. The stacks of mail, some of it crackpot and vicious, disturbed him, and his wife was alarmed by his sudden renown. But little by little Thatch began to accede to the wishes of his backers, one of whom, a powerful and cynical member of the Republican National Committee named Bert Kelly, saw him as the ideal "sacrificial lamb" to run against President Kennedy.

II

Accepting the invitation to make a speech had been a mistake, John Thatch thought worriedly, as he looked down the head table at the vases of flowers, the place cards, the gleaming black podium, the long row of coffee cups. He did not bother to look up at the tables in front of him.

"This is the biggest turnout ever for the internists' lunch," said the woman next to him. "I guess, in a way, Mr. Thatch, you are a kind of spokesman for the Free World. Really, I'm embarrassed, but it's the truth. You've been around the world and you stood up to the Communists in India and—well, it's a great honor."

Thatch looked down the table at Terry, his wife. She was sitting next to the president of the organization. She was scared, Thatch knew, because she kept looking out at the audience and then at him.

Thatch felt thick-tongued, and at the very edge of his consciousness there was a sense of panic. He deliberately lifted his head and looked out over the ballroom. Faces. More faces than he had ever seen in one room.

The plucking at his elbow was very gentle. He missed it at first.

He would quit. Just say that he was sick. Doctors would understand that.

"Mr. Thatch, it's me," a voice said. It was the girl from Amos Bookbinder's office, the statistician or psychologist or something.

"I know it's you, Doctor Devlin. . . ." he said, and then stopped.

She did two things, but it was only later that he realized what the first of them was. Her right hand grasped his left wrist and held it very steady. (Later he knew she was taking his pulse.) The other hand gave him a packet of cards with very large printing on them, the kind that is done with a felt pen.

"Mr. Thatch, you were a dear to do this," Doctor Devlin said. "I worried about what you might say, and I sort of outlined a speech you could give that would be just right for this audience."

"I've got one already," Thatch said. He knew his voice was unconvincing. "I wrote it myself."

"I'm sure it will be superb," she said. She looked quite different from the way he remembered her in Bookbinder's office—better dressed, more feminine or something. "But I just jotted down a lot of crazy notes that occurred to me. Just ignore them if they don't fit in with what you want to say." Thatch was aware that her voice was authoritative, yet somehow soothing.

"I've got a speech," Thatch said again. He looked down the table at Terry. She was staring out at the audience, making no pretense now of talking with the president.

Thatch was halfway through the strawberry parfait before he realized that what was written on the cards was a better speech than his own. He felt calmer. He read through the cards again slowly. All he had to do was give this speech, which would leave them something, and he could get home alive. Then he would never let himself be talked into giving a speech again.

The thunder rose from the audience. They were actually on their feet. Hundreds of young doctors, the flesh and blood of America, the best there was. ". . . and so the man who needs no introduction. None at all. Because by his actions he

From the forthcoming McGraw-Hill book "The 480," by Eugene Burdick. ©1964 by KAMIMA, INC.

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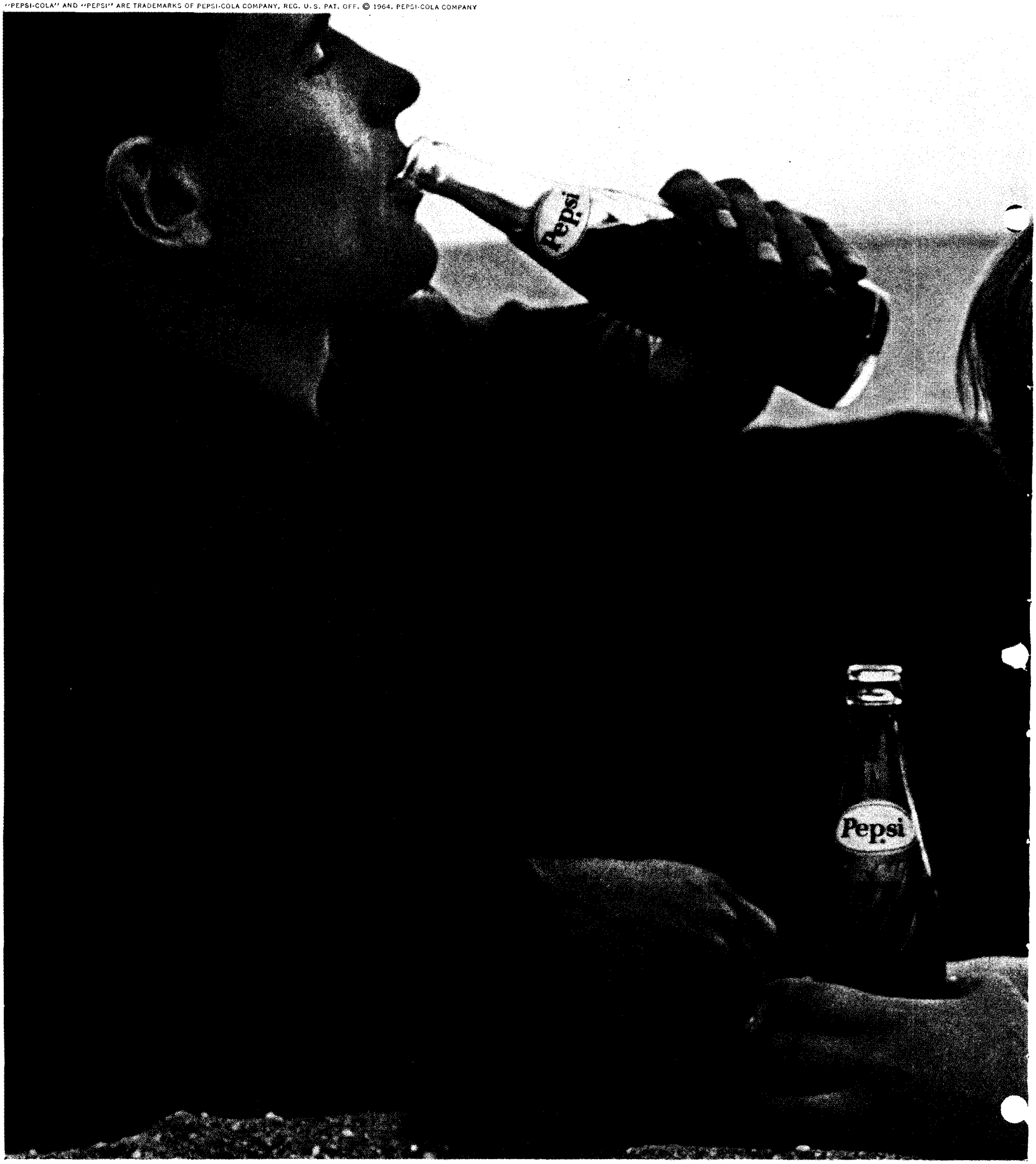

now it's Pepsi-for those who think young

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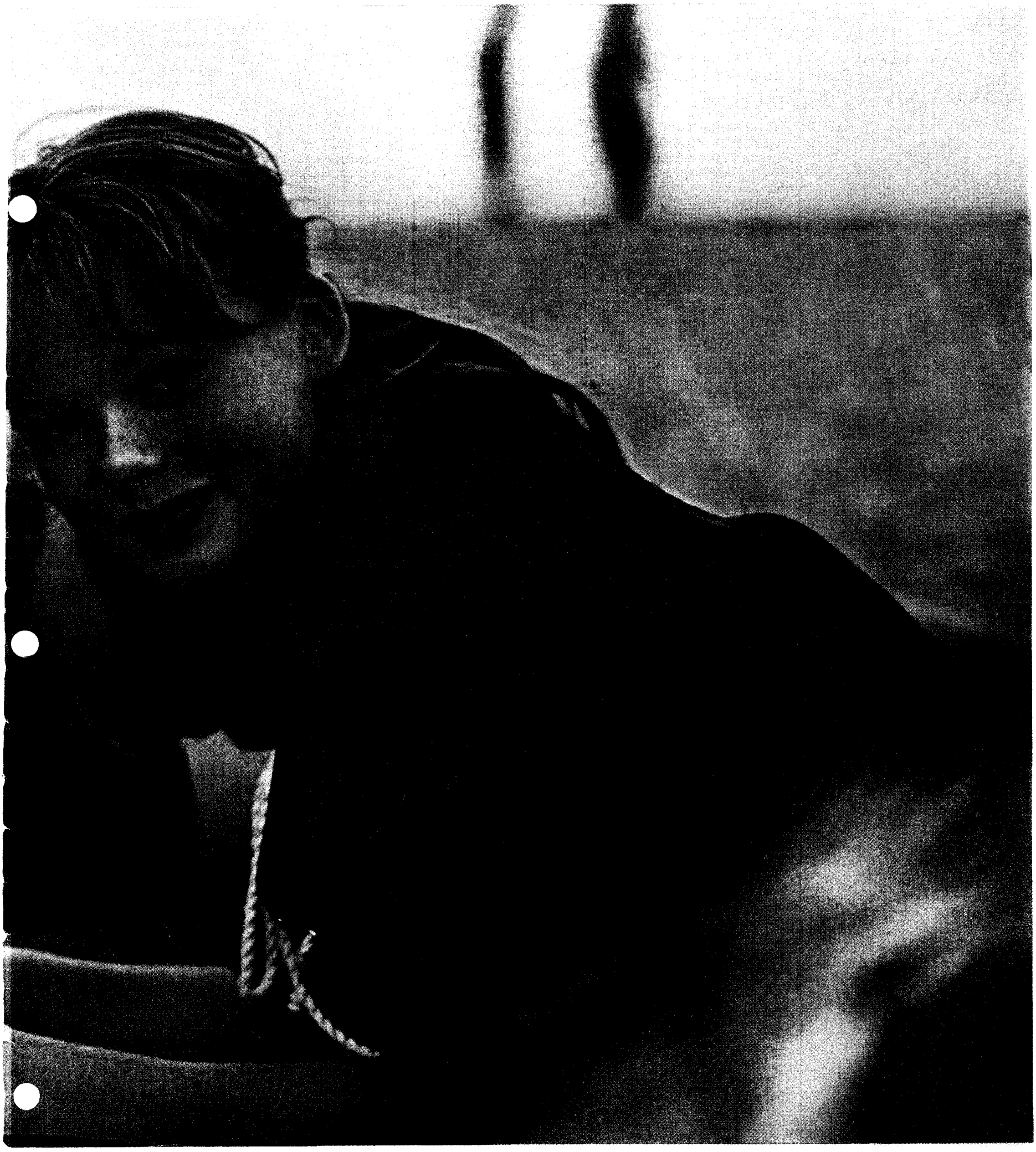

A wonderful and bright spirit's caught on today—thinking young! Wherever you look, Pepsi is part of the scene! Its sparkling-light taste is so inviting, so clean. And ice-cold Pepsi-Cola drenches thirst, refreshes like no other. So think young...say "Pepsi, please!"

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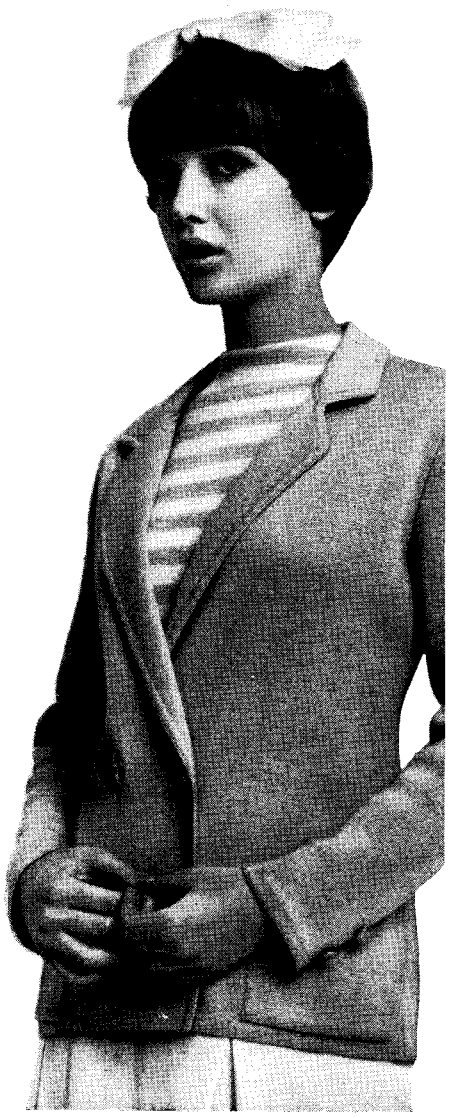
The awkward moment



That endless minute before you enter a room full of strangers.

Will they like you? Will you get along with them? Or will you be nervous and ill at ease?

And how much are these feelings compounded by the fact that it's time of the month for you?

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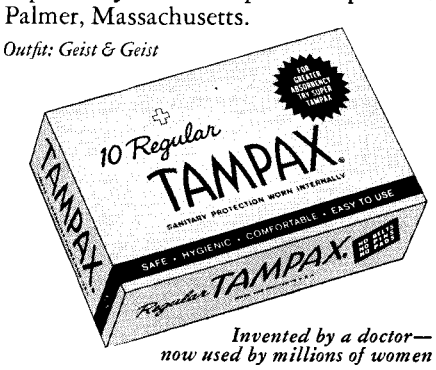


Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

has made himself known to all of us," the toastmaster said.

Thatch walked to the podium, touched the microphone easily, and spoke a few words of thanks. Smiling, he brought out the stack of cards.

"America stands at the edge of a great adventure, the most exciting ever faced by mankind—but America refuses to walk forward," Thatch said. There was a scattering of applause. Thatch was aware of an unsteadiness in his legs, a kind of faltering. "And it is, alas, a sad fact that many of you in the medical profession are among those who refuse to walk ahead, who refuse to take the first step."

Instantly the huge banquet room exploded with applause. Later Thatch puzzled over why they would applaud at that moment. He had, with regret, accused them of hesitation. But they were moved. Thatch was, by the time the applause died, filled with an exultant kind of confidence.

"The world is made up of people who are sick with hundreds of afflictions, weak from years of little or no medical care. You know that better than I. These people have heard of the splendid miracles of American medicine, and they wonder why these wonders of modern science are not sent to them instead of recoilless rifles and tanks. The medical profession of America, if it were turned free, could start one of the most profound revolutions of all time. Why do we not cut our bonds?"

There was a moment's hesitation, and then the room rocked with applause.

"My wife, sitting right there," Thatch said, pointing to Terry, "my wife was a practical nurse in the Philippines. She trained herself from books, plus a few weeks' experience in a hospital in Manila. Yet she and others like her were able to work a revolution in an entire province, to give the Filipinos a level of care they had never had before. Think what the impact would be on the world if each year all of the new graduates of our medical schools committed themselves to spend a year abroad. We have had enough of selfish politics and aimless war. Let us now strive for a tough-minded way to wage peace. And let doctors take their place in the front ranks of that army."

Thatch felt curiously detached. He knew his voice had taken on timbre, but it was almost as if he were talking to himself. He really did not care about the audience in front of him, but at the same time he was excited about the way he was controlling it. He moved his hand in a forward gesture, the sign of the platoon leader to advance, and the entire audience applauded and whistled. Thatch felt that he had, somehow, learned the secrets of control long ago and was only now remembering them. He felt also that what he said did not matter so much as the way he was able to say it. He spread his hands, and the crowd fell silent.

Thatch went on, his voice soft at first, but gradually rising. He told of American failures in India and Pakistan and Indonesia, and how, in each case, the presence of American doctors might have changed history.

"We are told constantly, endlessly, until we sicken of it, that 'things are complicated.' Of course things are complicated. But, in the end, we must realize that every situation can be reduced to a simple decision: Do we act or not? And so, of you who have given so much to the American public, I ask you to give again—and again—and again. And above all, you must give thought."

He had not yet come to the last card, but he sensed he had talked long enough. He bowed his head and softly thanked the group. The applause started slowly, almost languidly, as if the audience were recovering. Then the sound became more fierce, and the smack of palm against palm became solid and continuous. The applause was shot through now with the tapping of spoons against water glasses.

Thatch caught and remembered it all very precisely—the ferocity of the applause, the feeling that it veiled some revenge or intent he did not understand.

He remembered, too, the tone of Terry's voice when they were walking down the steps of the hotel and away from the crowd: "I'm glad you remember me, sir—the practical nurse who worked a revolution in the Philippines."

He looked at her face, and she wasn't smiling. He took her arm. It shook violently in his grasp.

He had been summoned; Madison Curver did not doubt that. Bert Kelly had called from Republican National Committee headquarters and said he would like Curver to come down to Washington to talk. About what he did not say. There was no need.

Thatch's speech to the internists had been featured in most major newspapers; two television networks had run five-minute clips of the speech; and Senator John Reddick of Kentucky had read the speech into the *Congressional Record.* Both parties had indicated they would introduce legislation to help build a "medical corps."

"Mad, there is a chance we are going to do some work together next year," Kelly said as soon as Curver came into his office. "There is also a chance that we are not. A lot depends on how our talk comes out today. I'm going to treat this talk as confidential. Are you?"

"What about Amos Bookbinder? He's my boss and has the money, after all."

"Confidential."

"All right."

Both knew that whether they would treat it as confidential depended entirely on how the meeting came out.

"Mad, every man has the right to think that American politics works in any way he wants," Kelly said. "Bookbinder, like most Americans, believes that the two parties scrap with each other over issues, criticize when they are out of power, look for the best men to carry their banners—and that the American voter is watching all this with high interest. It's pure Jeffersonianism. It's also utterly untrue." He arched his eyebrows into a question.

"So far agreed."

He's not using his famous flair for jokes or gamy language, Curver thought. Book had mentioned that he was more than a hack.

"Now I'll tell you my theory. It's very simple. Most of the voters can barely remember what party they are in, but they tend to be 'regular.' They have very little interest in and even less information about politics."

Curver nodded. But we'll split pretty soon, he thought.

"Mad, the force in politics comes from a few people who are interested, dedicated and active. Usually they are called ward heelers or bosses or pros. Nobody likes them. Nobody trusts them. But these are the influential ones; they make the system go. They want their party to win. Sounds pretty simple, doesn't it?"

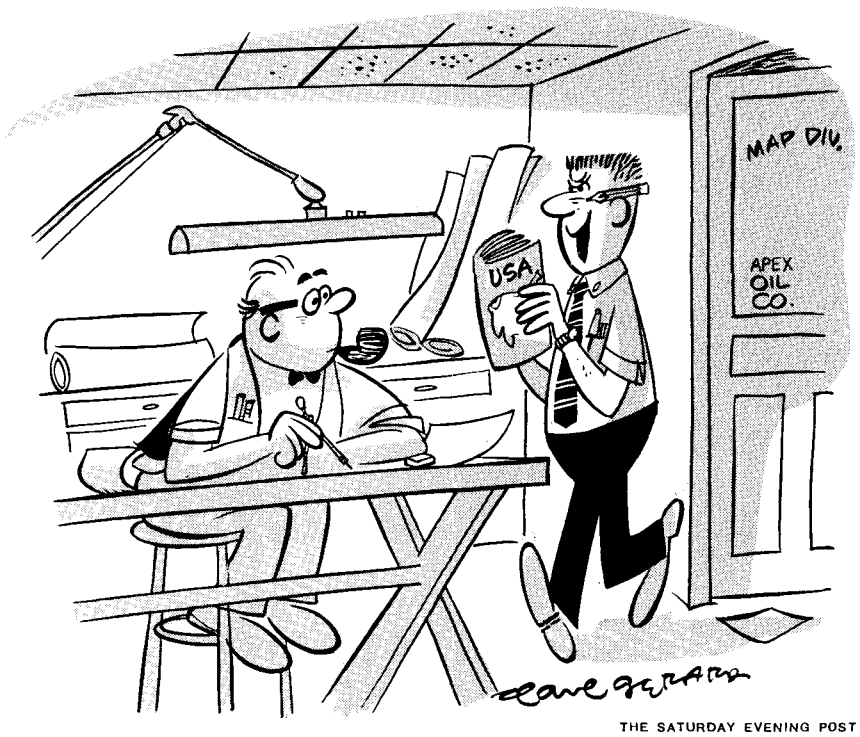
"So where do you fit in?" Curver said.

"I work with the professionals, the politicians. They form the first bottleneck any candidate has to get through before he can even be considered at the convention."

"Someone has to work with them," Curver said, his voice bland.

"Someone has to work with them," Kelly repeated, and his voice was full of wonder. Then it turned savage. "Listen, I do it and consider it a privilege. I do it because someone has to organize these people, screen the candidates, give the party a sense of unity. It's messy work. But it just so happens to be the most important work that anyone in this country does."

"You through with your illusion?" Curver asked. This is the breaking point if there is to be one, he thought. Kelly believes in what he says. He is as tough as I thought he would be, but smarter. Now I'll find out how flexible.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Great news, Bayless! I've worked out the most diabolical fold for a map that you ever saw!"

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Kelly's small head turned, ferretlike, and he looked at Curver. He was not smiling, but there was no anger in his face.

"Yes, I'm through describing my illusion," Kelly said. "Let's hear yours."

"I don't care how you select the candidates," Curver said. He spoke fast and confidently. "You can do it by flipping coins, holding caucuses, primaries and conventions, or just picking the best-looking guy. But there are a hundred million Americans out there eligible to vote, and why *they* pick a candidate is what grabs me."

"You can't predict how they'll react," Kelly said. "I've read all those silly polls about who prefers the Flyboy for President. He still has to get past the pros before he gets anywhere at the convention, and what goes on in Arizona doesn't cut much ice with them."

"Sure, I understand that," Curver said. "But your politicians are not about to pass up the Flyboy"—he paused—"if they think he'll win."

"They could," Kelly said. His voice was cold. "Sometimes they want to lose in the right way."

"Like next year?" Curver asked.

"Maybe," Kelly said. He looked again at the slouched figure in the chair, the expensive tweed suit with the bottom button of the jacket properly undone. The kid was skinny and arrogant, but not dumb. "But go on with your illusion."

"Bert, those pollsters can give about as many profound answers as tea leaves can," Curver said. "If you want to find out what sort of package sells dehydrated soup, no doubt they're helpful. But in politics all they can tell you is that the Democrat has forty-five percent of the voters for him, the Republican has forty-two percent, and that the rest of the voters are undecided. How much good does that do you?"

The Simulmatics Corporation is a real company. It formulated the concept of "the 480" and was employed by and gave advice to the people who directed John F. Kennedy's presidential campaign in 1960. What I have written concerning simulation in the 1964 campaign is not based on the work of Simulmatics Corporation. This is entirely a projection by the author. Simulations Enterprises is a fictional corporation. —The Author

"What's your answer?"

"Bert, I want to go far beyond my man's fifty-one percent or forty-nine percent of the vote," Curver said in a leisurely voice. "I want to know why."

"Go on," Kelly said.

"To find out *why*, you need tools that are a lot sharper, cut a lot deeper, and can be used more rapidly. In 1960 Kennedy used the Lou Harris polling outfit. Harris is one of the brightest; he pinpoints his targets, and has pushed the polling art as far as you can. But Kennedy also used something called simulation."

"Simulation?" Kelly asked, and laughed. "Boy, you talk about science fiction and a brave new world."

Mad ignored Kelly's comment. "The name of the corporation Kennedy used is Simulmatics," he said. "We've been looking into a company called Simulations Enterprises, which operates along the same lines."

Carefully Mad told him how simulation worked, moving slowly from the pollsters to the psychiatrists to the computing machines. He ended his description with the 480 groups the electorate was divided into.

"How did they draw up the groups?" Kelly asked.

"Using the obvious—white or black; rich or poor; East, West, North, South; education level; urban or rural; the age factor; old family or immigrant. That sort of thing. They produce empirically real categories."

Curver paused.

"Don't worry, I know what it means," Kelly said. "Categories based on actual experience. But how do they actually use this information? Give me an example, Mad."

"OK. Let's take: Should the U.S. pull out of Guantánamo Bay? From memory now, it went something like this. As a flat proposition, seventy percent of the people were opposed. If somehow it was done—uh—gracefully, through the U.N.—sixty-three percent opposed. Of the 480 groups, the category one hundred percent opposed was male, Southwestern, middle-aged, oil-rich. One group the most in favor was female, urban, middle-aged, highly educated, middle-income—well, the social-worker type."

Kelly listened attentively. He had heard rumors that Kennedy had hired one of these outfits in 1960. He didn't know—or care. Curver's figures represented nothing more than his own practical knowledge.

"Mad, I don't believe a damned thing you've said," Kelly said. "Maybe you're right on a small point here or a fact there, but statistics will never win an election. By the time you get them all recorded and nicely laid out, the election is over."

"There is a lot more to it than this."

"I know there is. But please don't bore me with it," Kelly said. He poured himself some rye. "The important point is that I think we can work together. Just a few things we have to clear up. First, short of a miracle, Kennedy can't be licked next year?"

"I assume that," Curver said. "I told Book as much. It's no secret."

"Secondly, you believe that Thatch has a chance for the Republican nomination?"

"Largely because no one else really wants it. It's a year of stale and tragically flawed candidates."

Kelly laughed, and Curver wished he hadn't sounded so pompous.

"We won't pursue the tragic flaws. But just one more thing, Mad. Someone has to be in charge of any kind of campaign. A campaign means you've got opposition, an enemy; someone out there is fighting against you. And that calls for centralized control." Kelly paused, and looked directly at Curver. "I just want to make sure I've got it."

"Meaning what?"

"You can research and consult and advise as much as you want," Kelly said. "But you can't commit one dime of National Committee money for it unless I approve. And you can't instruct the candidate except through me."

"No private brainwashing sessions?" Curver asked, and laughed.

"Sure. All you want," Kelly said. "But you can't give a draft of a speech or an

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official instruction except through me. I don't care what you convince him of privately. I just want public control of the man."

"If I agree, do you go to work for Thatch full-time? Is he your final choice for sacrificial lamb?"

Kelly sat back and swirled the brown liquor in his glass, watching it stick to the sides and come down in beautiful whorls. He smiled. It was a good day. Not one day out of a thousand did you meet Mad's caliber of friend–enemy.

"Mad, this is the year," Kelly said, and he settled into his chair, the sun warm against his back. "This is the year we want to lose in the best way."

"Meaning what?" Curver asked.

"Meaning that we lose in such a way that the man we really think can win will have clear sailing in 1968. When there is no incumbent."

Curver sensed this was a time to learn. He nodded. He took out a small cigar.

The room was warm. Kelly had a fine, even voice and he knew how to tell a story. His voice droned, but in a surging way, coming to climaxes and then falling away. For Kelly the afternoon had taken on a mellow tone.

"My man in 'Sixty-eight is going to win," Kelly said, and his voice was almost liquid with anticipation.

His man, it turned out, was Dr. Bryant Clark. Dr. Bryant Ellsworth Clark.

Kelly had met him at Princeton. Bryant Clark, instructor in classics. His lectures glowed, were contained and reasoned, and had reach. The centuries were nothing to Bryant Clark; he swept over them, and Marsilius of Padua was as Borah of Idaho.

"Sweep is what he has," Kelly intoned. "Everything is connected. He can synthesize, relate one discipline to another. You understand? Do you know the name?"

Bryant Clark, Curver thought. Forms flickered through his mind, and then, quite suddenly, he had it. Bryant Clark on an I.B.M. card in his mind. He closed his eyes, waiting for Kelly to go on. But Kelly didn't.

"Of course," Curver said cautiously. "University president, ambassador to Greece at one time. Big egghead. Administrator. I know the name."

Kelly was leaning back, holding his whiskey glass up to the light and remembering. . . .

The brilliant young instructor had invited Kelly, a shy, unpromising student, to his apartment and ordered a half-gallon of red wine and some bread and cheese. There had been two other undergraduates there, but most of the conversation had been between Clark and Kelly. Clark had talked of vocations and what had value in an evil world. Kelly, usually quiet, had found himself speaking up.

"You, sir, are antidemocratic," he had said to Clark.

"But, of course. The problem is to be elegantly antidemocratic," Clark had said, very seriously. "You, Kelly, are from the *demos*, the crude and arrogant people. But not *of* them. Your task is to lead them out of their ignorance."

Clark had stopped and looked hard at Kelly. Kelly never forgot the moment.

"He was an ambassador, wasn't he?" Curver repeated. Two or three minutes had passed and Kelly's small hand had held the glass without moving.

"Ambassador? Yes. He was an ambassador," Kelly said. He told Curver more about Bryant Clark. During the Greek civil war Truman had sent Bryant Clark out there as a special counselor. By the time he had left, he was recognized as, next to Chester Bowles, the best amateur diplomat of his time.

Then he had been asked to be president of a big Midwestern university. It had sprawled in chaos. It had been bankrupt. It had done everything, but nothing well. Bryant Clark had slid into the position easily—tightened administration, raised money faster than the state could grow corn. His jokes were classical and wry, and he wrote at least two monographs a year in his field.

"Today the man is in marvelous shape," Kelly said. "Never has to sleep. Loses a pound a year. Says he is trimmer now than when he was a freshman."

The answers fell into place, the slots in Curver's mental I.B.M. card were being filled out. Kelly was not cheating, not yet. Curver decided to push a little. "Why does he want to run for President?" he asked.

"Mad, he doesn't even think of running," Kelly said. "But if he's drafted he will run. Why? Because he knows he's the right man at the right time. He knows history and human beings and what today is all about."

Curver, sunk in his chair, felt something jar. His fabled memory was not working today. It annoyed him. Something was missing.

"I remember something about Clark," he said. He almost sat up, then controlled himself. He was in danger of losing an advantage. "Something about his early years. Something. . . ."

Curver slumped back. Now he remembered. Don't blow it, he told himself. Just stay cool.

"His early years, Mad?" Kelly was all attention, leaning forward.

That did it. It was the "War Record" part of Bryant Clark's I.B.M. card that was blank. Slowly it came to Curver, his marvelous memory filled in the slots, and the card was complete. Now he had to retreat, to invent.

"It was a book he wrote," Curver said, "something like *Education in a Pluralistic Society*. It came out in the early 'Forties. Great reviews."

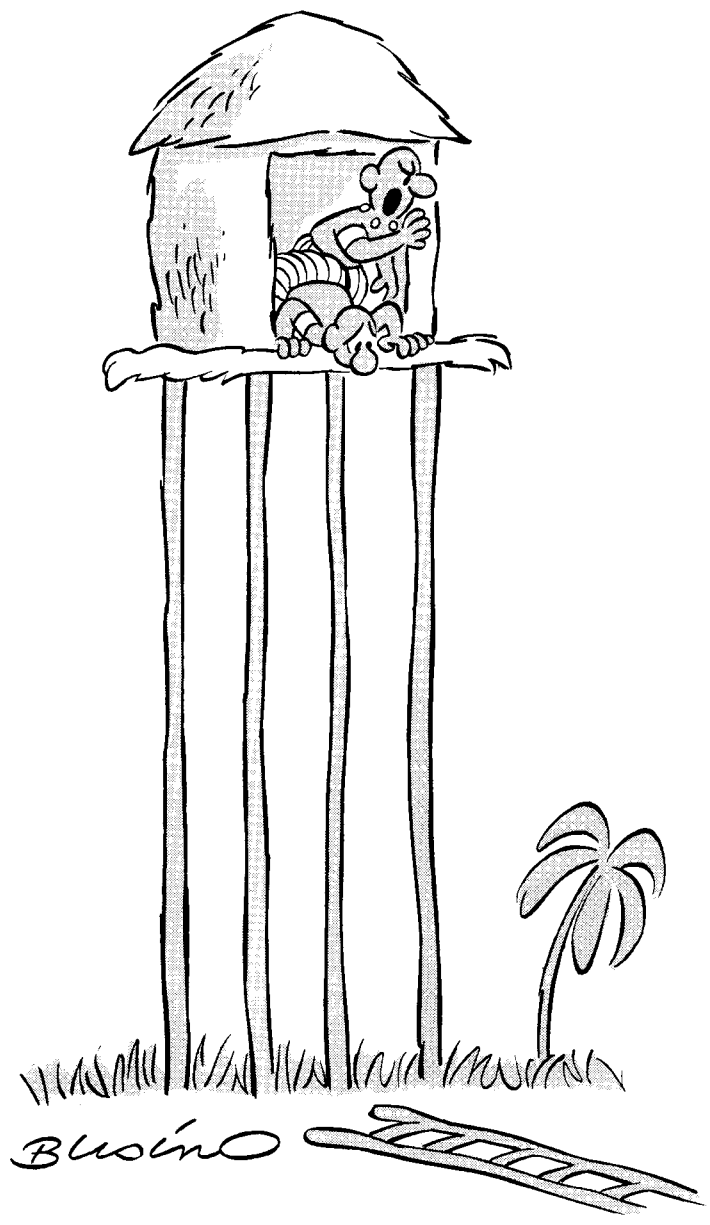
Kelly's face cleared. "Mad, that is one of the best damn books written in our lifetime," he said.

He described the book carefully. Very objectively.

Curver was not listening. He had found the missing punch-out on the I.B.M. card: *Conscientious Objector*.

Kelly talked of old campaigns, of tricks, of jokes, of famous people. On and on he went, defining what was proper and what was improper, the written and the unwritten rules. His pride in the game and his knowledge of its limits were enormous. Kelly was not smug; he was merely a man who could conceive of doing nothing but what he was doing.

On that warm day, in a gentle mood, he told Curver a great deal. Curver forgot none of it.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"There's never a giraffe around when you can use one."

A face tends to remain the same, day in and day out, particularly a face that goes with duty. Charles's face was black and went with a duty. He was the waiter who had served Bookbinder and Levi at their club for thirty years. Charles took away the soup bowls, and his face was the same as always. Two minutes later the face came back through the door, and it had changed beyond the limits of possibility.

Bookbinder knew it was death. He had seen it before, reflected in the faces of others. This was a death that mattered. He winced, and turned away. He knew that he, too, would be involved.

Charles moved toward them, every gesture familiar, but so slowly that the gestures were grotesquely exaggerated. He was weeping.

Levi did not notice. He was running down a document entitled *Catholic Voters and the Democratic National Ticket*. "It was an ingenious argument to prove that if Kennedy had been the vice-presidential candidate in 1956, he might have pulled Stevenson through," Levi was saying. "If he had been nominated, he would be dead politically today."

Bookbinder tapped his friend on the arm and gestured with his head toward Charles. Levi looked up into the black face of despair.

They both said, "Charles ——" and pushed back their chairs.

It was November 22, 1963.

Curver knew that Doctor Cotter loved to watch the cards run through the machine and fall into slots. But Curver was bored. It was a necessary procedure but antique: One needed the polls as a check. They were useless for any other purpose.

"Emily, work up a quick percentage of Thatch preferences from this set of questionnaires," Doctor Cotter said to the girl sitting quietly on a stool.

The two men went into Doctor Cotter's study. It was book-lined except for one wall, which was covered with a blackboard. A television set was in the far corner of the room. It was turned on, but the volume was too low to be heard.

Curver and Doctor Cotter sat down. Curver looked at the television screen. A line of limousines was jammed into a narrow space. Motorcycle cops in white helmets spun into hard turns. Hospital attendants in white jackets came out. Why in hell was Cotter watching this afternoon soap opera? Curver asked himself.

He turned as the door opened and the girl named Emily walked in. She looked at Doctor Cotter, who was watching the television screen with a peculiar intensity. "Thatch gets eleven percent on name recognition," Emily gasped. "When his name is identified as 'The man who built the bridge from India to Pakistan,' the recognition goes up to sixty-three-e-e ——" She ended with a shriek.

Curver knew what he would see on the screen before he turned back to it: not actors, but real people on the screen. Real bodies, perhaps. He hated to swing around. Oh, God, they'd warned the President not to go down there.

Kelly watched the political hack dig into the famous Kelly lunch. The slob was drinking beer so fast it spilled out the sides of his mouth.

The telephone rang. Kelly listened. He knew. But he also knew it was too much for his mind and body to take. He told the hack the young President was dead. He didn't say the talented, charming,

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'64 WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC

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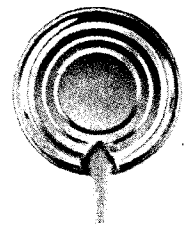

THE REAL THING
FROM FLORIDA
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O.J. always means Florida orange juice, naturally.

fantastically equipped President (even though he is—*was*—on the other side), but that was what he was thinking, along with, "Oh, God, what a loss," and "How often do they come along?"

Around his salami, bread and onion, the hack mumbled, "Well, that changes things."

"Get out," Kelly said thickly. The hack looked up, surprised, thinking he had misunderstood. "Get out."

Kelly pointed at him and then at the door. The hack got out.

Kelly waited. Then he put his head down against the cool mahogany of his desk. In a few seconds he was pounding the dark-brown wood, and when he stopped there were tears on the desk. Kelly was surprised. He thought his tear ducts had dried up long ago.

Friday afternoon and night and all day Saturday, Doctor Devlin had worked in her apartment on the California primary. She took the telephone off the hook, and ignored the radio and the television. She was excited by the material she had uncovered. California was going to be a perfect model. If they just had a candidate in June, the California primary would be an easy one to simulate.

On Sunday morning she pushed the television button to "On" and was in the kitchen when she heard the sound. Regular, sharp, strange and very compelling. She smiled and opened a can of orange juice, thinking, The machine sounds better when it is broken than when it works.

She took her orange juice and walked back to turn the set off. A riderless horse was frisking on a broad avenue, a man in uniform walking steadily by its head. The Capitol showed in the background, and a line of people, and horses drawing something. She saw the flag and at the same time heard the words "the late President"; a deep, black wave of understanding crashed over her; she sat down.

As the cameras panned across the faces lining both sides of the street, she could see many were weeping. Others were granite-hard, staring straight ahead, or solemnly holding children in the air for a better view. Something inside her slipped, and for a moment she wanted to be with those who had wet cheeks. She had a sense of estrangement from the entire world. Then the moment was over.

She remembered the psychiatric reports on reactions to Roosevelt's death in 1945. Now the controls were back and she felt better. The thing to do was to get the same sort of study going right away, but on a broader basis. They must find out as soon as possible what this would mean to the electorate in 1964. She reached for a pad and began to make notes furiously.

Thatch walked past the corral to the guesthouse, where the letters were stored. He thumbed through them and picked out one written on heavy parchment. He read it and felt the waves of guilt wash over him again, almost as if he'd wished Kennedy dead.

It was Sunday morning. The boys slept, and Terry always had a late breakfast. Yet he knew they were awake, in their beds, looking at the ceiling. They had talked so little since Friday.

Much later, Terry was at the window. She beckoned, and he saw a new terror in her face. He followed her to the house. The boys were crouched in a corner of the room by the television set.

"Something else?" Thatch asked.

"Yes. Another murder," Terry said. "The boys saw it live. They saw it!" She looked at them in the corner. "And the television people say they will run it again."

By Monday morning Thatch knew he'd had it. His office would be closed during the day of national mourning, but he felt he could not watch the flag-draped caisson, the black-garbed widow, the sorrowing crowds for another minute without breaking down completely. He appreciated the value of ceremony and the magnificent manner in which this particular ritual was being carried out, but instead of erasing his guilt and blotting out the horror, it reminded him over and over of the shame, the overwhelming national disgrace, and—obscurely—his own part of it.

He did something he had not done for years. He went to his empty office and pored over the accounts; he lost himself in costs and prices, job estimates, material specifications. He studied lists of figures, making notes. He buried himself in detail, refusing to recognize any greater reality than these rows of figures.

By nine o'clock, still alone in the office, he felt cleansed. Later in the week he would go out to the Philippines to investigate the sabotaging of his cement-factory project. His visit to the Philippine ambassador in Washington had produced nothing. Ferguson really seemed to need his help. A foreman couldn't handle everything all the time.

And as soon as he got home tonight—this black Monday presidential-funeral night—he and Terry would burn those damn letters.

The small plane sped down the runway of the airport at Cebu City and lifted easily into the air. Terry sat beside the young Filipino pilot. She started to gossip in Tagalog. The pilot was pleased. Later, after they arrived at Zamboanga, Thatch would ask her what she had found out.

"OK, Fergie, what happened at the pier?" Thatch asked. He had asked nothing of Ferguson during the wait at Cebu City. One did not talk business in airport bars—not in the Philippines.

"Everything went fine until a month ago," Ferguson said. He was a tall, lean man who had turned gaunt since Thatch had last seen him. "We were getting the pilings in fast, and the cement crew was right behind us. Then one morning we came out and the pile driver was blown up. I mean really *up*. It was blown right off the dock and into fifteen feet of water."

"Who did it?" Thatch said.

"On the pile driver someone painted the word HUK in big red letters. You can see it through the water."

Huk was short for *Hukbalahap* which in turn was short for the Tagalog phrase *Hukbong Bayan Laban sa Hapon*, which meant Anti-Japanese People's Army. The movement had started during World War II to fight the Japanese. After the war it had slowly become Communist-dominated. Few of the Huks knew the word Communism, and even fewer knew the name Marx. But they had a savage sense of having been deprived of land.

The Huks had taken to the hills and forests. It was a time of gunning down strangers, of fleeing, of swearing Filipinos to obey "the law of class warfare," of working out new "progressive people's" notions. Then came the time of killing friends and brothers. Finally, under the

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leadership of Magsaysay, then Secretary of National Defense, the movement had been virtually destroyed.

"The Huk movement was wiped out in 1952," Thatch said.

"Rizal Sipa was never captured," Ferguson said, "and the Valdez brothers were given a ten-year sentence. It was up a couple of years ago. They disappeared. I knew a year ago that something was up. Isolated military jeeps would be stopped on the road and be jumped by a half-dozen men. They took only weapons and ammunition and let the soldiers go. Then we lost one hundred pounds of plastic explosive out of the warehouse. Poachers or amateur hoodlums don't steal stuff like that."

"What did the police say about the pile driver?" Thatch asked.

"Said it must have been an accidental explosion of the engine," Ferguson said. "I explained that you couldn't explode an engine like that, but they wouldn't listen. They know it's Huks. But they don't want to go out in the bush looking for them. I don't blame them."

"What about the workers?" Thatch asked.

"They showed up for work, but they wouldn't touch the pile driver," Ferguson said. "They stood around and admired it in the water, but had a dozen reasons for not rigging a winch to pull it out. And none of them could read HUK on the pile driver."

The plane was over the plains of Mindanao. Thatch looked down at the long reaches of tough cogon grass, watching the wind bend it into waves that rippled for miles. In the distance was a smudge of smoke. Thatch told the pilot to fly over it.

The smoke came from a *kaingin*, one of the small clearings cut out by landless peasants and planted with whatever crop would grow. The *kaingero* was standing in the clearing, a hoe in his hand, looking up at the low-flying plane. His wife was standing beside a fire which burned beneath several blackened gasoline tins. Two children, completely naked, stood staring at the plane. The pilot circled slowly.

"Multiply that isolated *kaingin* by a couple hundred thousand and you have the reason why the Huks can operate," Thatch said. "Tough people, but ignorant, living an isolated life and hating Manila."

The *kaingero* and his family stood frozen. Their stillness made Thatch restless. He looked at Terry. She had tears in her eyes.

"The Huks are back," she said in a small, sad voice. "Filipinos wave to everyone. When they don't wave there is trouble."

Thatch spoke very softly as he looked around the room. It was a nipa hut with palm-leaf sidings that ran completely to the ceiling. In one corner a Coleman lamp gave off a thin light. Across the table from Thatch sat a Filipino named Fernandez Bayan, who had the nickname Bull—a middle-aged man with a tough, hardened body. He had worked on construction jobs for Thatch, Inc., for twelve years. Behind Thatch were Ferguson and an old Asia hand who was American but had spent so much time in the Orient that he blended into the background. He was a part-time reporter for an American news service, but was known as one who could be trusted.

"You do not object to the presence of Allen?" Thatch said, jerking his thumb in the direction of the reporter.

"No. I do not object. I do not object, for I have nothing to say or to conceal," Bull said. "I do not even know why we are meeting."

"Fine with me. Also, as you know, there is another listening to all this," Thatch said. "Somewhere, under the floor, or at the end of a microphone line, or leaning against this hut, is someone from the other side."

Bull shifted his powerful, restless body in the chair. "Of that I know nothing," he said.

He lied badly. Thatch felt relieved. He also knew that it was dangerous to push him too far, to stretch his dignity too much. A Filipino, although a remarkably shy person, could at some point lapse into the odd condition known as "lata." In this mood the Filipino was likely to run amok, to fade off into a savage unreasoning, a form of insanity.

"Very good, Bull," Thatch said. "I want to meet with Rizal Sipa. Tonight."

"Mr. Thatch, I know nothing of Rizal Sipa," Bull said. "I know him only as a name."

"Then send word out to the name that I would like to see him," Thatch said gently. "Somewhere among your friends there is someone that does know him. I would consider it a very great favor if I could talk to him. There are, I think, things which we could discuss to our mutual benefit."

Bull stood up. "I will ask someone if they know of Rizal Sipa," he said. "It is useless, but I will ask." He moved toward the door, which led to a ladder.

"Bull, I would like him to bring his political-education committee with him," Thatch said. "Rizal Sipa says he is the spokesman for the people. The people should be represented." Thatch knew that a lot hinged on whether Rizal Sipa brought the political committee with him. It was a device of the Huks to form a committee of peasants who were supposed to have political control of the area, although the Communist leaders made the real decisions.

The moments passed very slowly. Thatch leaned back and closed his eyes. Ferguson stretched out on the floor and actually did go to sleep.

What neither Thatch nor Ferguson knew was that Allen was no longer an honest reporter. He had been in the Philippines ten years and had lived well—so well that he had acquired a load of nearly unmanageable debts. The government was asking questions about what they called "unreported income." A public investigation, even the rumor of one, would instantly shatter the carefully built reputation for honesty on which Allen depended. He had recently developed a deep distaste for the Philippines. He wanted out.

Allen had not appeared at Zamboanga by accident. He had heard of the blowing up of the pile driver and of the red HUK written on the dock. He had put the episode together with other rumors. When he found out that Thatch was flying to Zamboanga, he knew the time had come. Allen was a wronged man in need of a big break. Desperate, he had evolved an idea which was both irrational and quite brilliant. With the death of President Kennedy he felt there would be a search for new heroes, for signs of strength. Allen knew Thatch would not leave the Philippines without forcing a showdown

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with whoever was sabotaging his construction job. He had approached Thatch and asked to accompany him on an "off-the-record" basis. Thatch had agreed, for he knew that Allen had as good a reputation with the Huks as any journalist in the Philippines.

Allen sat in the shadows, impassive and quiet, but his hands were busy. In his right pocket was a tape recorder no larger than a pack of cigarettes, which could record over two hours of conversation. In the other pocket was a rubber bulb which, when squeezed, pushed air through a tiny tube inside of his clothing to a camera no larger than a single cigarette. Its lens was in the center of one of his buttons. The camera was self-adjusting, nearly soundless, and could take fifty small but accurate pictures.

The doorway was suddenly filled with Bull's muscular figure. He stepped to one side, and another man came easily up the ladder, his eyes quickly taking in the men and studying details of the room. It was the look of a man who is careful, of a man who has been hunted often but has not yet lost his nerve.

Rizal Sipa stepped forward into the hut. Ferguson woke up instantly and looked with unblinking eyes at Sipa.

Sipa puzzled Thatch, even though he had heard much about the man. As he came close, Thatch sensed that he was feverish, intense, almost electric. He emanated dedication and a hard-won purity and, Thatch suspected, bitter experience. His eyes were those of a man poised on the delicate edge between madness and saintliness.

"I am Rizal Sipa," he said simply.

"I am John Thatch, and this is Eli Ferguson."

There was a pause which became a silence. It was broken by a hacking, tubercular cough from outside the hut. Sipa had brought others. Sipa turned his head toward Allen.

"That is Dwight Allen," Thatch said.

"The honest reporter," Sipa said. He spoke without cynicism. Allen sighed. He would be permitted to stay. His hands went back in his pockets, sweaty fingers reaching for the delicate controls.

"What do you want of me?" Sipa asked.

"A conversation with you and your political committee."

"Some of my political committee are known to you or to Ferguson," Sipa said. "How can they be protected from being revealed to the police?"

"You have my word of honor," Thatch said.

He paused, for Sipa's eyes had opened and gazed straight at him. Thatch knew that more was needed.

"Also, you know that there are only three of us who can inform on your people," Thatch said. "All three of us will be in Zamboanga for a month. We will be unarmed. It is not the situation you usually face, Rizal Sipa, of having to find out who has informed. And you will have the means to kill us. We all value our lives."

Sipa smiled. "We shall talk outside," he said. "There are too many people to bring into the hut. I will search you for weapons as you pass through the doorway."

Allen did not break his stride, but he thought his heart would stop. As his hands came out of his pockets, he jammed a handkerchief around the rubber bulb. Sipa ran his hands lightly over Thatch, and then Ferguson. Allen moved forward mechanically, forcing himself not to think, only to move. Sipa's hands lingered for a moment over the tiny recorder, but a cigarette package crunched slightly and the fingers did not stop. The hands pressed against the left pocket, and the handkerchief shielded the tiny bulb. The click of the camera was lost in the sound of feet moving down the ladder.

Allen lived again. He looked around the clearing in front of the hut. Some twenty-five men were squatting on their heels, four of them holding nipa torches. The light was fitful and uncertain, sending tongues of shadow darting across the clearing, but still it was light. Allen felt a great relief. The pictures would be adequate.

Sipa, the three Americans and Bull stood in front of the semicircle of squatting men. Thatch recognized a few employees of Thatch, Inc.

Allen moved slightly to one side. He pressed the bulb as the torches flared up momentarily. He knew intuitively that it would blow up into a magnificent picture. He had already started the tape recorder.

"This man, who is a representative of both the capitalist class and of the imperialists, wishes to speak to you," Sipa said.

Thatch had never heard these words spoken seriously. He was surprised that they did not seem hackneyed or funny, but somehow had a forceful, original ring to them. The committee members nodded at Sipa's words, their faces hard.

"I am a capitalist. We will let the discussion reveal if I am also an imperialist," Thatch said evenly. He spoke in Tagalog and glimpsed surprise on Sipa's face. "But let me make it clear that I represent only myself and my company."

"Subjectively you may think yourself an individual, but objectively you speak for capitalism and imperialism," one of the squatting men said.

There was a parrotlike quality to his voice. Thatch felt a quick relief; and then, on top of the relief, a strange new sensation. He felt competitive toward Sipa; he wanted to be as persuasive as Sipa, *quite apart from what happened to Thatch, Inc., and the pier.*

"Subjective or objective?" Thatch asked in a wondering voice. "Is one's wife objective and his *kwalingking* subjective? Or is it the reverse?"

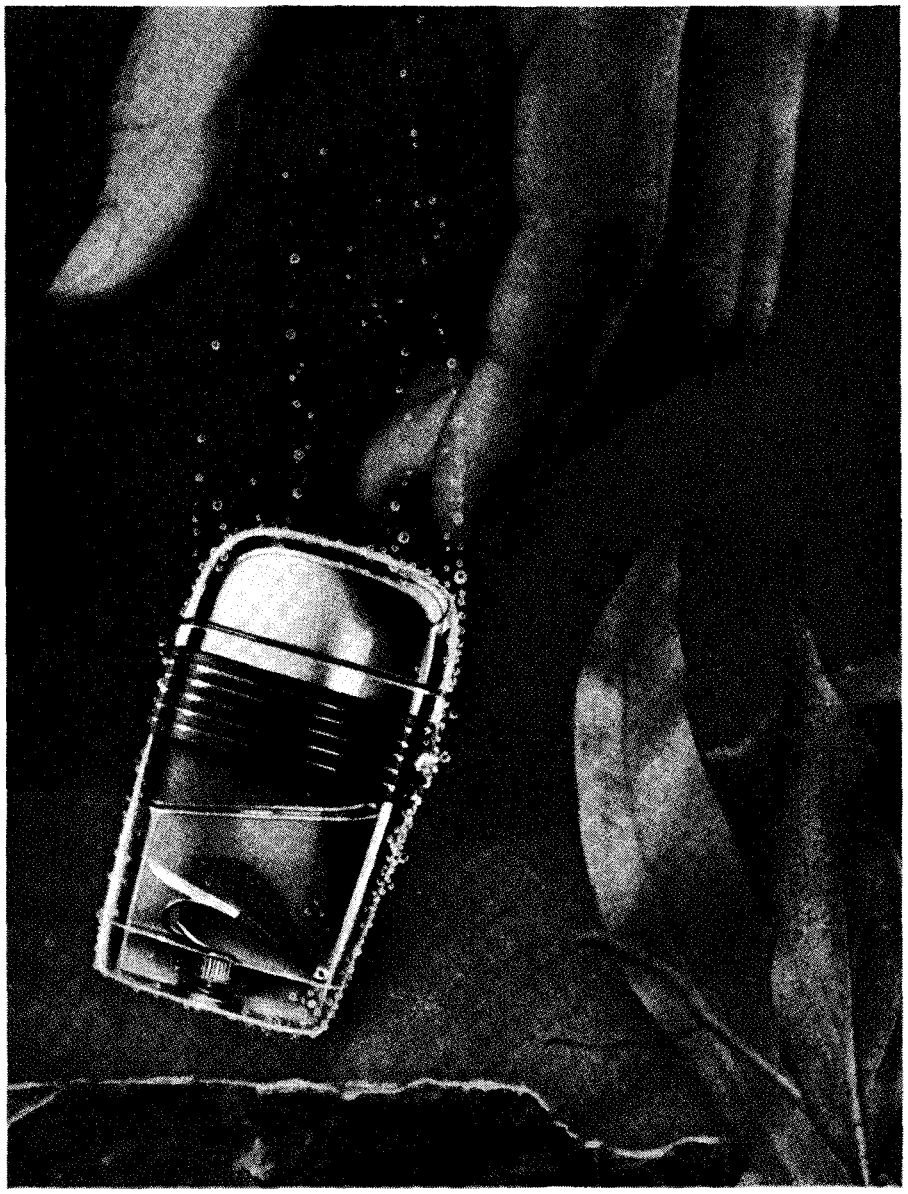
Most of the men laughed. *Kwalingking* was a Huk slang word invented to describe adultery, which was permissible because a Huk was separated from his wife for months, the man in the forest, the wife in the barrio.

"There is no *kwalingking* in the new movement," Sipa said, his voice very flat.

"Objectively or subjectively?" Thatch asked.

Sipa's eyelids raised. His eyeballs caught the glitter of a torch and were so alive they seemed independent of the man. Thatch stared straight back at Sipa, forcing himself not to blink. Then he smiled. Sipa's eyes narrowed, and he turned his head away. A sigh, soft and unintended, came from a man squatting in the semicircle.

"I know," Thatch said, "only myself. I know that I want my family to be fed. I want a house to keep out the monsoon or the wind or just the eyes of passersby. These things every man should have."



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"But few have them," a voice said. "Capitalism forces workers to the lowest level of subsistence. They cannot share in the profits of the capitalist, but are always at the edge of starvation."

It was a different man speaking from the semicircle, but the voice had the same parrotlike quality.

"I do not know about the subsistence level of all workers," Thatch said. "But those workers who work for Thatch, Incorporated, wherever they are, share in the profits. Half of the profits at the end of the year are returned to the workers."

"And what happens to the other half?" Sipa asked. His voice was scornful, heavy with sarcasm.

Thatch deliberately hesitated. He let the silence go on until Sipa had to speak.

"The other half goes to you and your family," Sipa went on. "So you can travel in luxury, eat rich foods, drink Scotch whisky, have five homes, go to race tracks, and have bourgeois *kwaling-king* in endless number."

"You believe that?" Thatch asked.

Sipa paused. His eyes lashed sideways at Thatch and then swept over the semicircle of men. There was a shifting of feet, a reaching for new balance. Thatch needed to regain control of the situation.

"Say that I receive a million-peso profit," Thatch said. There was the sigh again. This time it was one of astonishment at the huge figure. "At once seven hundred thousand pesos go into new activities. Then a hundred thousand pesos to charity—to the tuberculosis hospital at Baguio, and to the University of Santo Tomás."

"And what of the other two hundred thousand pesos?" Sipa asked.

Thatch was aware that impressions, vague memories, rumors and newspaper stories were falling into place. They added up to nothing. Not yet. But they swirled behind his consciousness, almost at the edge of crystallizing into something.

"Of the two hundred thousand pesos, half must go for taxes," Thatch said. "With the remaining hundred thousand—which is about twenty-five thousand dollars in American money—I support one wife and two sons in a single house." He paused, and then without thinking he put a crucial question to Sipa. "Since my marriage I have slept with no other woman but my wife. Can you say as much?"

Sipa turned, and again his fully opened eyes burned at Thatch. Thatch stared back calmly, but his mind was quickly ordering things. Sipa talks too much of adultery. There was a time when Thatch had talked to Huk prisoners in Muntinlupa prison, and he remembered something of what they had said. He must push Sipa to the edge of lata, get him to the point of running amok.

"My life is pure," Sipa said very quietly. "I have no time for women."

"But there was a time when you did," Thatch said. "There was a time when you loved a girl in Manila so much that you went down from a Huk camp in the hills to the city to see her."

Sipa's fingertips began to tremble slightly. He seemed to be looking at some distant object. "That is the lie of the treacherous kind which only the stupid bourgeois could invent to split the people's movement," he said. It was said in a vibrant, sure voice, but his eyes were clouded.

"And when you were discovered in bed by the girl's father, you made him a proposition," Thatch said.

"A bourgeois lie," Sipa said. "The people's movement cannot be split by counterrevolutionary agents."

The men sighed again, and this time it was louder, full of tension.

"You told the father about the plan of the Huk Economic Struggle unit to rob banks in the suburbs of Manila," Thatch said. He did not take his eyes from those of Sipa. "For that information—that betrayal of your comrades—the good father allowed you to stay with his daughter. How many days was it, Rizal Sipa? Two, three, four? Could you tell us of the objectivity and subjectivity of all this?"

Thatch felt an exaltation. He was winning this strange battle.

Sipa was half gone into lata. His body remained steady, with some slight trembling of the extremities. But his eyes were misted over and his smile was grotesque.

"Talk, Rizal Sipa," Bull said. "Tell us the truth of this. You have lectured us of sexual purity, and revolutionary cleanness of thought, and dedication to the people's movement. Talk. Please."

"Talk, Rizal Sipa," another voice said from the semicircle. "Talk," said a half-dozen other voices underlaid with hardness.

Sipa stiffened. His head snapped back. He screamed. It was a scream of pure and undiluted rage, but too huge to be sustained. With a quick leap he went for Thatch, like a tiger making its last attack. Thatch ducked, but Sipa's arms went around him. Thatch was aware of a quick pain on his chest and, at the same time, aware that Sipa's arms were tightly locked

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around him. He looked down. Sipa's mouth was gnawing at his shirt.

Bull and three other men jerked Sipa's head back. His teeth were filled with particles of flesh and cotton. His eyes were distended like those of a child who first faces danger.

Thatch looked down at his chest. The wound was not great, but his shirt was red with blood.

The rest happened very quickly. One of the men, a clerk who had been taking notes on the meeting, became the leader of the court-martial. He asked fast, jerky questions and seemed to enjoy himself. The other men stood about, shouting casual questions, but mostly saying that they had known of Sipa's corruption all along. Allen moved quickly around the group, pressing the rubber bulb and praying that he had enough film.

He did. His film caught the execution. Sipa was tied to a tree, his body in wild contortions, straining at the ropes; he had a kind of power that seemed strong enough to tear him into separate parts. His mouth foamed. His eyes were dead long before the bullets tore into his body and his final convulsion snapped him back against the restraining lines. Then he was free.

Dwight Allen moved fast. With Rizal Sipa dead, the Huk movement was over on Mindanao. Therefore, he explained to Thatch, it was senseless to wait out the month to which Thatch had pledged him. Thatch thought for a moment, looking down the long pier where the pile driver was throbbing, and agreed.

"But the permission must come from them," Thatch said.

He did not specify "them," but he sent for Bull.

Bull came in, a cigarette on the edge of his lip. He smiled. He was happy to be working with the pile driver again.

"Allen wants to go back to Manila," Thatch said abruptly, with no introduction. "He feels that the Huk movement is through and that no one is any longer bound by our agreement to stay a month after the meeting with Sipa and his committee. Do you agree?"

"It is over. The movement is through," Bull said. He paused. "The movement dissolved itself two hours after you left my house. But it will come back together again."

No more was said. Allen left.

In the darkroom of his Manila apartment Allen finished the first enlargements. One showed Thatch facing the semicircle of Huks, with the dark face of Sipa to one side, like a brooding presence about to pounce. The detail was grainy, the faces were not perfect, but the shadows and the flickers of torchlight gave it an arresting drama.

Allen turned to the tape recorder. He waited patiently until it came to the scene depicted in the picture. He listened to the words spoken by Thatch and kept his eyes on the picture. When he heard clearly the sentence, "We will let the discussion reveal if I am also an imperialist," Allen sucked in his breath.

It was enough.

In the Peninsula Hotel in Hong Kong, the big, white fans churned the air of the main-floor lobby very gently. It was not enough to cool a man, but it was cooler than the streets outside.

"I am going to show you one picture and play you the words which were said during that period," Allen said calmly to the magazine bureau chief. "You must take my word for it that this is the least dramatic part of the whole thing."

He handed the man the photograph. He pressed a knob, and the tiny recorder spoke.

The man handed the photograph back. His face was expressionless. "How many people have seen this?" he asked.

"You and me."

"Will you show it to others?"

"Of course. At once. There are others lined up behind you. You happen to be first."

"No possibility of a two-hour delay?"

"No," Allen said quietly. Suddenly he was no longer a man with a grievance.

The CBS man listened to the recording and looked at the picture. He leaned back in his chair, looked contemptuously at Allen, and spoke.

"Interesting stuff, but not for television," he said. "We need action. Remember? TV is about action. Anyone can look at stills. Read a magazine. Look through the family album."

Allen's slight smile disturbed the man.

"Good-bye," Allen said.

The CBS man began to sweat. "Sorry, old boy, but things like this are hard to manage," he said. He reached for the bar check. Allen's hand was already over it. "It's an interesting bit, but not really for us."

"So I'll buy the drinks," Allen said. And repeated, "Good-bye."

"Kind of nutty stuff for television," the NBC man said. "How do you see it being used?"

"How do *you* see it being used?" Allen asked. He waited, and then let the words go off his tongue as if they had been rehearsed. "You're in the business of things moving. All these are still photos. Maybe they are worthless."

"Oh, not worthless. Not completely," the NBC man said quickly. "It's a risk for us. But maybe we could do what we have done with some of the shows; we take stills and intersperse them with dialogue and make a kind of documentary out of them." He paused, greatly eased, sure of a deal. "I'll take a big chance. Without consulting the home office I'll give you a thousand-dollar option on the whole thing—tape, photos, your time, everything."

Allen bent forward savagely. He knew he did not have to sell, but he wanted to depict a vision.

"Everything on TV is faked," he said quietly. "Everything is invented, contrived, acted out, staged." He paused. "For the first time your viewer will see a real Communist face a real American capitalist and hear them argue. The pictures will be stills, true enough. But along with them goes an actual recording of what the two said. And it is history compressed into a few moments. For at the end of it the Communist is killed by his comrades. They kill him because the American was persuasive and heroic. And America needs a hero today."

The NBC man was transfixed and tried not to show it. He lit a cigarette, nodded for another drink, looked bored.

Allen smiled. "Would you like to hear the sound of a Communist being executed by his comrades and see the picture of how he looked?" he asked. "And see the American in the background?"

"Maybe," the man said.

"Good-bye," Allen said.

The man did not hesitate. He knew when he was close. "Show me," he said.

Allen laid out the pictures and played the tape once more. The NBC man sighed. "I will guarantee you, here and now, that NBC will pay one hundred thousand dollars for the rights to the tape and the pictures," he said. Then he added, "Exclusive."

"Not exclusive," Allen said after a moment, as if he had really thought about it. "I am selling it to the magazines, the movies, the newspapers. I will entertain only an offer for an exclusive on TV. And your offer should be around two hundred thousand." He looked at his watch. "Others are interested. Can you reach your New York people?"

"Now?"

"Now."

The television program got the highest Nielsen rating of the year. It was narrated by a team of famous voices. A Princeton historian commented that this was the first time in his experience in which a whole Communist movement had been stopped by one man. There was, he argued, a lesson here for the entire free world.

Terry watched silently. Thatch did not speak. Tony and Harry, their sons, were delighted with the program. They regretted that Thatch had refused an invitation from the producer to fly to New York and appear live at the end of the program.

The next day the telegrams began to arrive. The second day the letters came. For the first time in his life Thatch was recognized by a total stranger on the street. A trim-looking young man in a business suit glanced at him, spun on his heel, and asked Thatch for his autograph.

"John, just let go of the pillow," Terry said. Her small hands pulled at his shoulders.

He fought off the end of his nightmare, rolled his head sideways and stared at her. He was hunched in the bed on all fours. He had a foam-rubber pillow in his fist and he felt that he could never let it go. The dream was still with him.

"Terry, I think Kennedy knew he would be killed," Thatch said in a voice harsh with phlegm. "That's possible, isn't it?"

"I suppose it's possible," she said. "Every man who takes an office like that knows he might be killed. It's—it's part of the whole thing."

Another thought struggled to come out, but his lips would not form it.

"Don't try and talk any more," Terry said. "It's the letters, John. You shouldn't read them."

He did not respond. He was too tired, too exhausted by the new thoughts, drained by the effort to rearrange chaos.

Ten days ago Bookbinder, Levi and Curver had left San Mateo and gone back to New York. This second meeting with Thatch had been quite different from the first. This time they had seemed intent on his running, even passionately convinced that he must run.

Thatch had dismissed them from mind and had begun planning for a fertilizer plant in Kenya. It was challenging work, and for a few days it went well. But a sense of restlessness had developed in him. His skin itched; he felt hungry at odd hours; he would stare at a page and discover that he had been reading the same line for five minutes. It was then he had begun to read the letters.

Now, as he lay in bed, his mind revolted, twisted back against itself, refused to go on. But he must push ahead to some kind of conclusion or the nightmare would come back. He had to decide something.

"Lots of the letters are very rational, very kind," Thatch said. "But when I sleep I only remember the ferocious ones. They come at me like—like—I don't know what. But sometimes they want to eat me alive, or I want to devour them."

"Why does it worry you, John?" Terry said. "Some of the letters are from crazy people. But lots of them come from

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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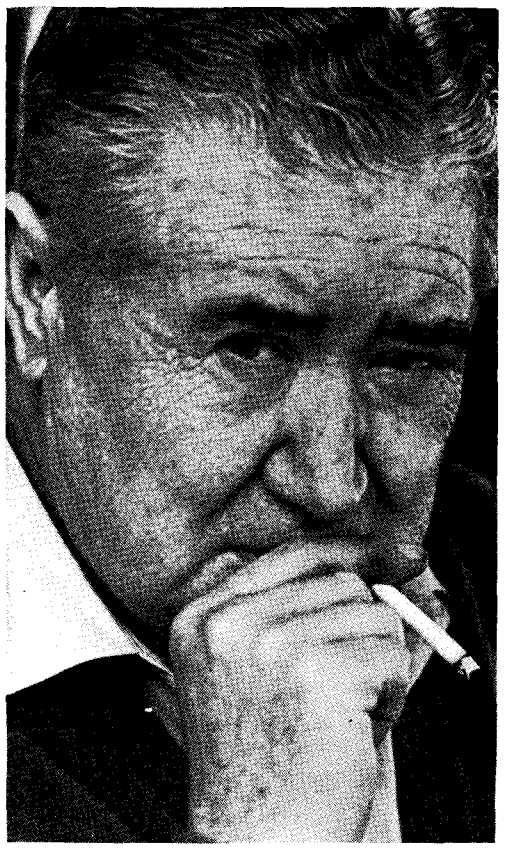

"YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME DOING THIS AGAIN," says Reynolds. Photograph was taken a few months before the author gave up smoking.

It's hard for a writer to GIVE UP SMOKING

Here's how I cut from 4 packs to 0 in 5 days

by QUENTIN REYNOLDS

A SURGEON can't very well operate with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth. When counsel addresses the jury, he doesn't stop for an occasional puff. But it's easy for a writer to smoke at his typewriter. In fact, I'd say that excessive smoking may well be one of the peculiarities of the craft.

I know that I smoked for thirty years—4 or 5 packs a day. I didn't think there was any easy way to stop. Then something happened!

Some time ago I was flying to Louisville with a few friends. A horse called Chateaugay was about to surprise us by walking away with the Derby. In the group was a friend of mine who doubles as my doctor. After listening to me hold forth for about twenty minutes on why Candy Spots was a shoo in, he said, "Quent, what's the matter with your voice?" I realized then that for some time I had been getting more and more hoarse and gravelly. "I'm going to have to look at that throat when we get back to New York," said the doctor.

A few days later I heard his verdict. "That throat of yours is as red as a maraschino cherry," he told me. "No more smoking for you!"

I dare say thousands have faced the same problem, but I still say it's harder for a writer to give up smoking than for anyone else. Fortunately, I have a secretary who is notably resourceful. She had heard about a little white pill called Bantron which has helped people all over the world to stop smoking. She got me a box. And in just 5 days, taking one of these little pills after every meal, I gave up smoking entirely.

I had absolutely no withdrawal pangs. Stopping was easier than I ever expected. Bantron didn't affect my taste in any way. It didn't even make me dislike smoking. It just removed the craving. I was so impressed that I became a kind of crusader. I wanted everybody who needed to stop smoking to hear about Bantron. I made some inquiries and found that it had an interesting, even dramatic, background.

THE BANTRON FORMULA was discovered by doctors in the research department of a great American university. Its active ingredient is lobeline sulphate. Lobeline sulphate is extracted from the Lobelia plant, sometimes called Indian Tobacco. Hundreds of years ago the Indians, when they couldn't get tobacco, used to smoke the leaves and pretty blue flowers of this plant as a substitute. The extract is a first cousin to nicotine, mimicking its action without being habit forming. The lobeline acts by displacing the nicotine in the system and helps curb the desire for tobacco.

So startling were the first results obtained with this little pill that further investigation was carried on. For months the research team carefully tested it on hundreds of people. The results showed that 83%—more than 4 out of 5 of all people who wanted to stop smoking—did so easily and pleasantly in five to seven days with its help. Even those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down.

But suppose you didn't want to stop smoking and made no effort to do so? What would happen if you took the pills? Well, I read the answer in a leading medical journal. Most people who took Bantron automatically smoked less whether they wanted to or not. They did not smoke fewer cigarettes, but they smoked less of each cigarette they lit.

THE DISCOVERY of the Bantron formula was reported in medical journals and newspapers all over the world. It was granted a patent by the United States Government. People everywhere who desired to stop smoking wanted to know how they could get this new pill. The Campana Corporation of Batavia, Illinois, was chosen to market it. Bantron is now being sold in over 14 countries.

My own experience with Bantron had an interesting aftermath. At the time, I was doing the commentary on a new series of films about World War II that were being produced in Hollywood. I had already done a number of these. After Bantron had helped me stop smoking, I went back to Hollywood to finish the series. But alas—I had a new voice. When the producer heard it, he threw up his hands. It wasn't like my old voice at all. It was so much clearer and better. The difference was so striking that in the upshot they had to do the whole of the first part of the series over.

Because of what it did for me, I am a firm believer in Bantron. If you have a smoking problem, try this amazing little pill. It really works! Bantron® is so safe when taken as directed, that you can get it in the United States and Canada at all drug stores without a prescription.

respectable groups—universities, political groups, church people. John"—she gripped his arm; for help, he thought—"you know I don't want you to get involved in this thing. I'm frightened of public things. You're beginning to think you're responsible for the President's death somehow. John, you can't go on feeling that way. It's dangerous."

He shivered. Terry pulled a blanket over him. He reached over the headboard and fumbled for a moment, then picked up a letter.

"Read this one, Terry," he said. "Read it aloud."

I am a psychiatrist who has, over the last ten years, come to specialize in social psychiatry. I attach a bibliography as well as some names which you may wish to consult to establish my credentials.

I take these precautions only because I am sure you are besieged by profoundly disturbed people, and it can become very difficult to tell reality from soaring fantasy or downright psychosis.

I have only one suggestion to make to you. It may not have occurred to you that an entire society can, quite literally, become sick. In my opinion, American society today is either absurd or seriously confused. As a psychiatrist I am distressed, for I realize I am helping my patients adjust to a culture which is sick.

I take the liberty of suggesting that you acquaint yourself with some of the more recent developments in American culture. For reasons which you well know, you have become one of the few heroes of our time. That role carries with it a considerable responsibility—if you wish to take up the responsibility.

Most respectfully . . .

"Do you believe him?" Thatch asked.

"I don't know. I haven't lived here long enough. But if he is right, why do you take it so hard?"

Thatch twisted and for a moment felt that he was going to be unable to answer.

"I've always thought I hated politics," he said finally. "I resisted any responsibility for people I didn't know. But I remember those sermons my father used to give. He used to preach about loving thy neighbor as thyself; maybe it sank in deep and I've been ducking it all this time."

Terry waited for a long moment.

"John, you didn't have the nightmares and the fevers before those men came out from New York," Terry said. She put out a hand and could feel his body stiffen. "Don't fight me, John. Just listen. They came out and asked you if you'd like to be President. You said no. You took a long time about it, but you finally said no. John, I don't believe you mean it now."

"That's crazy. I don't want to be a big public figure. I just ——"

"John, don't lie to me, because you don't have to. Just stretch out and let things flow across your mind and don't worry about them. Think of being President or Senator or running Thatch, Incorporated, or lying on a beach the rest of your life. But don't gulp and strain and have nightmares."

The next morning Thatch called Bookbinder in New York.

"How are you feeling, Thatch?" Bookbinder asked.

"So-so. Need to get down to work, I guess."

"Get plenty of rest, Thatch," Bookbinder said. "That's going to be important."

They talked for fifteen minutes about tariffs in Asia, and Thatch asked if Bookbinder could send him some literature on the subject. Then Thatch asked if he could be switched to Curver. He had a question to ask him.

The second conversation lasted only five minutes. When Curver hung up he called Doctor Devlin.

"Dev, Thatch got the letter from your psychiatrist friend," he said. "How do I know? He just called and asked me if there were any books on 'the sick society' and did I think such a thing was possible? Where the hell else would he get such a line?"

"And for us the third objective entails a fourth," Dev said. She was meeting with Curver in her apartment the next day. It was surprisingly feminine, with red ersatz-satin wallpaper, fragile antique furniture, a sherry decanter with a silver peacock for a stopper, and a piano in the corner. There was not a book in the room. It is too feminine, Curver thought when he walked in. Somewhere there must be a study, a wall of books, a filing cabinet, a calculating machine.

"The fourth objective is," Doctor Devlin continued, "to keep ——"

Curver snapped her off with a brisk salute. "Now, Madame General, be quiet and non-Freudian for a while and try to listen." He was joking, but his voice had a bite in it. He took out a large sheet of paper. "I am going to diagram for you how to win the nomination of the Republican Convention."

Curver's pen flicked over the page, drawing up columns, by states, of direct primaries and conventions, their dates, and the number of delegates each would send to San Francisco. At the bottom right-hand corner of the page he wrote "1308 ÷ 2 = 654 + 1 = Victory."

"That's the end of the whole bloody battle," Curver said. "Whoever gets six hundred fifty-four delegates and then one more is the Republican candidate for the Presidency. But the ordinary road to that figure, dear girl, is fraught with ambushes, deceptions, bloodshed, duplicity, much booze, little sleep, elaborate organization and dollar bills. We haven't got the horses to take that road. We'll take a byway."

Through the convention states Curver drew a thick black X. They were eliminated. A man with huge sums of money, and endless connections, and political know-how might, just *might*, tie up those states. Bert Kelly would do well with the delegates from the convention states.

Doctor Devlin could add. She looked down his columns and leaned back. "This changes the whole thing, Mad," she said. "We've lost already. If Kelly can really get the convention states to go for his man, he'll have the nomination."

Curver explained patiently. Lots of the delegates would say to Kelly they were for Bryant Clark, but they wouldn't mean it. The delegates from convention states could say yes to five or six campaign managers, pick up room and board, a few drinks and transportation to and from the airport, and no one would ever know where they stood. They could say they had hung in hard for each candidate, and there would be no way to check them out.

Of the fifteen states with direct primaries, a few got the publicity, packed the weight, and were well observed. Most of them were not worth a feather at the national convention. Pennsylvania would be for Scranton, New York for Rocke-

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feller, Wisconsin for favorite son Congressman Byrnes.

Doctor Devlin watched the figures on the big sheet dwindle. Curver finally crossed out everything but New Hampshire, Wisconsin and California.

"We're going to bore in there like termites and keep very quiet and make just enough of a show to impress," Curver said.

"Impress who?" Doctor Devlin asked.

"We impress the delegates."

"We go to the convention with no delegates, and Clark, Rockefeller and Goldwater maybe have a few hundred each. What's so impressive about that?"

"If no candidate has six hundred fifty-five on the first ballot, the candidate without any votes might look good. Especially if his name is Thatch and he hasn't looked for any delegates or encouraged them. All the big boys will block one another. But if we have lost New Hampshire, Wisconsin, and California in just the right, effortless way, we'll look stronger than the boys who have a few hundred committed delegates. That's an art, losing just right. Do you understand so far?"

Doctor Devlin nodded. "Politics is gambling. If you don't win on the first roll, your friends look for someone else to shoot with."

"You've got it," he said. "But these delegates are not hicks. They want a party, some booze, some fun; more than that, they want to be with the winner. So that's what we've got to create around Thatch—the aura of the winner."

Curver bent over his big, messy chart. Dev watched him without comment.

"And so you see, *ma capitaine*," he said, "we run in New Hampshire and we lose, but with a respectable write-in. And the pros know all about it. And we run in Wisconsin, where they don't even tabulate the write-in votes. But we get the newspaper reporters and county clerks to leak the results. Again we lose well."

"And what do we do in California?" she asked.

"We, Dev? That's your baby. You've got to give us a simulation for California that will tell us exactly what to say to whom, when, and why. That will be the big one."

Doctor Devlin saw it as two problems: First, to keep Thatch innocent and removed; and, second, to make the voters think Thatch was a hero they had discovered themselves. She nodded. "First we analyze the delegates. Then we run a simulation on how they will react. Let's take a group"—she leaned over the chart Curver was taking from his briefcase—"urban, elderly, retired, intensely conservative, high on fantasy."

"Not many of them will be delegates, you'll notice," Curver said. "The regulars are too damned tough for that. Let's take the biggest group—high social-economic status, urban, white, professional. We'll go ahead and simulate their reactions and do a confirming poll. But you can guess how they will go."

"They'll go for someone who is economically conservative but sounds politically liberal," Doctor Devlin said. "The whole thing is to convince the delegates of what 'others' will believe, isn't it?" she asked. "The delegate thinks he is making history, but he knows he can't do it alone. He wants to be in on it."

Mad shook his head to clear it. "Better add one more ingredient—basic anti-Communism, at home and abroad."

Dev nodded approval.

Mad laughed, "We've got everything worked out—*everything*—except how to get our boy to agree to run."

Doctor Devlin's face was, for a fleeting moment, creased with a look of anger. Then her face smoothed. "Who ever refused the Presidency? But tell me, exactly what does this Kelly do with his personal approach?"

"Phone calls, letters, slaps on the back, endless meetings. He gives people jobs to do until eventually they get the feeling they are committed to his candidate."

"Ridiculous and haphazard, isn't it?" she said. "Kelly's a dinosaur. A fat, cigar-chewing dinosaur. How can he run anything?"

The four men in Bookbinder's office were tensed in a complex mood of silence, calculation and hostility. Bookbinder stood looking out the window. Curver was slouched in a chair, his eyes looking up at regular intervals like a scanning mechanism to watch Kelly and Thatch. Thatch, smiling, was sitting behind Bookbinder's desk. Kelly, fat and sweating, sat in a leather chair. He just looked straight ahead.

"So you're dumping Thatch because the new situation calls for an open mind," Bookbinder said.

"That's right. With Kennedy in, no Republican was going to win," Kelly said. "Now all that is changed. I need an open mind, no commitment, no obligations."

"You have a candidate in mind?" Curver asked.

Kelly turned his head and fixed his hard eyes on Curver. Kelly smiled and shook his head tolerantly. It was both a negative sign and a warning. "No, I'm open-minded," he said.

"Fine, Kelly, you've got your principles and you're going to stick to them," Thatch said. He stood up. "That takes care of that. Will you shove off now?"

Kelly's face was puzzled.

"I mean leave, depart," Thatch said, and he smiled. "You're a political man. This is not the way you do things. But I'm an ordinary fellow and we're busy. So just take my thanks for your help in the past and shove off."

Kelly got up quickly, a monkeylike agility showing through his anger.

"I'll walk you out to the elevator," Curver said.

Kelly waited until they were in the corridor. Walking with a grotesque stiffness straight down the middle of the cork floor, he spoke without looking at Curver.

"Mad, Thatch had a bad experience when he was young," Kelly said. "I don't want to bring it up, but it will come out. It's bound to hurt him. I can't tell you about it."

"The year in the mental hospital?" Curver said.

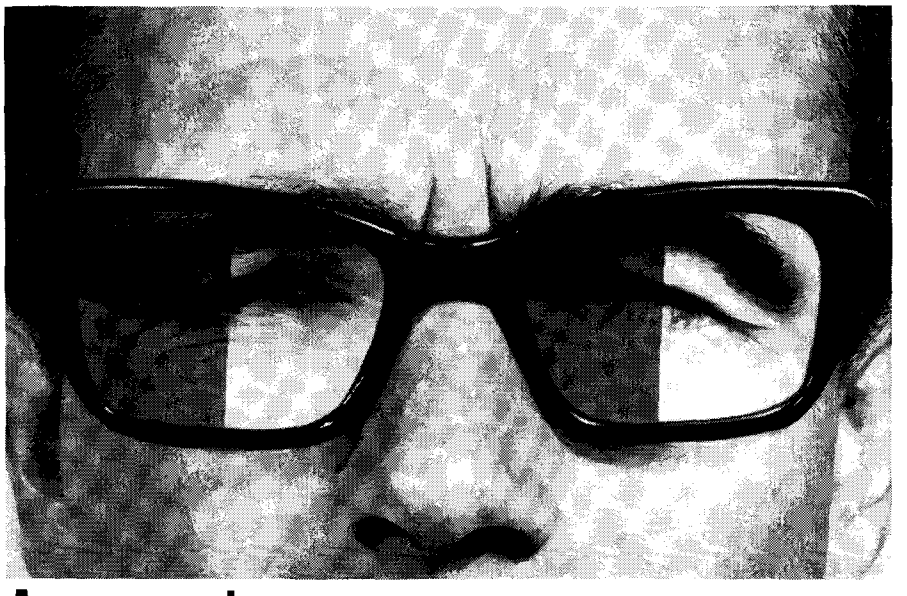
Kelly was too experienced to show surprise. "That's it. It will kill him, Mad. Deader than a doornail."

"Maybe. But maybe not," Curver said. "I think there are some grounds for believing it might be helpful."

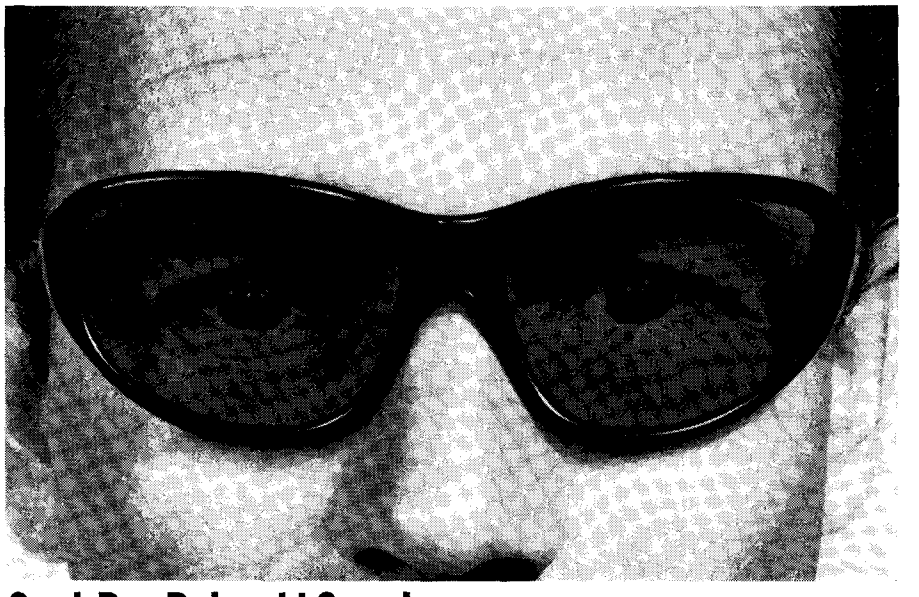
Kelly laughed. It was a harsh, braying laugh that echoed down the empty hall. That laugh was one of the things Kelly really enjoyed about his role. It was so blunt a weapon, so infallible.

He looked sideways. Curver was studying him and smiling, apparently unmoved.

"They'll kill him on that one thing," Kelly said.



Are you wearing half a pair of sunglasses?



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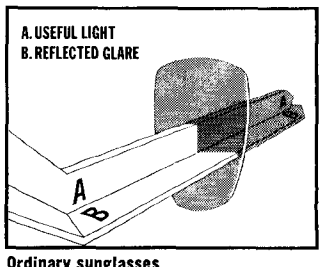
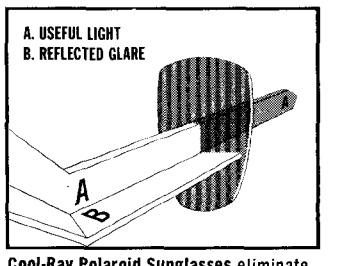


Ordinary sunglasses *just color glare*



Cool-Ray Polaroid Sunglasses eliminate *glare as no ordinary sunglasses can*

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"But then your man was a conscientious objector," Curver said, almost as if to himself. "A C.O. in World War II, though he was in good physical shape and could not claim religious grounds. Can't you just see what the American Legion would do with that? Kelly, I wish you Godspeed and good luck, and you just bring up that insane-asylum issue whenever you want. I think it would be very educational for the American people."

Kelly got into the automatic elevator like a beaver crammed in with strange animals. He lounged back carelessly, glowering out at Curver. At the last moment, just as the doors were closing, Kelly stepped out.

"Mad, when you get a chance to talk to Mrs. Thatch alone, ask her if she remembers a Mrs. Singleton from her days in Santo Tomás prison camp," Kelly said. "She was an older woman who wrote a great deal. She died a few years ago, but her diaries are very interesting."

"I've already talked to her survivors," Curver said quietly.

"She doesn't have any survivors," Kelly said.

"She has a nephew," Curver lied. He had never heard the name before.

"She does like hell," Kelly said, grinning. "You're a good boy, Mad, and you learn fast, but check that one out."

Don't expect any gifts from that baby, Curver said to himself as he went back toward Bookbinder's office, but don't expect him to knife you without giving warning. He made a note to check on this Mrs. Singleton.

Curver went back into the office quietly.

"Book, I won't change on that matter," Thatch was saying. "I won't go into any primaries on my own. I won't visit the states, or ask for write-ins, or even make a statement."

"How do you expect to win, Thatch?" Bookbinder asked.

"I don't want to win unless the people want me. I certainly don't want to win by sucking up to party hacks and convention delegates," Thatch said. "That's Kelly's game. The American people will know where I stand. If I make it, it'll be over the heads or around the bodies of the pros and the delegates."

"Thatch, it's not that easy. I don't like this party infighting any more than you do, but it's part of the game," Bookbinder answered. "And don't think those delegates are dumb or badly motivated, Thatch. They are well above average."

"A candidate need only show them that he has the voters with him," Thatch said. There was an implacable quality to his voice.

"How are you going to make this appeal, Thatch?" Curver asked. "Remember, the moment you become a candidate for the Presidency, none of the networks is going to give you any free time. And a lot of those columnists who wrote nice things about you at the bridge and at Zamboanga are suddenly going to be reminded that they have a favorite of their own—some senator who gave them a beat or the candidate their newspaper is supporting."

"So I won't become a candidate."

Bookbinder turned slowly away from the window. His shoulders were hunched defiantly. "You won't *what?*" Bookbinder asked.

"I won't become a candidate. I'll say exactly what I want wherever I'm invited, but I refuse to play the party game."

Bookbinder looked dazed, but there was admiration on his face too.

"Thatch, politics isn't like that," he said. "If you want the job, you've got to run for it."

"I won't run. It is not my duty to seek the Presidency," Thatch said. "Book, we've talked about this. The people have to move, make choices. There has to be an end to politicians' acting like medicine men and promising the world."

Curver slouched down in his chair. Thatch had a good idea. Curver could see it in action. Thatch the folk hero whom everyone wants to get into politics. The curiosity mounts. The pundits speculate. The Flyboy and the Millionaire and the Loser all throw pokes at one another and no one watches. What the people are watching is the drama of Can Thatch the Lion-Killer Become President?

"That's not playing by the rules," Bookbinder said uncertainly. "And besides, what we wanted was someone to make a genuine, acknowledged try for the Presidency against an incumbent." He turned to Thatch. "How are you going to do that if you run around the country saying you are not a candidate?"

"Book, I'm going to do it my own way," Thatch said. For the first time Curver detected something like hardness in Thatch's attitude toward Book. "I'm going to stay out of it. If I build up enough support among the voters, the delegates will take me. If they don't, I'll go back to building bridges and cement plants."

Curver stirred in his chair. Thatch turned to look at him.

"Thatch, I know you don't have much use for the polls, but those are what the delegates are going to look at," Curver said. "So we want to make sure your name stays toward the top of the list of the Republicans who have a chance. Right?"

Thatch looked at him calmly. Thatch was, Curver realized with some apprehension, a very experienced negotiator. He knew when to be quiet. He also knew when to hang on hard.

"Depends on what I have to do to stay top dog in the polls," Thatch said finally. "What do you have in mind?"

"As I analyze the polls, you are weak with one group of Republicans," Curver said. "The group convinced there is a domestic Communist conspiracy. They aren't big, but they are active as hell and they are richer than most Republicans."

"Mad, we've got Communist problems," Thatch said, "but not in the U.S. In Vietnam you don't have to worry about whether or not the opposition is Communist. You know damned well it is. If you want proof, just go for a jeep ride out there, and they'll oblige by putting a thirty-caliber slug in you as a demonstration of sincerity."

Curver made a mental note about the attractive possibilities of Thatch's riding in a jeep in Vietnam. Then he pursued his line of argument.

"Thatch, it isn't a rational question to these people. Almost everything is 'proof' to them," Curver said. "You've got to say something that allows them to read your position as being one of alarm about domestic Communists."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"'Because it is here'—that's all I can get out of him."

"I just don't think I'll do that," Thatch said. "First, I don't believe in it. Second, I think these way-out believers in conspiracy are a handful of people—old, disappointed, frightened people."

Bookbinder gave a sigh of relief. "I feel better," he said. "For a minute there I thought you had a bad attack of the political virus. You came in here sounding like a dozen men I know who have the virus in advanced stages. You may have it, but you've got it under control."

"All right," Curver said, "you have in your wisdom said that our noncandidate cannot take an alarmist stand on domestic Communism. Good soldier Curver salutes and goes along. But if you think that you are going to build a steamroller of sentiment without setting up a clearing center, or some type of organization, you're wrong."

"You and I can do that, Mad," Bookbinder said. "We don't even have to ask Thatch. We just set up a Volunteers for Thatch in some office here, staff it with enthusiastic citizens; and pass out pictures and biographies. Then we'll make a press announcement the first time Thatch talks on TV."

"When will that be?" Curver asked Thatch.

"I accepted an invitation to go on *Meet the Press* this Sunday," Thatch said.

"Fine. I'll make my statement on Monday," Bookbinder said.

"And I'll disown you the same day."

"Thatch, they're going to ask you about that year you spent in the mental institution," Curver said. A new element was loose in the room, like an invisible and deadly presence.

Thatch sat quietly. His right arm rose in a half-angry gesture and then fell back again. "Who is going to tell them?" he finally said.

"Kelly. He checked you out, but good, before he agreed—unofficially, of course—to back you last fall," Curver said. "And Kennedy's death didn't make Kelly neutral, Thatch. He's got a candidate—Bryant Clark, the university president. Kelly is going to do everything he can to cut you down before the convention. He'll leak his information about that year in the mental institution."

Thatch's eyes blinked, and his head made a weaving motion. He shrank in the chair, pulling his shoulder up in an oddly protective manner. Then, almost instantly, his posture changed—a flickering motion of the limbs, a straightening of the back. He came out of the chair in a long stride.

"It doesn't have a damned thing to do with politics," he said in a thick, very controlled voice. "Kelly doesn't have the right ——"

Most political people had that buried rage, Curver thought. They learned to handle it in various ways. Some, like Joe McCarthy, seemed to take everything as a joke. Some, like Vandenberg or Taft, developed a cool exterior. But the rage was there. He remembered what Dev had once said about the strong leader's usually being afraid of his rage. But he decided to push a little further. Just a little.

"Look, Thatch, it's a perfectly legitimate question," he said. "If people are talking about a man for President, everything about his background is fair game—his parents, his childhood, his wife, his mental stability. You wouldn't want a paranoiac in the White House with the ability to push the button and start a war, would you?"

"Mad, don't be crude. Thatch spent a year in a mental institution. Millions of

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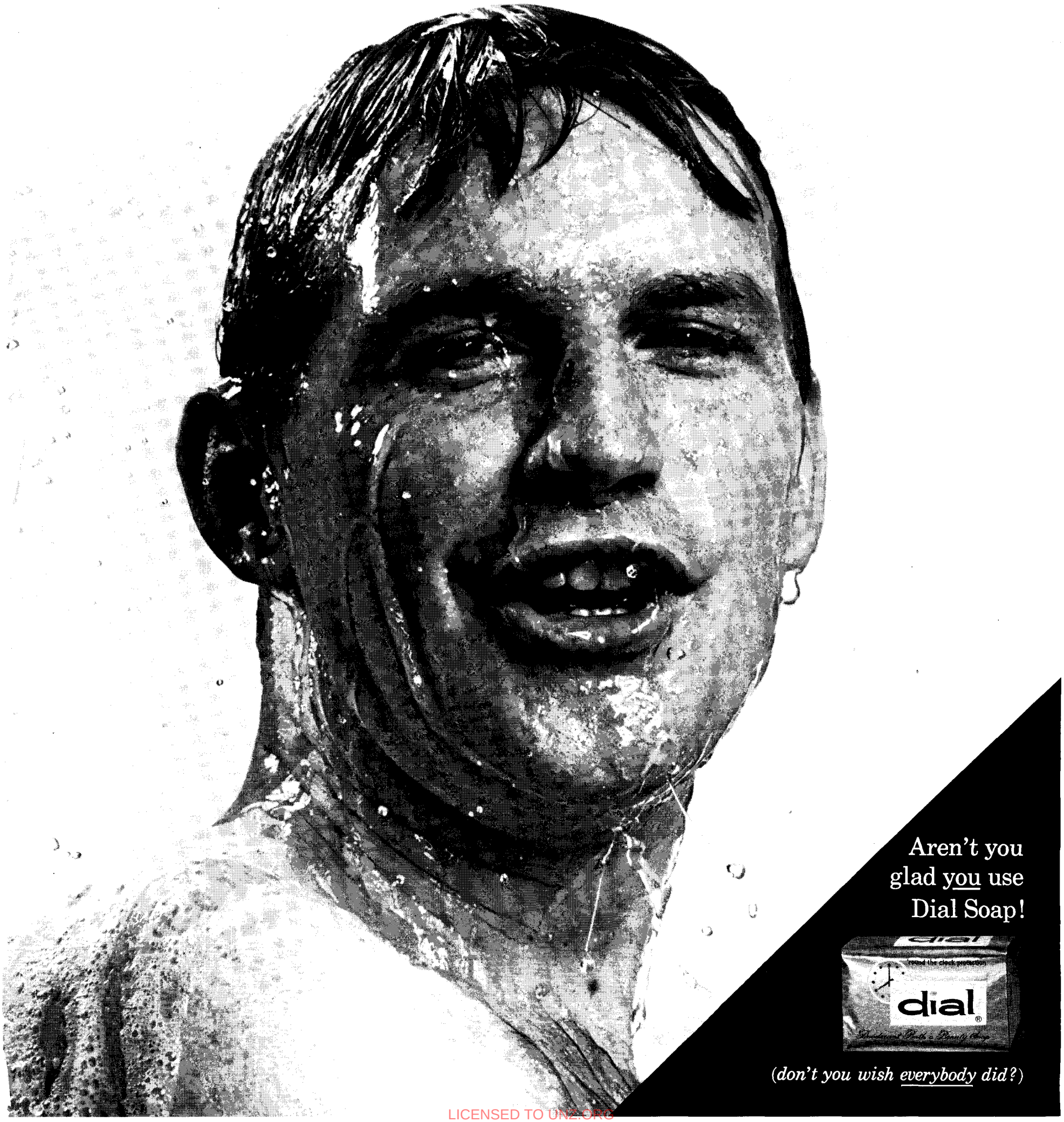

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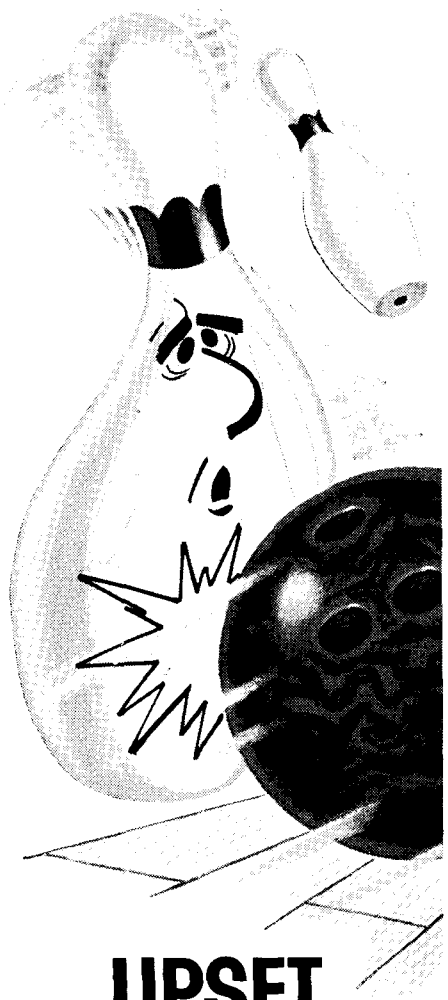

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SPEEDY IS ITS MIDDLE NAME

The 480

Americans get help for mental illness at one time or another. That doesn't mean they're paranoid," Bookbinder said.

Curver watched Thatch. Thatch had taken a few steps from his chair, and he swayed slightly. Then he took a huge breath, fighting for control.

Curver pressed on. "What do we do about it?"

"Not a thing," Thatch said. His voice was even. "I'll just tell them exactly what happened and read the report from the doctors who treated me. You're correct. They have the right to know. But they don't have the right to kick it around forever and bring it up to me again and again."

"All I'm trying to do, Thatch, is prepare you for the fact that you'll get the question," Curver said. "I'd like to work out some sort of statement you might make."

"I'll consider whatever you write," Thatch said. "And then I probably won't use it."

The question came up toward the end of the *Meet the Press* program.

Dyer: Does any part of your refusal to seek the Republican nomination stem from the fact that you spent a year in a mental institution?

Thatch: It was a little over a year, Mr. Dyer. When I went to college I had been raised and educated by my parents almost completely in foreign lands. They were medical missionaries, Mr. Dyer, in India, the Philippines, what was then Indochina, and parts of Africa ——

Dyer: I am not asking about your parents. I am asking about your mental collapse and its impact on your political decision as ——

Thatch: This is the only way to answer your question properly, Mr. Dyer. When I went to Stanford I was not used to crowds and to university life. I suffered from what the doctors call "disorientation." It was not quite a collapse. On my own I went to a mental institution and for a year I worked in the gardens there, talked to a doctor several times a month, and then left. I became a rather good gardener and ——

Dyer: But were you cured?

Thatch (*reaching into a briefcase*): I have the final report of the psychiatrist, if you would like to see it. I carry it as a memento. Unlike many, Mr. Dyer, I do not regard turning to medical science as a shameful thing, even when the mind is involved. The report indicates that I never had anything more than a severe case of homesickness. Unfortunately, my home was seven thousand miles away and I had no money to get there.

Dyer: Well, assuming that is correct, let's get back to the original question. Does that affect your political decision now?

Thatch: I have no political decision to make. I have not held elective office. It would be presumptuous of me to offer myself as a candidate for the highest office in the country.

Dyer: But if offered the candidacy, you would not refuse.

Thatch: If I believed myself to be qualified, I could not refuse.

Dyer: Now, can we get back to Rizal Sipa and that remarkable episode in Zamboanga ——

Curver called the research director of the network two days later from Thatch's suite at the Plaza in New York, and learned that the program had received the biggest response in its history. More than three thousand telephone calls had come in, one third of them attacking Dyer for embarrassing Thatch. The rest were congratulations for Thatch.

"All right, Mad, I'll concede," Thatch said. "The statement you wrote for me was better than anything I could have invented on the spot."

"Most people think they can improvise on the spot and do better than if they prepare," Curver said. "It doesn't usually work that way."

Doctor Devlin, who had been talking to Terry on the other side of the room, heard part of the conversation. She carefully directed Terry's eyes to the two men, and her voice rose slightly.

"A psychologist named Ebbinghaus, who did the first work on retention and memory," she said, "discovered that extreme emotion tends to scatter the memory. You should *appear* spontaneous, but it is a very difficult thing to accomplish."

Thatch's head was turned toward Curver. But Doctor Devlin was sure he had heard. That was the important thing. He was not the sort to take kindly to a lecture from a woman.

"I don't really understand who is coming to this luncheon," Thatch said.

He was sitting in Bookbinder's sixteenth-floor suite in an Atlantic City hotel. Outside, the ocean glittered and a few strollers moved along the boardwalk in the cold February sunshine.

"It's a meeting of the National Committee, plus some important delegates, plus whatever other influential Republicans want to come along," Bookbinder said. "Their real job is to plan the primaries, but actually they are doing a lot of politicking. Especially the candidates for President, announced or unannounced. You'll see the Arizona Flyboy and the Millionaire around, and they'll have cocktail parties in their suites. The Loser will just be here as if it's an accident." The Millionaire Bookbinder referred to was Rockefeller, and the Loser, of course, was Nixon. Book had picked up some of Kelly's favorite nicknames.

"They don't think John is an unannounced candidate, do they?" Terry asked.

"Some of them do," Bookbinder said. "Kelly is here and he will have planted the word with some people."

"My speech today is going to have the lowest political content they've ever heard," Thatch said. "Where is the speech? I gave you the only copy."

"Mad is having it mimeographed," Bookbinder said. "He'll have the original back in a few minutes. You have to have copies for the newspapers, or the reporters go nuts."

Bookbinder glanced at Thatch ar knew Thatch was nervous.

"This is a pretty hard-nosed group," Bookbinder said. "They hear speeches by the score, so don't get nervous if they seem not to be paying attention. They're taking in the main points."

An hour earlier Doctor Devlin, in her suite directly below Bookbinder's, had read the speech. She threw it on the coffee table and looked at Curver. "Mad, if he gives this he's through," she said.

"But this is basically the same speech that bowled over the internists," Curver said. He was genuinely surprised and a bit irritated.

"Which means that the people here will already have read about it," Doctor Devlin said. "So the speech will be stale. But it's worse than that. Republican leaders are big on hard work and frugality; they believe the Government ought to stay out of things and let each man get his own reward. They're still half convinced there's a Communist conspiracy in America and they're plenty cool on integration. Most of this speech is awful for this group."

"There's nothing we can do about it," Curver said. He knew Dev was righ' "Thatch won't change the speech. N if I know him."

"If he won't change it, we'll change i for him," Dev said. "You told him you were having it mimeographed, so we've got some time."

"I didn't exactly tell him," Curver said, grinning. "I told Bookbinder I was having it mimeoed and ran like a thief."

"All right. We'll write in the changes, retype it before it's mimeographed, and hand it back to him at the last moment."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He tried everything—flowers, candy, jewelry, furs—and they all worked."

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Curver groaned. "You may have an unemployed lawyer on your hands by this afternoon," he said. He kept his excitement down. It was mixed with a reluctant admiration for Dev's willingness to act quickly. He watched and listened to her for a moment, then grabbed a pencil and started to write.

When Thatch walked to the podium, the mimeographed speech in his hands, he saw that this group was different from the internists' luncheon. They were not watching him. They were talking quietly and earnestly to one another. The diners got up, walked to other tables, stood for a moment talking, and then moved away. The men were well-dressed, quick-moving, and their gestures were confident.

There were a few announcements as the dessert was served. The toastmaster introduced Thatch as a man of courage, but said little more. Bookbinder, sitting next to Thatch, said, "Now, that tepid introduction was, I guarantee you, suggested by our friend Kelly."

Thatch grinned woodenly at Bookbinder. He got to his feet and walked to the podium. There was a sprinkle of applause. Most of the people went on talking.

Thatch felt no tension as he began to speak. There was an odd detachment in the room, a lack of excitement, a quality of boredom. But, Thatch sensed, it was boredom only with him.

Thatch droned along with his speech. He looked down the table at Terry. She smiled, and it was the most genuine thing she had done in months. He knew she was thinking that this was the last one. The last speech. The last strain. After he finished what he had to say, the Republicans probably wouldn't want anything to do with him.

It was almost over now. He turned a page, and although he had not been reading word for word, had been improvising somewhat, he suddenly was aware of error.

He did not recognize the next paragraph. It said something about "domestic Communist conspiracy." Thatch stopped speaking.

Really it did not matter. No one was listening, so he might as well read the strange words. Someone mistook his silence for the end of his speech and clapped softly. A few others joined in and then stopped when they saw Thatch was still on the podium.

Silently, Thatch scanned the paragraph which said, "All of us here are, because of the domestic Communist conspiracy, bound together into a battle against misunderstanding. I saw what was done to John Foster Dulles, who, as an architect of peace, carved out a firm policy of massive retaliation. I saw columnist after columnist depict Mr. Dulles as stubborn and shortsighted. If protecting our national interests is stubborn, then we are stubborn. If banding together with our allies is shortsighted, then I am glad to join the ranks of the shortsighted."

Thatch looked up. The room was almost completely silent. Thatch felt, again, the old, almost forgotten sensation of being in danger, of being threatened by the crowd. But this time it was somehow different. He was threatened by their passivity, by their silence. He felt, suddenly, very powerful with the knowledge of what lay behind the masks in front of him: nothing.

Thatch chuckled.

It came out over the loudspeaker system as a distant rumble. The audience became alert. He sensed hostility, but he did not care. He was marvelously attuned to this audience he despised, and he glanced slowly at them as he thought about the strange paragraph. The crowd wavered; the silence spread, and then they had changed. Thatch was astounded. All of these tough faces had capitulated: *They wanted the silence ended.* It was the one thing they could not endure.

It had lasted for forty seconds and was complete. The toastmaster shifted in his seat. Somewhere a woman coughed, and it sounded like a sob.

Thatch broke the silence only when every face had turned toward him. "Domestic Communist conspiracy," Thatch said in slow, round words. "How many of you have faced it? How many of you have ever seen a Communist? Not a college professor you think is a Communist. Not the trade-union leader who is organizing your plant. Not someone who is Communizing you with fluorides. No. Not that invented kind. I mean a Communist with a grenade in his hand and hate in his eyes and a firm desire to kill you. Is that what the Communists in this domestic conspiracy look like?"

"No," a voice said firmly.

"No? Well, overseas they come this new way—with grenades and recoilless rifles. And they come by the millions and they go right for the jugular. They are not dreamed up, and you don't have to have some potbellied congressman to issue you a yearly report on who might

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The 480

be a Communist in your public-school system. No, in Laos and Vietnam and Burma they will step out of the jungle and tell you as they shoot."

He waited. The silence dragged out. Without thinking of effect, Thatch took off his wristwatch and put it on the podium. The second hand jerked around and passed the thirty-second mark.

"My wife has seen the face of Communism," he said, gesturing toward Terry. "I have seen it. In its real forms." His voice, echoing within his own skull, seemed far away and precise and caustic. "Marx was wrong. Religion is not the opium of the people. In America Communism is the opium of the people. All the miseries of your personal life you can blame on Communism. Perhaps it is a special reality—the reality that brown and black and white Americans can face international Communism together—that *you* cannot face. For perhaps you are unwilling to make the sacrifice, unwilling to hold a black hand in yours. The opium of domestic Communism is so much easier. And so habit-forming."

Then from the corner of his eye Thatch saw a sudden movement. It was like a smear across the eye, a wavering at the edge of vision. A man stood up. He yelled words and threw something. It was small at first, but it grew in size, grew in redness and roundness.

The tomato hit the water glass in front of Terry and went in a red splash across her plate. Terry stood up quietly, with strawberries and ice cream falling from her. She wiped them off, looking at Thatch as her hands moved. Thatch thought her very calm.

The moment the tomato hit, by some law of perception and recollection, Thatch knew what the man had said.

"Mulatto bitch," the man had said, his voice stuttering with anger. "Never had a nigger girl at a head table before."

That was what the man had said. Thatch got all the words precisely. In his throat the pulse was brutal and jerking. He told himself not to look at the man who had thrown the tomato. *Amok*, *lata*. Oh, no, not now. Not when he had fought this down and out of sight for so many years. He must do the civilized thing: speak, rather than act.

"So she has seen barbarism and she has fought it and she gets her reward," Thatch said finally. "A tomato thrown by a patriot. A man of courage. A man of valor. A man who has smoked the opium of Communism.

"The threat of Communism is not from within," Thatch said when the noise died. "All this poor creature could throw was a tomato. But in Vietnam and Korea and Laos they throw hand grenades wrapped in bicycle chains."

An ugly growl grew in the audience. Men advanced on the cowering tomato thrower. The toastmaster stood up. He cleared his throat. "Now, look, all you back there," he said. "Stop it. I say stop."

The toastmaster looked at Thatch and said, "Please. Please do something."

Thatch looked at Terry. She was watching with interest. She was not frightened by physical violence; she had seen too much of it.

Thatch waited and then replaced the toastmaster at the microphone. His voice boomed. "Stop," he roared. It was a command. The threatening crowd wheeled, gaped and stopped. Thatch watched while the man who had thrown the tomato was hustled out of the room.

"Stop. And be seated," Thatch said, quietly. "My wife has been abused. I feel no anger. Neither should you. One of the reasons we should be gathered here is to eliminate such feelings. How do we go about it?"

From the cynical, tough, experienced audience came a sigh of relief. Thatch knew they expected him to show the way. For a moment he was uncertain. Then he felt the odd pleasure he had felt only a few times before. Always it banished the fear.

"We eliminate such feelings by understanding what other people are like," he said. "Violence is the pleasure of idiots. Anger is the drunken Saturday night of subhumans."

Thatch turned, and he and Terry left the speakers' table together. The one face in the crowd Thatch fastened on was Kelly's. He was staring at Thatch, mouth open. No one left until they had gone through the door. The room was very quiet.

They were back in Bookbinder's suite. Terry was pale, color showing only on her cheeks. Thatch stretched out on the couch, looking up at the ceiling. Bookbinder poured himself a drink.

They had not talked since they had left the banquet room.

"Thatch, you'd better be ready for a lot of pressure from here on in," Bookbinder finally said. "That speech got 'em."

Thatch rolled sideways, turning to look at Bookbinder. "They hated it," he said. "No one applauded. It upset their meeting. It was just chaos. Book, you don't have to kid me. I'm a big boy."

"Thatch, I've listened to a lot of speeches," Bookbinder said. "Once in a great while a speech stuns people, catches them off guard so completely that they don't applaud. You did that today. That gang of professionals won't recover for days."

"Book, stop it," Thatch said. "It was a Keystone Kops episode. I acted like a madman. I'm not unhappy. It's the last damned speech I have to give."

Terry shook her head. "No, it's not. Mr. Bookbinder, I've heard you describe the political virus. John has your virus. I also think he would make a good President. Don't talk to me about duty or polls or speeches. I'd like John to stop." She turned to her husband. "John, I watched those people at lunch. You reached them. You shook them. Those people down there are going to be after you. But it's not too late to say no."

Thatch felt a kind of dull, thudding relief. Now, in some convoluted way, he had been given permission to remember the victory of the speech. He thought of the uplifted faces, the rapt looks, the sense of possessing a power over the audience. He felt a low-pitched ecstasy as he recalled how they had surged toward the offender. And then how they had stopped in mid-motion, as his voice gave the order. And these were not ordinary people. These were the big ones. Thatch laughed.

"Don't get carried away, Thatch," Bookbinder said. "Kelly packs a lot of power. He lost today. So he'll come back at you. You'll hear more about your year at the mental hospital, Terry's Filipino blood—and anything else there might be."

Thatch did not speak. He nodded his head, staring at the ceiling.

"We didn't exactly carry the day with our speech revision," Doctor Devlin said. She stared at her hands, clasped tightly in her lap. "He really went off like a rocket."

"Dev, you miss the whole damned point," Curver said. "Thatch has a quality that neither you nor anyone else in our lifetime will be able to research. He knows just how far he can drive a crowd. And he isn't afraid to drive them right to the limit."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Could I bother you for a light?"

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"You sound like one of those crackpots who believe in spiritualism and the holy leader," she said caustically.

Curver spoke from the depths of his chair. "Listen, sweetheart. I hired the guy to throw that tomato today. I also hired four other guys to get him out of there but quick, before the police arrived. But they missed their cue and got there late. The poor guy just about got lynched. Our boy Thatch moved in and saved him. Neither you nor I could have done it."

Kelly waited until late in the afternoon, when he saw Thatch's wife step off the boardwalk down onto the beach in front of the hotel. She kicked off her shoes and left them at the edge of the boardwalk.

He followed her. She had an expert's appreciation for the beach which he envied. The waves came just to the edge of the scalloped path she made on the wet sand. Kelly knew nothing about the shore or the sea. His shoes were wet, and for a moment he thought of taking them off and walking barefoot. He knew it would look silly, and besides, the water was icy cold.

"Mrs. Thatch," he said.

She swung around, her eyes still following three lazy gulls. Then she looked at Kelly.

"Hello." She didn't recognize the man, but guessed he had something to do with the conference.

"My name is Bert Kelly, Mrs. Thatch," he said. She nodded. "We haven't met, but I know your husband and Book and Mad and the rest."

"I'm sorry, but I just don't remember John's speaking of you," she said. "It's because I'm not much interested in politics, I guess."

"I understand," Kelly said. "Mrs. Thatch, I want to apologize for that terrible incident in the ballroom." Kelly felt genuinely contrite, even ashamed. "I can't imagine who that man was or how he got in. Nothing like that has ever happened before at a committee function. The other members have asked me to convey their apologies."

"Don't worry about it, Mr. Kelly." She smiled at him, and he was surprised to see that she wasn't upset at all. "I've had much worse done to me."

Kelly paused. She wasn't making it easy for him. He knew he had to plunge ahead anyway.

"Could we sit down a minute? I'd like to talk with you." He took a package from under his arm. "I think we have a mutual friend who was in Santo Tomás during the war."

There was no suspicion on Terry's face. She was delighted. She walked up the beach to where the dry sand began, and sat down.

Kelly got to the point very quickly. He unwrapped the package. He had barely exposed the first page when he heard Terry sigh.

"It's Mrs. Singleton's diary," Terry said. "It was an obsession with her. She would trade chocolate for paper and pencils. She watched, scurried around, sneaked up on people who were talking. For a few weeks we thought she was spying for the Japanese. But she was just scribbling. She called herself the official camp historian."

"Did you ever see any of the things she scribbled?" Kelly asked.

"No. We had so little privacy that we didn't pry into other people's affairs," Terry said. "No one would go around reading someone else's diary."

"It's really quite complete," Kelly said, looking directly at Terry.

In that moment he knew she understood. The smile did not vanish from her face, but he could see gaunt lines that had not been there a moment before.

"I've marked a page or two you might be interested in reading," Kelly said.

At once, with an acquired deftness, he was rationalizing his behavior to himself. History, he thought, has always been full of people with great promise who have to be told they have some fatal flaw. He had done harder things before—someone had to do them. Stop making excuses, he said to himself. He held his finger under a paragraph, and Terry read it.

"Terry Whitehaus has, they say, gone over to the Japs. That is, she is sleeping with one of them and in return is given food. They say she gets three extra pounds of rice and some candy from the Jap. It may not be true. This place lives on rumors. The Whitehaus girl is in a strange situation. She seems to be some part Filipino, but she is from Mindanao and has no Filipino friends here. I cannot condemn her."

"Why do you bring this to me, Mr. Kelly?" she asked. She walked down to the sea until the icy water was just coming over her feet. Kelly followed, standing awkwardly a few yards from her, holding the diary in his hand.

"Partly out of consideration for you and your husband," Kelly said. "If he is nominated and runs for President, this is bound to come out. It is the kind of thing which cannot be suppressed. It would be personally embarrassing."

"Yes, it would be, wouldn't it?" Terry said. She looked very young, very slim, but, somehow, not very troubled. She drew with her toe in the wet sand. "Have you considered that it might not be true?"

"Of course, Mrs. Thatch," Kelly said. "I checked it with some of the people who were in Santo Tomás."

"You went personally and checked it?" Terry said, and she looked at him with a surprised kind of loathing. "My God, do you make your living at that sort of thing?"

"I don't really do the checking myself," Kelly said. A moment before, he would gladly have taken credit for anything, the more loathsome the better. "It's done by professionals. But I order it done."

"Aside from wanting to protect John and me from embarrassment, why else did you bring Mrs. Singleton's diary to me?" Terry asked.

Kelly looked at her, separated by several feet of wet, glistening sand, and hesitated. "First, I want to protect the Republican Party. Something like this, if Thatch got the nomination, could rip it apart," he said briskly. He danced back a few feet as a wave sluiced in higher than the rest. "And, although I had supported your husband before November twenty-second, I did so only because I thought any Republican would lose to President Kennedy. Your husband was the ideal man to lose with."

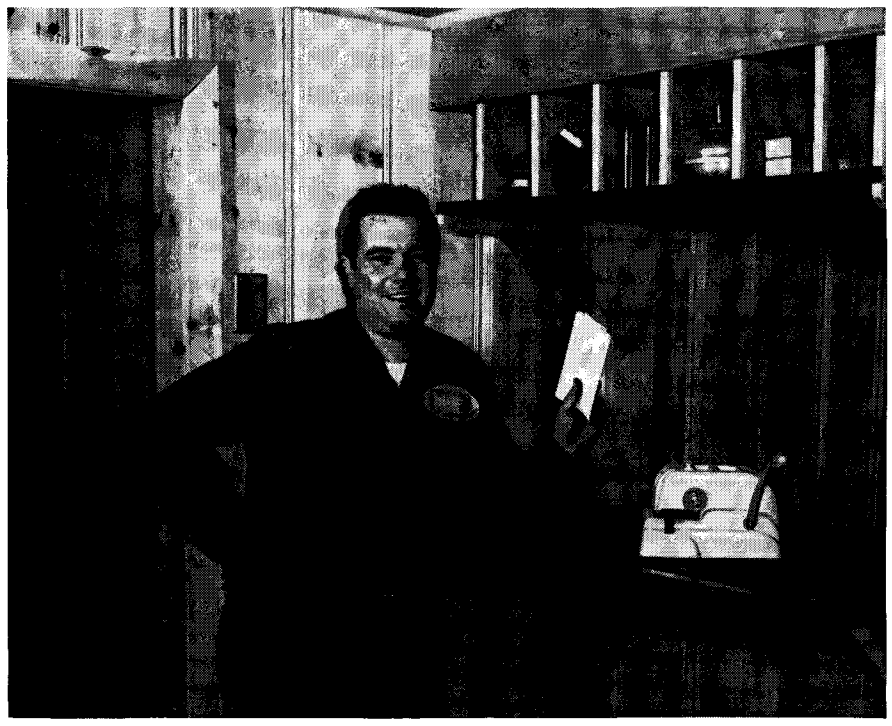
"Did the others—Mr. Bookbinder and Mr. Curver—think that too?" Terry asked. She was glad this meeting had come at the beach. With the waves washing over her feet and the dreamy, rhythmic sea sounds in her ears, she felt boneless, without tension, and wonderfully perceptive.

"Of course. None of us expected him to win," Kelly said, and his voice was so sure, the response so instant, that Terry knew it was the truth. "Maybe Bookbinder wasn't so sure, but he'd be the only one."

"You are kind," Terry said. In her detached and childish mood she liked this odd fat man. She ran on her toes toward him, and his eyes bulged slightly. Her face close to his, she said, "It was true what Mrs. Singleton wrote. It was my way of staying alive. But"—she stepped back and looked at him—"you've never been hungry."

She turned and started to run down the beach. Kelly watched and saw that there was a style which sea people had. She ran in scallops, running up the beach as the waves rolled in, then down over the wet sand as they retreated. Once she stopped at the edge of the sea, and looked quickly at the configuration of the beach. A big wave came washing in, split just before it hit her feet, and spread out in two wings on either side of her. She had found a spit of sand slightly higher than the rest of the beach, and stood silhouetted alone against the darkening sky.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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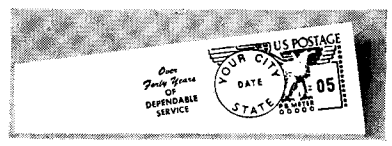

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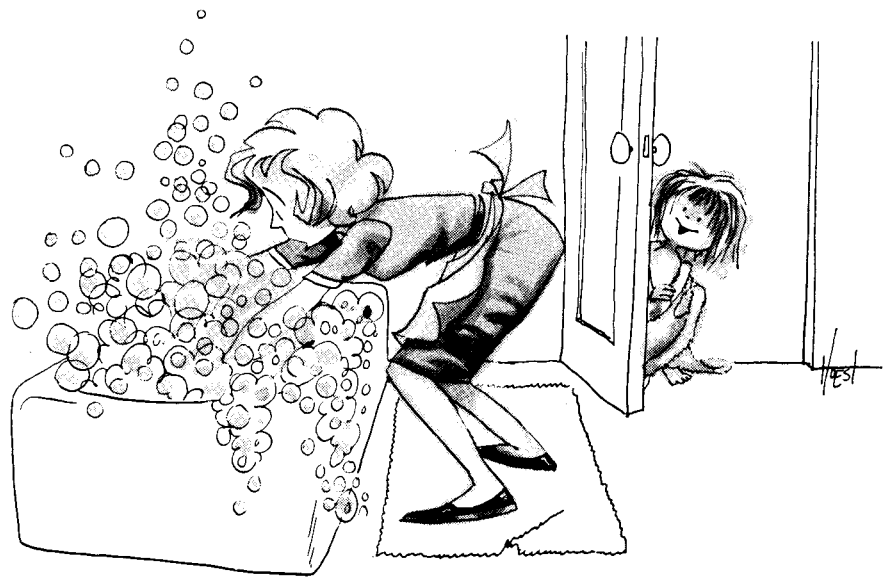
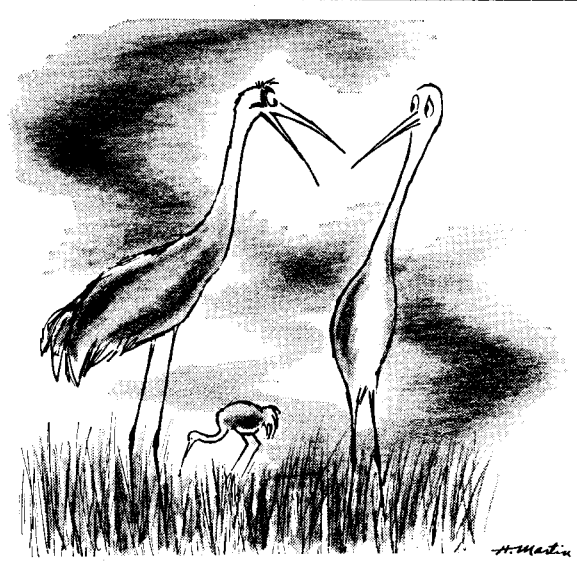
post scripts

"I ran into a bit of luck."



"Looking for me?"



"Look, baby, we either whoop it up or face extinction."

"Nobody's calling you a liar, Mr. Hansen. . . I just want to hear him bark."

"Why do we go through this every time? You know mother's stronger than you."

"Last summer it was me up there."

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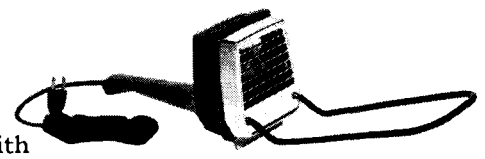
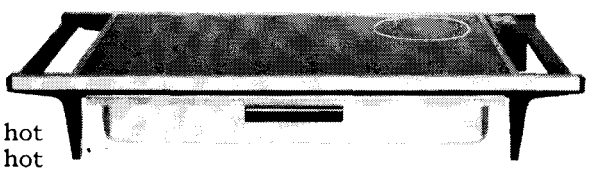
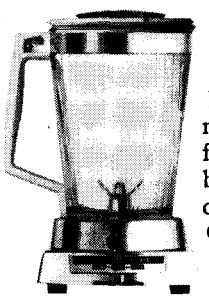
Outdoor entertaining with indoor ease: 5 ways from General Electric to have more fun with less fuss.



Start fires fast with General Electric's new Fire Starter. Ignites a fire of briquettes and has it blazing in minutes! No need for kindling, paper, chemicals. It's quick, safe, odorless! Built-in fan provides forced draft, helps ignite fireplace logs faster, too.

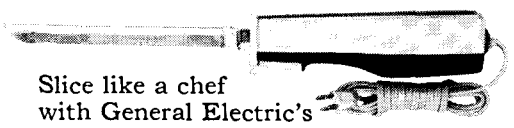


Keep hot foods hot with General Electric's new Warming Tray. There's a "hot spot" for keeping beverages hot, an automatic temperature control—and a "Keeps Warm" drawer for rolls, pies, hot hors d'oeuvres.



Whip up the tastiest drinks with General Electric's low-silhouette Blender. Perfect for mixing punch, making frothy malts, preparing tangy barbecue sauces. Mixes, grates, chops, grinds, purees, aerates. Only 10½ inches high, for easy countertop storage. Chrome-plated base.

Brew delicious coffee with General Electric's new, stainless-steel Coffee Urn. Brew 12 to 30 cups automatically—enough for a party. The recessed base lets you put the cup and saucer directly under the no-drip faucet.



Slice like a chef with General Electric's new Slicing Knife. Slices and carves meats, roasts, poultry, breads, even angel food cake, without crushing. All you do is guide it—and the reciprocating blades do all the work. Handy rack for wall or drawer storage.

General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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HE HUNTS WITH THE WILD FALCON

A peregrine falcon wearing leather hood.

A DEDICATED FALCONER TALKS ABOUT THE DANGER AND EXCITEMENT OF THIS ANCIENT SPORT, HOW HE TRAPS AND TRAINS HIS HAWKS, AND JOINS THEM IN THE THRILLING, PRIMITIVE MYSTERY OF THE CHASE.

By Robert B. Berry

Veteran falconer Lou Wogce of Lincroft, N.J.,

We were working the barrens of southern Maryland—scrub oak and pine woods, interspersed with fields of millet, wire grass and soya beans. The sun had finally begun to filter through the pines, and it warmed the air that cold December morning.

My falcon sat on my left wrist, which was protected from her talons by a gauntlet of heavy leather. A leather hood covered her eyes. Out in front of us the dogs were crisscrossing from one field to another. We were moving steadily ahead, when one of the dogs suddenly stiffened to a halt on the edge of a melon patch. I drew the hood from my falcon's head and slipped the leash from her legs. Her eyes devoured the landscape. She stretched and roused her feathers, and launched into the wind, mounting in bold circles above us.

A light vapor rose from the dogs. The air was hushed, except for a faint tinkling of tiny bells from the falcon high above. She looked, when she gained her proper altitude, no larger than a swallow. I motioned to the dogs—and then it happened: A covey of bobwhites shattered the air. I sent up a cry, but the falcon had already spotted her quarry, hundreds of feet below. She dropped like an arrow, her wings tucked in. I heard a crack, and a large cock dropped from the covey. The falcon pitched up on half-closed wings, then alighted on the ground ahead. Feathers cascaded around her, marking the spot of the kill.

Falconry is one of the oldest pursuits known to man. It started in China 4,000 years ago, and it was, until the invention of the gun, the only practical way for hunting game birds. Man borrowed the bird of prey from nature, just as he borrowed horses and hounds for hunting in the field. But like fox hunting and beagling, hawking is now an anachronism, practiced by fewer than one in a million Americans.

I have been practicing falconry since childhood, almost twenty years. As a small boy I used to roam the fields near my home in Wayne, Pa., searching for insects and small animals. One afternoon in June, when I was 10 years old, I found a sparrow hawk, a fledgling that had fallen from the nest. I brought him home and gave him a name—Henry. He took up residence on the towel rack in my parents' kitchen.

I recalled having once seen a man fly a trained hawk from his fist, and I desperately wanted to meet him. I badgered my parents until they finally tracked him down. He was James N. Rice, a noted conservationist and one of the country's foremost authorities on the peregrine falcon. It was with him—and with Henry—that I entered the falcons' world.

My first adventures in hawking were with birds that lived near home—the redtail, Cooper's hawk and sparrow hawk. Jim Rice insisted, wisely, that I master the more common species before attempting to keep or train the true falcons. He gave me my first peregrine when I was 14. I had flown the Cooper's and sparrow hawks with some success, and I was sure I knew Rice's falcons as well as he did. I was wrong. I still recall my first falcon failing to return, growing smaller and smaller against the horizon. I was heartbroken, but Rice gave me another falcon the following year, and then another, and I finally managed, at 17, to train—and keep—a peregrine falcon for several months. (A "falcon" is the female of the species, a "tiercel" the male. The female is larger and more powerful—and for this reason the sport is traditionally known by her name.)

Birds of prey, like all birds, are specialists. They have strong wings for pursuit, sharp talons for grasping and holding their prey, and a hooked beak for tearing the flesh of their victims. Their eyesight is phenomenal—eight times as sharp as a man's. The short-winged hawks, known as Accipiters—Cooper's hawks and goshawks are shortwings—prefer to hunt in the forest, where they thread their way through boughs and shadows, surprising unwary animals and birds in a sudden burst of speed. Larger hawks, called buteos, soar over fields and forests alike, feeding on rodents, snakes and amphibians. The true falcons, or longwings—such as the peregrine, gyrfalcon and prairie falcon—hunt their quarry in vast and open spaces. They depend on sheer strength and their powers of flight, attaining speeds of 60 to 80 mph on the level, and close to 200 mph when they dive.

Most hawks can be trained, but few are suitable as hunting companions. The

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dives to capture an immature male peregrine trapped on the Maryland seacoast. The hawk is caught in the nooses of a lure pigeon. Woyce banded and released it immediately.

buteos are the best hawks for the beginner—tame and easily trained. Goshawks and Cooper's hawks are excitable and unpredictable, even vicious toward their trainer. I was once teaching a Cooper's hawk to return to my fist. She came toward me at about 30 mph—the normal speed of approach—but instead of braking into my fist she flew at my face, opening a cut dangerously close to my eyes that required a dozen stitches.

Longwings, on the other hand, are gentle, and only rarely exhibit malice toward humans, though they are, by their very powers of flight and their instinct to wander, difficult to train and to keep in captivity.

Trapping and training a hawk is exhilarating and challenging. It requires a thorough understanding of the hawk as it lives in the wild state. In fact, a successful hawker is first of all a naturalist and secondarily a falconer.

Despite strong conservation measures, the peregrine falcon no longer inhabits my region of the Eastern United States. Rice and most other authorities believe that pesticides have caused the peregrine to disappear during the past ten years. Most peregrines now breed in the northern reaches of the continent, in the wilderness of eastern Canada and Greenland. They mate for life.

Early in the spring the tiercel returns to the nest cliff, the falcon following shortly thereafter. They court each other by soaring and diving about the cliffs, hour after hour, day after day. Their shallow nests are scooped out of shale, and the falcon lays two to four eggs of a deep mottle or maroon. Early in the fall the birds migrate down the eastern seaboard to the southeastern United States and Central America. Flying as fast as 50 mph, and higher than 1,500 feet—higher than the naked eye can see—they seldom rest during their journey, taking advantage of clear skies and favorable winds, and even feeding on the wing. But when faced with a head wind or bad weather they descend to the beaches to rest, and this is the time to trap them.

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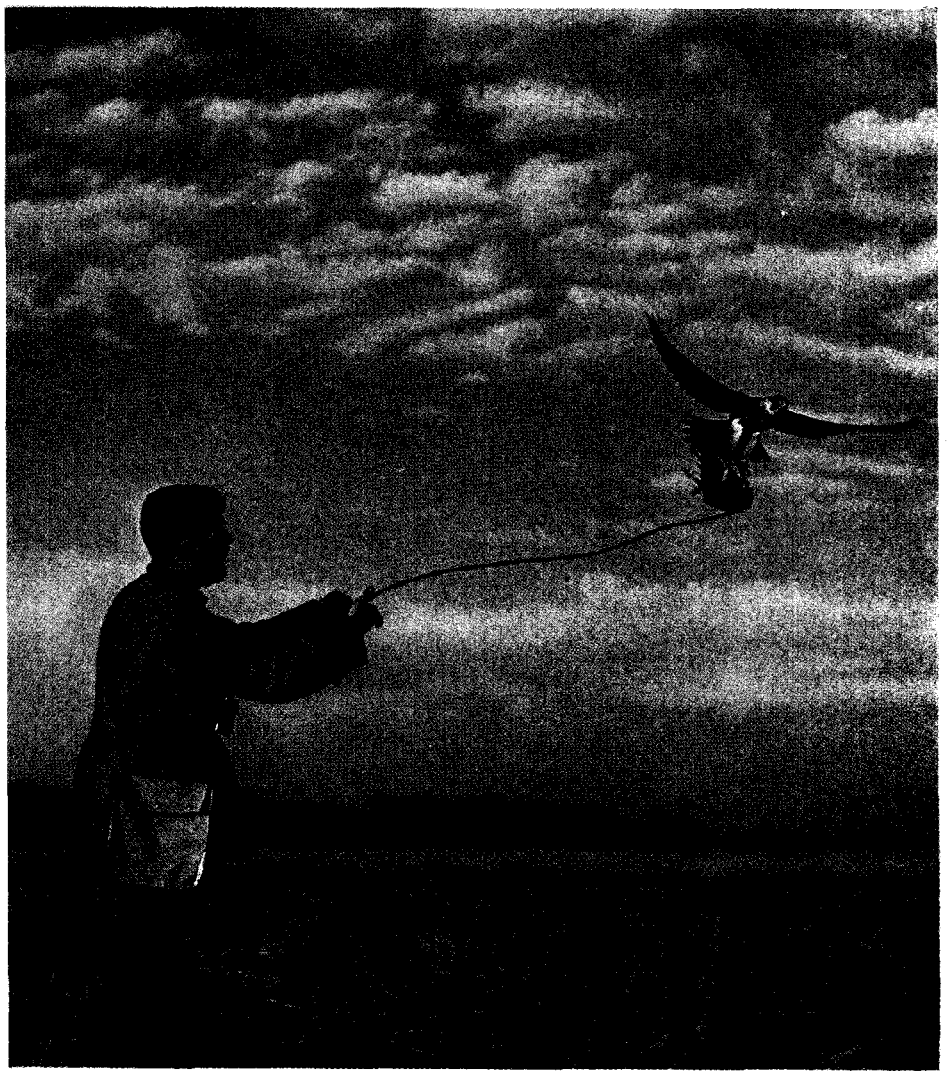
"ONLY A FALCONER CAN BE GENTLE AND KIND TO SUCH AN IRRATIONAL CREATURE."



Author Robert Berry training a peregrine, which sweeps at "lure," or leather pouch.

A peregrine falcon attacks a cock pheasant at falconers' convention in South Dakota.

Wild falcon

There are many ways to trap a falcon. The "dig-in" is one of my favorites. When I sight a falcon resting on the beach, I stretch out on my back, and a companion buries me in the sand. Then he covers my head with a basket or a crate—anything with slits I can see through. I have a cord tied to my wrist, and a pigeon tied to the cord. I wait. Sometimes the sand fills with water, which can be miserably cold on a morning in October. But if all goes as planned, the falcon soon notices the pigeon. I draw the pigeon—and the hungry falcon—to a position within my reach. Slowly, carefully, I slip a hand free from the sand, then grasp the unsuspecting falcon by the feet. I do not use gloves, for they greatly reduce my sensitivity of touch. The falcon often bloodies my hand with beak and talons, but she has never inflicted serious injury.

Another device, known as the "pigeon harness," has become recently popular with falconers. I dress the lure pigeon in a lightweight leather jacket, bristling with close to 50 nooses made of nylon fishline. When I sight the falcon I release the lure. The weight of the jacket impedes the pigeon from flying very high or very far, and when the falcon dives on the pigeon her feet are ensnared by one or more of the nylon nooses.

When I catch a falcon I place a hood over her head, bind her legs and talons with masking tape, and slip her into a snug nylon stocking. The hood has a quieting effect, and the sock prevents her from harming herself, until she can be transferred to the "mews," or hawk house.

I "man," or tame, the falcon as soon as possible. For the first few days in captivity, I either hood her or confine her in a darkened room. She may explode at my approach, frantically hissing, biting and trying to escape. I think that only a falconer can be gentle and kind to such an irrational creature. Nevertheless, I must start to handle and feed her from the fist. Once we settle into a routine, she will begin to accept me.

My falcon must learn to come to me for her food. To teach her this, I feed her meat from a gloved hand. She will, at first, move only a few inches toward this garnished fist, but the distance will grow, and soon she flies a few hundred feet on the end of a string, or "creance."

Each time I release a new falcon from the creance—two to three weeks after catching her—I feel just as nervous as I did when I sent my first bird into the wind years ago. Even today I am never entirely certain she will return.

Falcons spend their first few days flying to a lure—a leather pouch garnished with a small piece of meat. As I grow more confident in my bird I allow her to fly where she pleases, so long as she stays within earshot. Soon she is ready to fly at live quarry—that is, at pigeons I raise for this purpose. I keep a flock of 40 to 50 at all times for my falcons. At first the falcons are clumsy and catch only weaker, slower birds. With experience they become more skilled, although some of my veteran pigeons also learn to dodge the diving falcon.

Falconry, of course, is not a weekend sport. No one should keep hawks who cannot devote two or three hours every day to flying them. It takes time to trap and train a falcon, time to make mistakes, time to attend to a hundred problems of housing and feeding. Feeding presents a special problem: when I was a student at Pennsylvania State University, for example, I had to keep my falcon on a perch in my fraternity-house room, and she caused quite a stir on campus. I kept about a dozen pigeons in the fraternity basement. On a good day my falcon might kill two or three pigeons, and I would keep these in the icebox. At first the officers of my fraternity took a dim view of all this, but they came in time to accept it, reasoning that pigeons were not very different from chickens.

Over the years I have found that starlings are a convenient and healthy diet for my hawks. I store them in plastic bags in my freezer, with the feathers on, and pluck them just before feeding. My wife performs this task when I am out of town. By no means an outdoors girl, she understandably finds the task a rather grisly one.

Falconry is not really cruel. Either the falcon kills her game instantly, or it escapes unharmed. There are no maimed or injured animals left to die a slow and agonized death. Nevertheless, falconry is often misunderstood. Many persons object to falconry as a threat to wildlife. Nothing could be further from the truth, for if we measured success in falconry in terms of bagged game, we would find the falconer far outclassed by the gunner. In fact, many falconers have never taken wild game with their birds. It is the spirit of the chase, rather than the kill, that makes the sport of falconry.

Conservationists have long objected to falconry on the grounds that it might create a drain on the already declining population of hawks. Yet it is well known that only a small number of hawks survive to maturity, owing to starvation, depredation, and disease. By rescuing and protecting the young hawks, man can save them from the perilous first year.

Though falconry is legal in virtually every other country in the world (Spain even subsidizes the sport), it is illegal in many parts of the United States today. Some states do provide for keeping hawks in captivity, but only 13 recognize falconry as a legal field sport—these being Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Mississippi, Nevada, South Dakota and Virginia. It is not that other states legislate against falconry, but rather that they have no provision for its practice, thus making it a violation of game laws whenever a falcon is used for hunting game.

The laws prohibiting falconry are archaic. They protect neither hawk nor prey, and reflect little more than a prevailing ignorance of wildlife. THE END

Powerful, lethal, magnificent, a peregrine falcon flies to landing on trainer's wrist.

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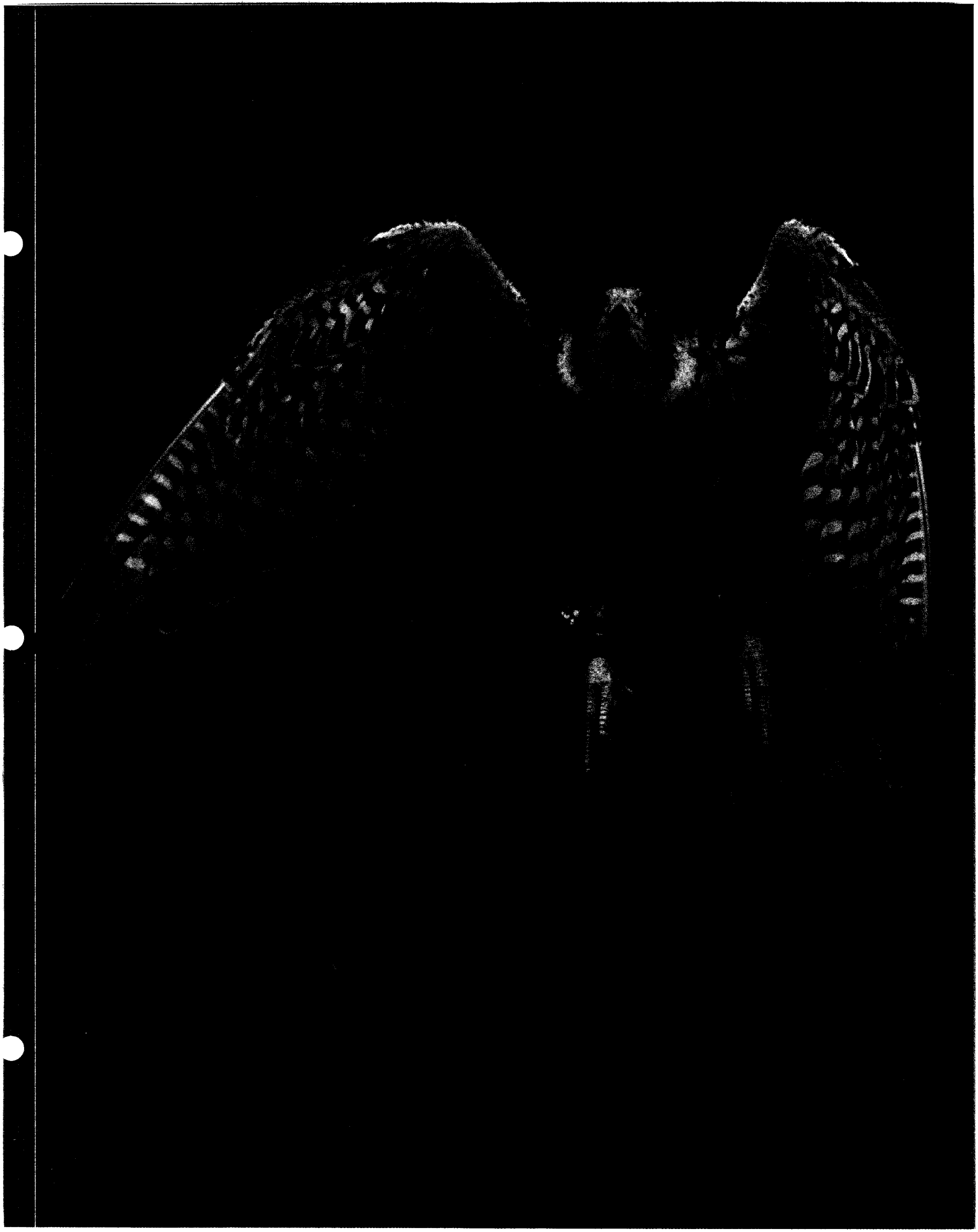

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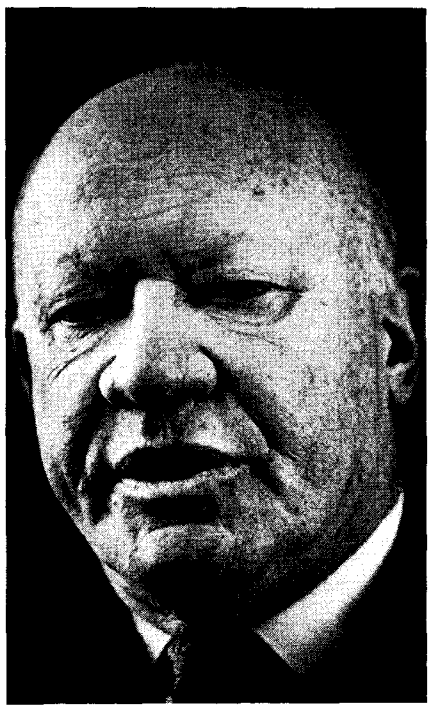
By Don Oberdorfer

THE BAIL-BOND SCANDAL

A new plan promises to end a court system that



Louis Schweitzer authored the unique plan.

At his arraignment in a gray moldering courtroom in Brooklyn on April 23, 1963, Robert Cary was formally accused of taking $14.05 in one of a series of change-booth robberies that had been plaguing New York subways. A night-time security guard for a fur-storage firm, he had been on his way home from work when a transit policeman spotted him trying to slip past a turnstile without paying the fare. Cary had a pistol in his pocket. When police later placed him in a lineup, one robbery victim said Cary wasn't the right man, but then another subway employee picked him as the culprit—first hesitatingly, then quite firmly.

Cary was 25 years old, and had never been in trouble before. When his case came to trial, it developed that the robber had been described as clean-shaven, while Cary always wore a moustache. Cary weighed 185 pounds, but the culprit was described as much slimmer. A search of Cary's possessions after his arrest turned up his ordinary raincoat, but the guilty man wore a trench coat.

At his trial Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz, feared by defendants as the toughest jurist in New York City, directed a verdict of not guilty. In the hall a court official congratulated Cary and handed him 15 cents to continue his subway ride home. By then it was October and Cary had spent almost six months in jail while waiting for trial. He had lost his job, his tiny apartment and an entire summer of his life. Though Robert Cary had been found innocent, justice had failed.

"I'll never forget that experience," he said recently. "It makes no difference to the jailers that you haven't been convicted of anything. They treat you like the lowest common criminal. Once they assigned a drug addict as my cellmate and another time a homosexual. My lucky day was when they paired me with a veteran convict from Dannemora, who gave me a quick course in my constitutional rights. I knew I had a right to bail, but there was no way to scrape up the money. My bail was $2,500, and the professional bondsman's fee alone would have been $105. One day I heard that members of a famous Brooklyn underworld gang had been arrested and were in jail. They were bailed out within a few hours."

The bail system that kept Robert Cary in jail while known criminals went free raises grave constitutional and moral issues that affect the entire nation. The Eighth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution assures every citizen that "excessive bail shall not be required." Nevertheless, on any given day tens of thousands of Americans are jammed into crowded jails because their bail is "excessive" for them. By contrast, grand juries and judges have charged that some bondsmen receive kickbacks from criminal lawyers and make payoffs to court clerks and higher-ups. In short, the bail system provides one law for the underworld and the well-to-do, and another for the poor.

In Philadelphia, for example, Angelo Bruno, the reputed chief of the local Cosa Nostra, had no trouble producing $75,000 bail recently when he was arrested on charges of extortion and conspiracy. For a premium of about $6,000, a bail bondsman saw to it that Bruno did not spend even a minute in jail. Ironically, Philadelphia had just opened a new six-million-dollar Detention Center to imprison less affluent citizens. It is already filled to capacity with men who lack bail money. Among the inmates there was Robert A. Murray, a 21-year-old butcher who couldn't produce $300 bail, and spent 54 days in jail before being tried for driving without a license. The maximum penalty for that offense is only five days. As it turned out, Murray was given a suspended sentence after pleading guilty.

Many bail bondsmen look on all those who come to them with the same hard eye as a cattle buyer. Sitting behind their garish neon-lit windows near the courthouse, they demand that each applicant produce cash for the bondsman's fee—and usually substantial collateral as well. Otherwise he can rot in jail.

Curiously, it was a wealthy retired chemical engineer, Louis Schweitzer, who came up with a simple yet revolutionary solution to a problem that has long confounded reform-minded judges, prison officials and attorneys. Until relatively recently, Schweitzer knew almost nothing about how the bail-bond system worked. Then in late 1960 an interested friend told him that at the Brooklyn House of Detention, only a few blocks from where Schweitzer had once lived as an immigrant boy from Russia, there were more than 1,000 adolescent boys who were awaiting trial in an atmosphere similar to Sing Sing.

"I'd never been in a criminal court, and hardly knew anybody who had," Schweitzer recalls, "so I failed to realize that this was considered perfectly logical. I visited the prison and was appalled. The youngsters were treated like already convicted criminals, despite our treasured principle that people are presumed innocent until proven guilty. The only crime we know they committed was the crime of being too poor for bail. I found out later that most of them were eventually given suspended sentences or acquitted—after an average wait in jail of more than a month each."

After many discussions with legal experts, Schweitzer hit on a procedure so simple and so workable that many leaders of New York criminal justice now claim to be its godfather. For years Manhattan judges, like most jurists throughout the nation, have been empowered to release, without bail, defendants who simply give their word they will appear in court for trial. This procedure, however, is rarely followed because no machinery exists to conduct pretrial investigations. In 1961 Schweitzer established and endowed the Vera Foundation, Inc., which he named after his mother. Its staff members supply judges with accurate information on a defendant's family ties, employment, residence and health and then—when they feel it is justified—recommend the prisoner for release without bond.

In order to put his plan in operation, Schweitzer hired Herbert Sturz, a former associate editor of *Boys' Life* magazine, and a battery of New York University law students. When a newly arrested prisoner arrives at the detention pens in the Manhattan Criminal Court Building, he is greeted by a Vera worker who conducts a voluntary background interview through the forbidding steel bars. This information is passed on to other Vera assistants who check it over the telephone in a two-room office upstairs. Then another worker, in the courtroom, presents the recommendation of the Vera staff to the judge. The whole procedure can be completed in one hour.

The first beneficiary, on September 14, 1961, was an unemployed grocery clerk accused of stealing a car. While he was free on Vera's recommendation, the charge against him was dropped. Then came a waiter, accused of knowingly possessing a stolen clock; he returned to court by subway after several weeks on the outside and pleaded guilty, whereupon the judge meted out a suspended sentence and a stern lecture.

As defendant after defendant was granted pretrial release, Schweitzer and Sturz nervously awaited the time when their charges would commit new crimes, or fail to report for trial. Instead they found that only one out of 100 prisoners freed on Vera's recommendations had fled—compared to the three out of 100 prisoners who ordinarily skip bail. Eventually releases climbed from five to 80 a week. Among those set free were accused forgers, shoplifters and other felons. Prostitutes, dope addicts, habitual offenders and some others are ineligible.

At latest count only 23 out of 2,600 defendants released on Vera's recommendations have failed to show up in court. About 10 more have been charged with additional crimes while at liberty. This remarkable record far exceeds the average performance of people who gain their freedom by posting bail bonds or cash.

Ticketing shoplifters

Building on its successful bail-free experiment, Vera put into operation in April a plan that eliminates entirely all pretrial detention for petty offenders. In Manhattan's 14th police precinct, located in the heart of the city's department-store district, Vera aides have been checking the backgrounds of people who moments before were arrested on charges of shoplifting. So far 45 suspects have been set free after being handed summonses similar to ordinary traffic tickets, which direct them to appear in court for trial.

Commenting on Vera's bail-free plan, Judge Bernard Botein, the top-ranking jurist in New York County, recently declared, "This procedure deserves careful consideration. I do not advocate releasing every prisoner, not by a long shot. However, it is shocking to learn that in 1962, the last year for which we have completely compiled records, a total of 58,458 people—including 12,955 adolescents—spent an average of a month each locked up in New York City jails awaiting trial. Based on Vera's results, I'm convinced that the majority of those people could have been safely released and would have returned to court to face their charges."

A penal official at the Tombs, Manhattan's dank, crowded detention house for men, puts the need for reform more

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aves thousands to rot in jail.

concretely. "I have 1,760 men this morning in a prison with a rated capacity of 984. Last week we had some men lying on the floor for lack of bunks. To make room for new arrivals, we had to shift 150 inmates to bunks we had set up in a factory building at the Riker's Island prison. On the other hand, if the law allowed, I could send half these guys out for a cup of coffee or a pack of cigarettes and never worry."

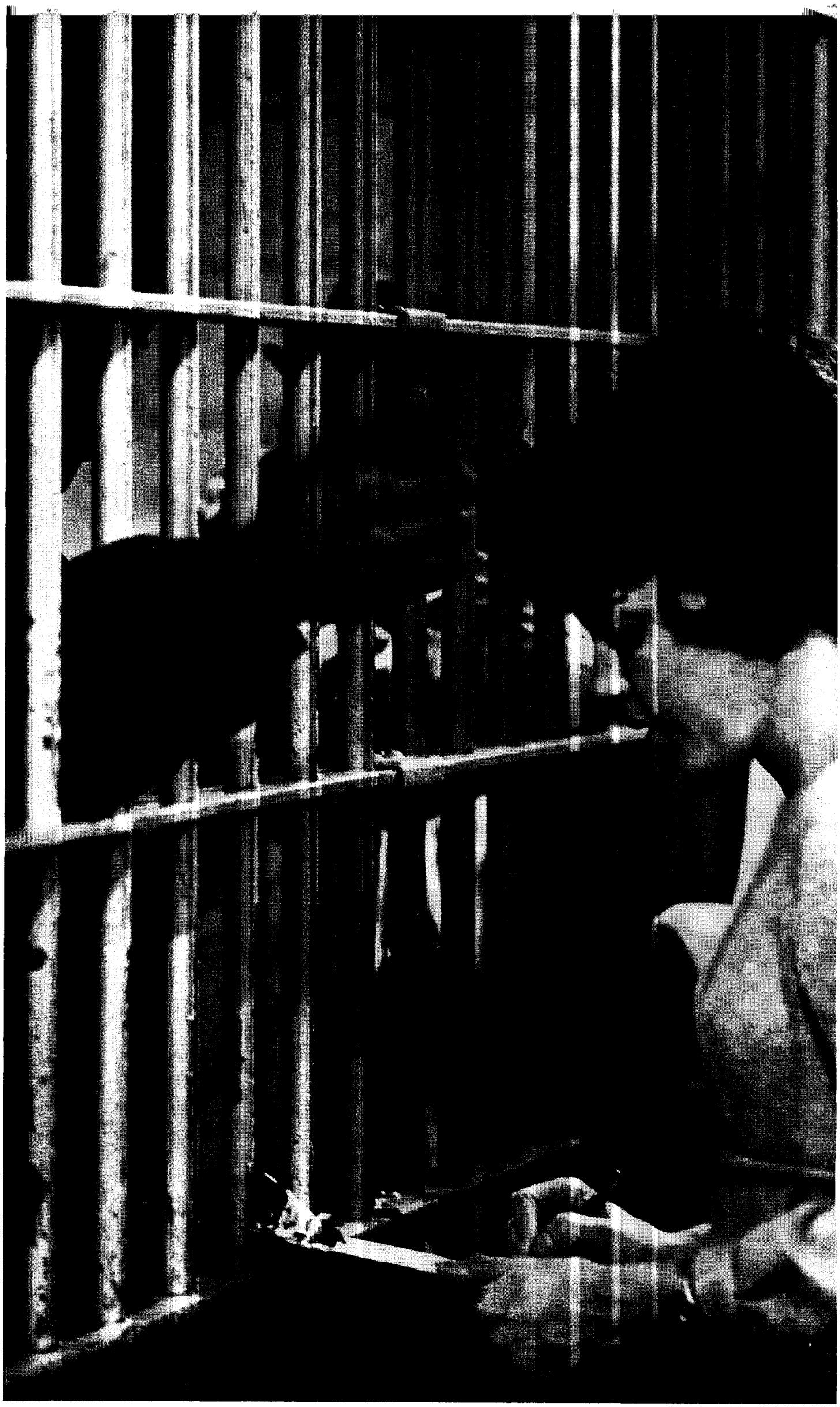
Every time a defendant is released before trial, New York City saves about $120 in prison expenses. The cost to Vera for each prisoner's release is only $13. As a result, the New York City Office of Probation has begun using the Vera procedure in the adult courts of Brooklyn and Queens, and by the end of the year the system will be operating in all five of the city's boroughs.

Word of the Vera project has spread to Chicago, Des Moines, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Washington, D.C., and Nassau County, N.Y., where similar experiments are under way. Twenty other cities are now considering projects of their own as a result of the foundation's work.

The most startling consequence of the Vera experiment can be seen in studies which show that defendants who are at liberty while awaiting trial are three times as likely to have their cases dismissed as those who remain in jail, and nine times as likely to draw a suspended sentence if convicted. Staff director Sturz explains why:

"The man at liberty can try to patch up the trouble which led to his arrest and can often make restitution for minor damages. He can locate witnesses in his own behalf and find a lawyer who suits him. He can keep his job, sometimes bringing his employer to court to vouch for him. He comes clean and well dressed, and walks to the bar of justice from a citizen's seat in the courtroom. Naturally he'll get a better break."

What the work of the Vera Foundation has meant to thousands was simply summed up by Anthony F. Marra, the respected chief of the criminal division of the Legal Aid Society in New York. "Every morning on my way to work," he says, "I can see a quotation from Jefferson blazoned in monumental letters of stone across the face of the Criminal Courts Building. It says: EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN, OF WHATEVER STATE OR PERSUASION. Vera hasn't solved all the problems, far from it, but these days that inscription somehow looks a little bit bigger." THE END



A New York inmate talks to Vera worker. His answers may mean release from jail.

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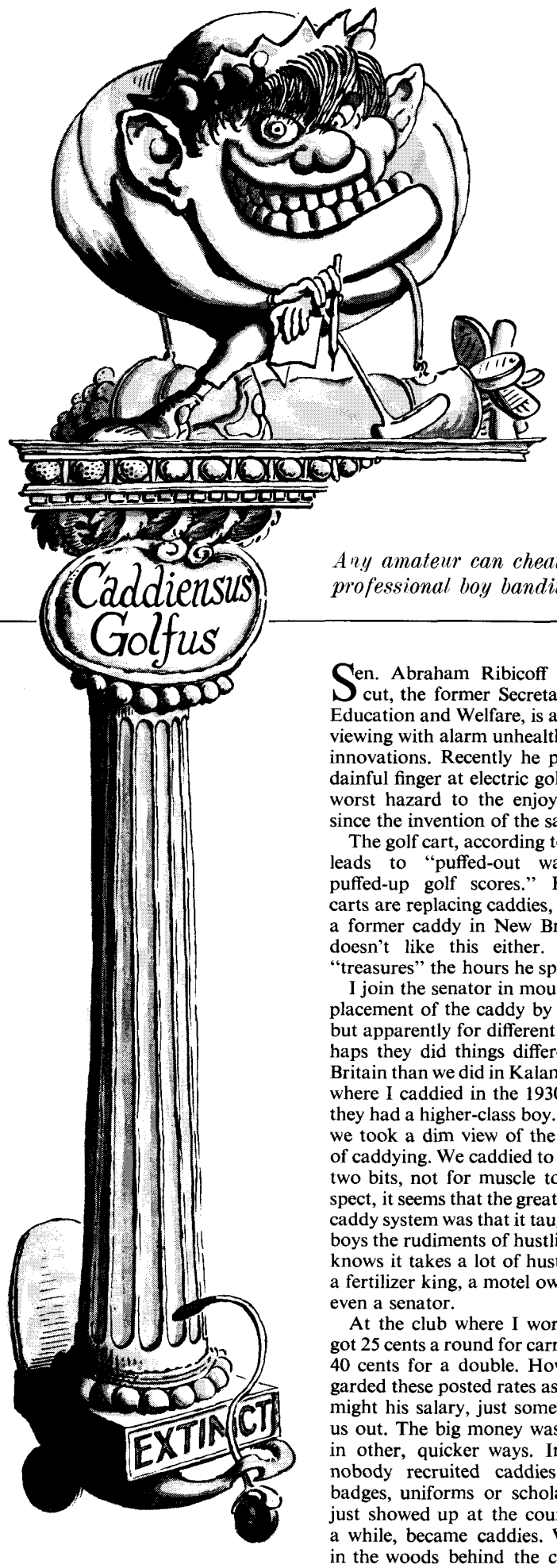

Drawing by Arnold Roth

THE VANISHING KNAVE OF CLUBS

By Bil Gilbert

Any amateur can cheat at golf—adding the score wrong or kicking a ball out of the rough—but it takes a professional boy bandit to cheat the cheaters. An ex-caddy nostalgically recalls some of his best techniques.

Sen. Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut, the former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, is accustomed to viewing with alarm unhealthy trends and innovations. Recently he pointed a disdainful finger at electric golf carts—"the worst hazard to the enjoyment of golf since the invention of the sand trap."

The golf cart, according to the senator, leads to "puffed-out waistlines and puffed-up golf scores." Further, golf carts are replacing caddies, and Ribicoff, a former caddy in New Britain, Conn., doesn't like this either. He says he "treasures" the hours he spent caddying.

I join the senator in mourning the displacement of the caddy by the golf cart, but apparently for different reasons. Perhaps they did things differently in New Britain than we did in Kalamazoo, Mich., where I caddied in the 1930's, or maybe they had a higher-class boy. In any event, we took a dim view of the exercise part of caddying. We caddied to make a quick two bits, not for muscle tone. In retrospect, it seems that the great benefit of the caddy system was that it taught American boys the rudiments of hustling. Everyone knows it takes a lot of hustle to become a fertilizer king, a motel owner or—well, even a senator.

At the club where I worked, a caddy got 25 cents a round for carrying one bag, 40 cents for a double. However, we regarded these posted rates as a headwaiter might his salary, just something to start us out. The big money was to be made in other, quicker ways. In those days nobody recruited caddies, gave them badges, uniforms or scholarships. Boys just showed up at the course and, after a while, became caddies. We hung out in the woods behind the clubhouse, far enough away so we could hear when a player came out to the first tee and bellowed, "Hey, you!" in our direction. Back in the woods the caddies organized themselves more or less along the lines of a frontier society. A first-season caddy, a nine- or ten-year-old, always had to undergo the treatment—ritual de-pantsing, being thrown in the sprinklers, having his hat swiped. If a newcomer stuck it out through the initiation, he would be permitted to take the hardest, lowest-paying job on the course—shagging. When the pro was giving a lesson, somebody had to shag the practice balls hit. The pay was a dime for retrieving a shag bag of 50 balls. Most people who hit practice balls did so because they needed to. They sprayed their shots over the better part of 10 acres. By the time an apprentice had shagged 50 assorted slices, hooks, tops and sky balls, he had earned his dime.

After shagging, about the only jobs a first-year boy got were the ones the other caddies didn't want—insufferably slow or cranky players, notorious no-tippers or old (over 25) women. Not until his second or third season did a caddy stand a chance of getting a share of the good jobs. At our course, ranking caddies cut cards at the beginning of the day to determine the order of jobs, but in every caddy society there was one boy who controlled things, who took the jobs he wanted when he wanted, regardless of how the cards fell. Our controller was a 16-year-old gorilla named Bucky Thiele. He had a lot going for him: He shaved, smoked, swore like a bosun's mate, drank beer and had a 13-year-old girl friend who was, as we admiringly put it, "stacked."

While the kind of "inter-peer" discipline Bucky administered might seem harsh in terms of enlightened modern psychology, it did serve to prepare us for the real business of caddying: hustling golf players. If you could make it with Bucky Thiele, the average adult golfer was duck soup by comparison.

The main objective was to work the player (the job) for the largest possible tip and as many fringe benefits as might suggest themselves. A quarter tip was adequate, 50 cents very good, and a buck was a bonanza. Inexperienced caddies used the hang-around-and-look-hungry methods of a bellhop to promote tips, but real hustlers *made* their jobs tip. The best lever we had was the control of golf balls. Once a golfer drove into the rough, woods or water, we had him.

Golfers seldom realized that a caddy didn't *intentionally* lose one ball out of a hundred. Our apprenticeship as shaggers developed a sort of radarlike faculty for plotting the flight of a ball. But golfers who had not caddied themselves usually had only a vague idea where they hit the ball, and assumed everyone was as dewy-eyed as they. The tactic for lost balls was to lead the search in an area 50 feet from where the ball actually rested all the time mumbling helpfully, "I saw her go out right here." If the ball was so exposed that even a golf player might see it, we kicked grass over it or stomped it into the ground. For our purposes, the ideal job was a 15-and-up handicap hacker, stupid enough not to mark the ball himself, but sufficiently bright to be able to figure out after a few holes that he was getting the business.

"I'll play another one," the hacker would say. "You look around a little more, kid. If you find it, I'll give you a dime."

At these rates the hacker could cut his losses somewhat. More savvy players simply announced an incentive plan at the beginning of a round—no balls lost, a 50-cent tip.

We caddies learned early in our careers that the majority of golfers either cheat or would like to cheat. There were many ways to convert the larceny in their hearts to our advantage. For example, your job might hook his tee shot into the woods, surreptitiously kick it away from a tree, top his recovery, shank his next shot accidentally into the fairway, fall short on his approach, top it onto the green and go down in two putts for a total of seven, not counting the foot niblick shot

"Whadaya have?" the scorecard keeper would ask when all the players had finally holed out.

The player would feign thought. "Let's see—in the wood, then out in two, up in three, on in four. Must have been a six, right, caddy?"

You had him then. The thing to do was look the cheater straight in the eye and, with just a moment's hesitation, agree. "Yes sir, that's about it, six."

Sometimes it was necessary to encourage a timid player to cheat. If a job hesi-

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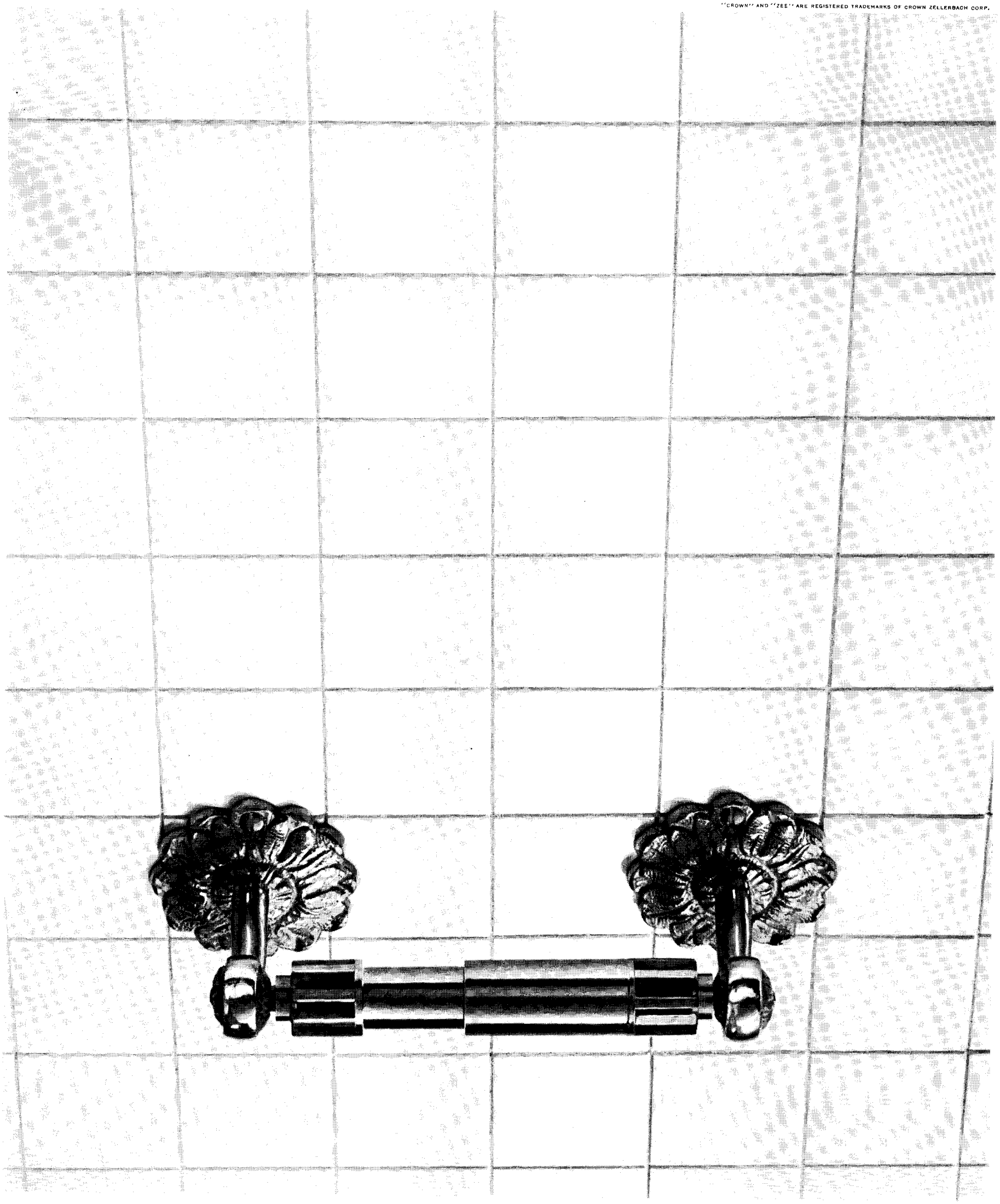
"CROWN" AND "ZEE" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF CROWN ZELLERBACH CORP.



A gentle reminder: Crown Zee is a very soft (and very economical) toilet tissue.

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tated and stammered when asked for his score, a hustling caddy nudged him smartly from the straight-and-narrow path of truth. "You had a six, sir."

The nice thing about cheaters was that they tended to be repeat customers. A man who started out cheating with one caddy was usually afraid to let the boy work later for an opponent. We cherished and courted these regulars, regarding them as secure, long-term investments. At the end of a summer we usually had enough on a cheater to ensure a good-sized bonus tip. One of the most remarkable investments of this sort was developed by a boy named Gabby Barnes, who caddied three seasons for a brazen and talented cheater who can be called Doc. (He addressed everyone from caddies to, I suppose, physicians as "Doctor.") Gabby was a smiling, baby-faced 12-year-old, who despite his angelic appearance was the most ferocious hustler of all of us. Gabby came back after his first time with Doc and reported he was a great job. Doc played rapidly, wildly, and cheated constantly. He always improved his lie in the rough, cocking his ball up on clumps of grass with a lightning-fast foot. He secretly threw balls out of the woods and lied about his score whenever he had the opportunity. He had immediately accepted Gabby as a junior partner, for a dollar tip.

A few weeks after the partnership had been formed, Doc came early and alone to the course and was out with Gabby most of the morning. When they returned, Gabby was awed. Doc had drilled him on a spectacular means of cheating on the greens, places where we had always assumed you had to be honest because greens were so open. Doc's trick was daring. If the flag pole is tilted at an angle, so that it binds in the hole of the metal cup, the cup can be pulled out of the ground by the caddy handling the flag. This would raise the rim ever so slightly above the surface of the green. With the rim raised, a good straight putt will still drop, but a weakish one which might otherwise dribble in will stop at the lip of the hole. Further, a putt slightly off line, which might go down, will kick off the rim. Given the caliber of the 10-and-up handicapper against whom Doc played, the trick was worth three or four strokes per round. Doc's instructions to Gabby were specific. The rim should never be exposed more than an eighth of an inch. If an opponent should ever hear a suspicious click of ball against metal, or actually see the protruding cup, the deal would be queered. Gabby was to save the trick for the six or seven holes a round where Doc could use a break. If Doc was hopelessly down or safely up, there was no need to waste this equalizing maneuver.

We never squealed on Doc and Gabby, because we admired their style. Besides, we couldn't figure any way to cash in by exposing them.

There was one class of jobs—women—with whom we could do little. It was not because women were too clever for us, but because they were too stupid. Women were completely ineffectual but tenacious in hunting a lost ball and too ignorant or innocent to realize that we were hiding it, waiting for ransom. They would flutter about the woods for half an hour or more until they exhausted us. Desperate to get on with the ordeal we would let them have their ball. They habitually cheated, but they did so out of dumbness rather than avarice, and so were immune to hustling. A woman would stand on the green after her fourth and final putt, and in pretty confusion, debate whether she had had a 13 or a 15. You could look her straight in the eye, even wink, and say, "It was eleven, lady," and it did no good.

"Oh, I'm so glad you counted for me. I really thought it was more," she would gush with a clear conscience.

Congenitally, women are lousy tippers, partly because they are naturally tight and partly because they have a peculiar notion that the tippee will somehow feel degraded by accepting a tip. Some women seemed to feel that they were behaving as democratic Lady Bountifuls when they invited us to join them for a five-cent bottle of pop after a five-hour round. The worst offender was a matron who always brought a box of graham crackers with her. In lieu of a tip, she would offer the crackers to her caddy and urge, "Take some for your little friends."

The saving thing about women was that they did not feel at ease with caddies and seldom hired us. Later, when I began to play golf with girls, I found out that most of them had the notion that caddies were snickering and sneering at them—evidence that the much touted feminine intuition sometimes does function. Perhaps one of the most important roles of the caddy was to keep women golfers in their place. Just as mice and other bothersome rodents will multiply alarmingly when hawks and foxes are driven off, so women have swarmed over golf courses since the disappearance of caddies.

Straight caddying was our principal source of income, but there were lucrative sidelines. All of us dabbled in the golf-ball black market, peddling balls we found to players, in defiance of regulations which insisted we turn in balls to the pro shop where they would be repainted and resold. The hard, square way of finding golf balls was to look for them wandering about the woods and rough. This was too speculative for most of us. We preferred to get golf balls in places where we knew they were, that is, where players hit them. The best place was at the water hole, a marshy, mucky pond across the third fairway. On warm afternoons we took up stations there, a gang of piranhas all openly rooting for players to dump one in the pond, adding considerably to the psychological hazard of the water hole. We could easily find a ball popped or topped into the black, peat-stained water by feeling around in the muck with our bare feet, but the only way a golfer knew when and if we had his ball was to pay for the information. Standing hip deep in the slough, our toes wrapped around a ball, we were in a strong bargaining position.

There were signs around the course declaring that caddies were not permitted to sell balls to players. These notices served chiefly to advertise the fact that we caddies had balls for sale and to suggest, rightly, that we offered better balls and lower prices than the pro shop. From safe thickets near the fairway we would sidle out toward players like dirty-postcard vendors.

"Hey, mister, you want three brand-new Titleists? Only a buck."

These transactions were made in haste and stealth, thus giving us a good chance to disguise the fact that the "brand new" balls had sometimes been doctored for gaping wounds with putty and white paint. The nature of this unlawful commerce tended to eliminate complaints. The pro shop was not sympathetic to golfers who got bad merchandise from caddies, and like most con victims who enter illegal deals intending to cheat rather than be cheated, our customers were loath to admit they had been taken.

Another minor but steady source of revenue was the bounty given for gophers. Gophers are superb hole diggers and lusty breeders. Golf courses provide a place for them to show off both these talents. In those days the most effective gopher-control method was to flush the rodents from their holes. This required two boys, one to carry a bucket of water and pour it down the gopher hole, the other to dispatch the gopher with a stick or catch it in a net when the choking animal surfaced. We were paid a nickel per gopher tail.

During my last season we caddies, rather than kill gophers as we caught them, kept them in a cage in our woodlot, feeding them on lunch scraps and graham crackers contributed by women golfers. The gophers amused us and served as a sort of savings account on the hoof. On slow days when we might otherwise have gone without pop or candy, we cashed in our surplus gophers. One afternoon the pro found the cage and took the gophers without paying the bounty. "They might get out, you can't keep pets," was his high-handed unappealable explanation. It was finally Gabby Barnes, our resident Machiavelli, who hit on a plan for retaliation. "If that X% &'# wants gophers, let's get him some."

We collected live gophers for a week, keeping them well hidden until we had a prize herd of two dozen. Early on a Saturday morning, before the heavy weekend play had started, we took them to the first green and released them. A gopher's first reaction to finding himself in a strange place is to make himself at home by digging one or more holes. We waited around until the green began to resemble a huge Swiss cheese, and then retired to our woods. Shortly the pro and the greenkeeper came calling.

"Those #$*&%$& gophers!" the pro opened the conversation.

"You mean those gophers on Number One?" Gabby asked innocently.

"How did you know?" The greenkeeper, a quick, sour man, took the bait.

"It's just a good place for them—a good place for gophers."

"All right," said the pro in a strangled voice, similar to that of a drowning gopher. "Cut the comedy. Get your buckets and get them out of there."

"It ain't hardly worth it, only a nickel," Bucky Thiele, our war leader took over from Gabby, the diplomat. "We got jobs and things."

"Look," the pro said, the neck beginning to knot and bulge as if he had swallowed three brand-new Titleists. "For two cents, I'd. . . ."

"Pay 'em, Ken, pay 'em," the greenkeeper interrupted. "Jeeze, I'm going to be a week getting that green back now."

"All right," the pro said in a tone that might be described as coerced civility. "Buck, you and the boys get 'em cleared out right away. We'll give you a quarter for five tails."

Bucky, who was not strong on division, began to brighten, but Gabby saved him. "A dime per."

"Pay 'em, pay 'em," the greenkeeper insisted, and in the end they did pay us, and the price per tail was maintained throughout the summer.

As I say, almost any caddy can hustle a golfer, but it took a hell of a caddy to hustle a pro and a greenkeeper. Perhaps nostalgia has clouded my judgment, but it seems to me that this kind of thing is beyond the talents of an electric golf cart, and more useful to healthy American boys than muscle tone. THE END

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.

HAZEL by Ted Key

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If you're having trouble locating Mars. . . ."

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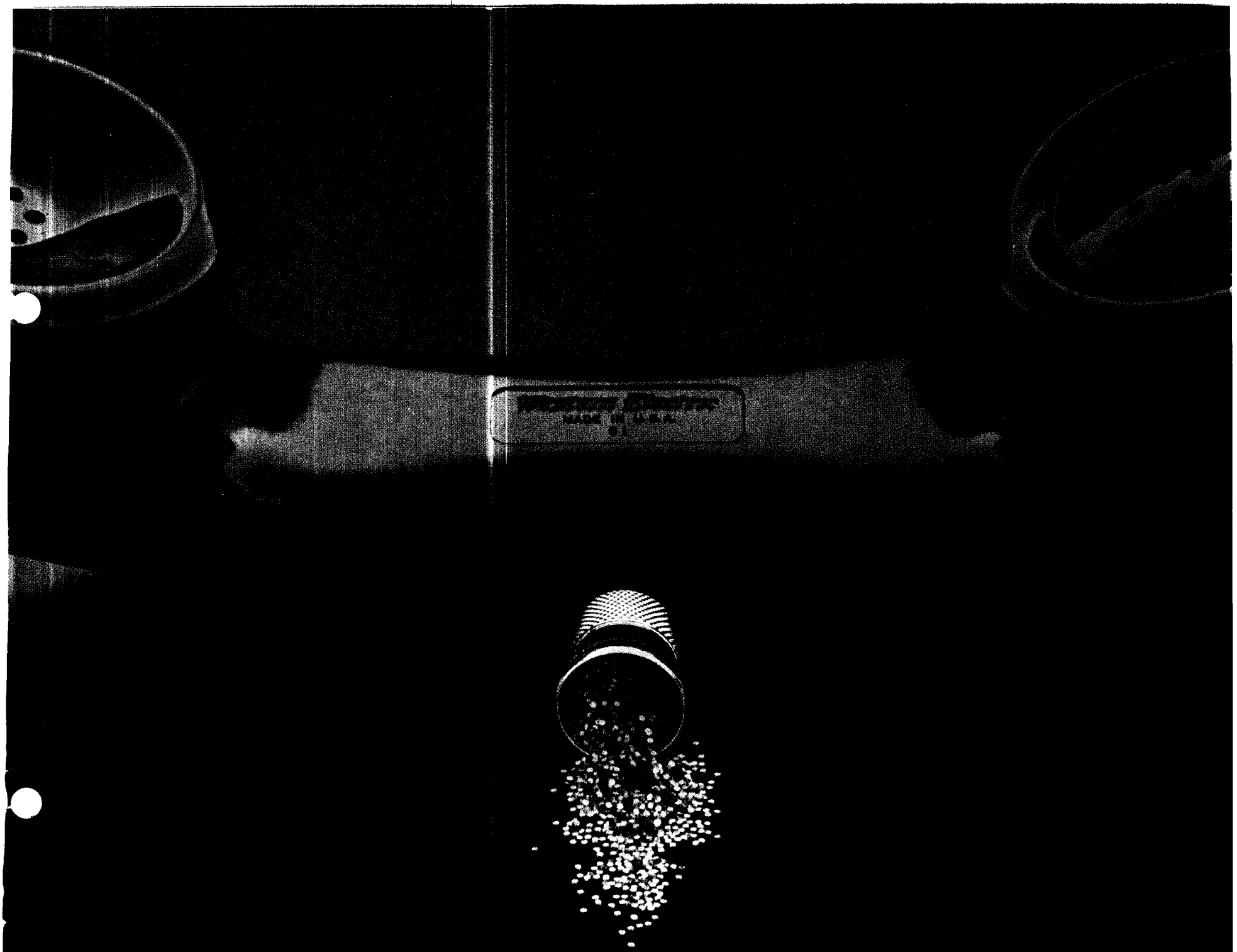

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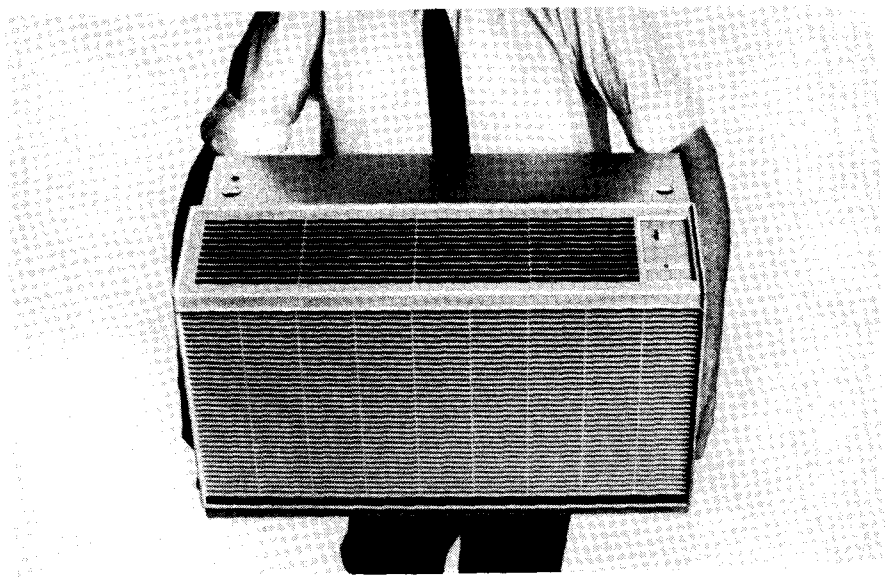

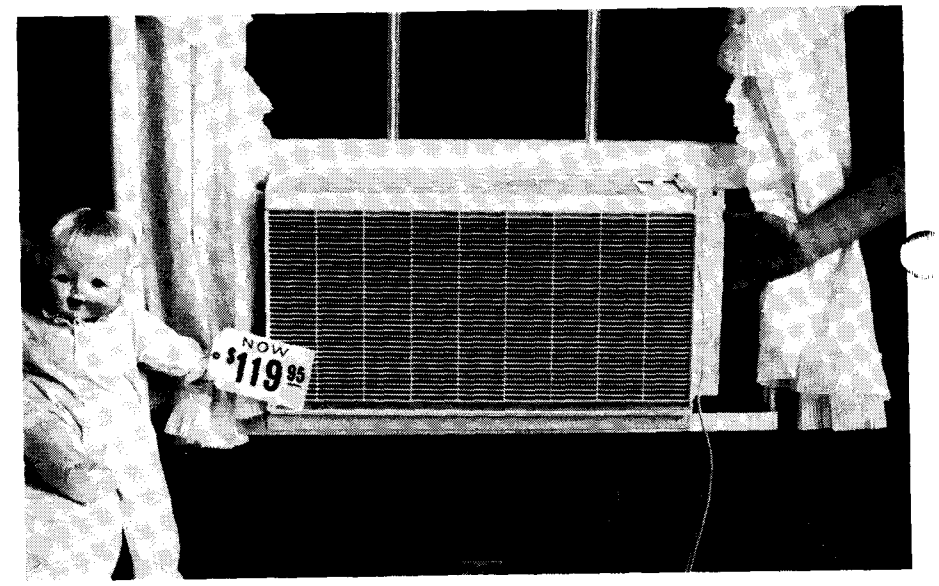

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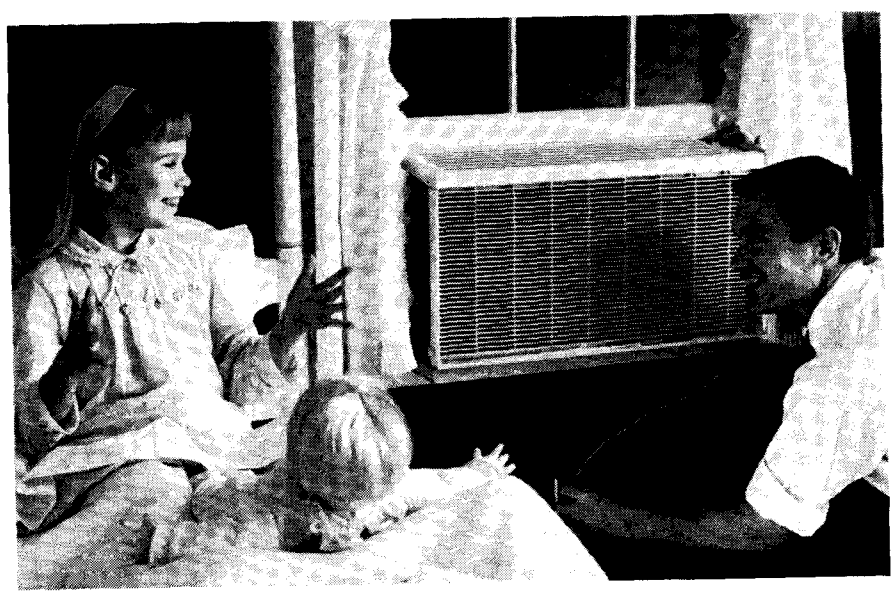

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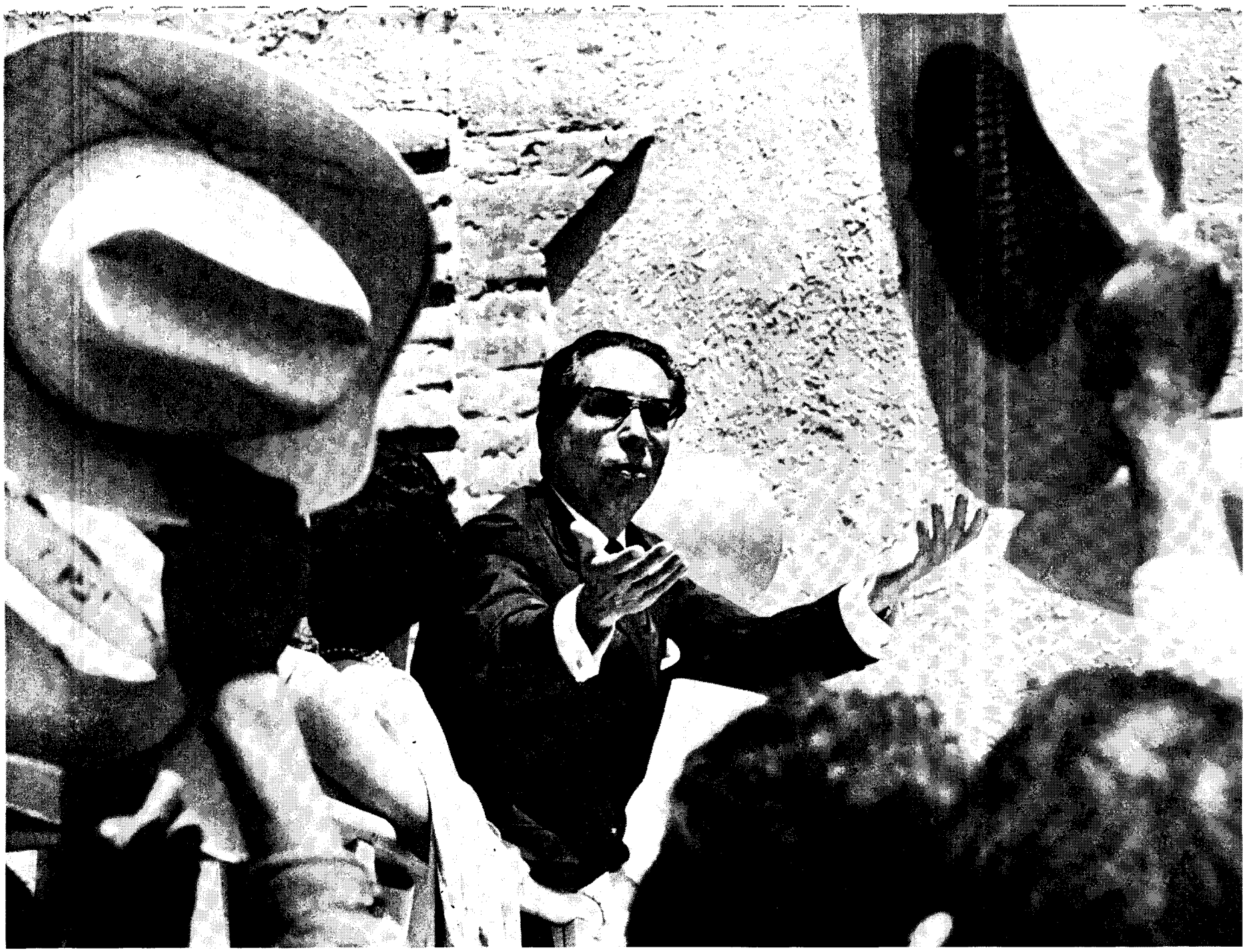

In a peculiarly Mexican exercise, The Candidate receives peasants' adulation during the presidential campaign. As the ruling party's nominee, he cannot lose.

Next month Mexico's capitalists and sombreroed peons will elect as president Gustavo Díaz Ordaz, hand-picked to preserve his nation's poverty, corruption—and prosperity.

VIVA EL CANDIDATO!

By Richard Armstrong **Photographs by Bill Bridges**

Few Americans have ever heard of a Mexican politician named Gustavo Díaz Ordaz. Until last November, few Mexicans had ever heard of him either. He is a small man with pronounced buck teeth and a long, thin nose. He smiles well and he is equipped with a big bass-baritone voice that gives political platitudes a convincing ring. Because he was chosen behind closed doors by the all-powerful Party of Revolutionary Institutions to be the next president of Mexico, his fellow politicians fawn upon him, and Mexico's sandaled peasant millions turn out solemnly to inspect him and applaud.

In Morelia, capital of the fertile western state of Michoacán, 70,000 people jammed the town square and main street at a rally for The Candidate (as everybody calls him). "I come," Díaz Ordaz boomed out over the vast field of straw hats, "to steep myself in your beautiful countryside, and in the memory of your heroes." An arsenal of fireworks exploded in the plaza of the cathedral, and through the yellowish haze of spent powder thousands of balloons floated upward, and thousands of packages of cigarettes sailed down like heavy confetti into the crowd. That night at a working session of the party in the town auditorium, Díaz Ordaz listened stolidly for two hours to politely phrased complaints and grandiose future plans, the air smelling democratically of both burros and fine perfume. "People of Michoacán, the road to progress is open!" he shouted at the end, and rushed out through the cheering crowd. He had all 29 states to cover before the election on July 5.

He is already the best-known living Mexican with the exception of the current president, Adolfo López Mateos, and the comedian Cantinflas, who gets a large write-in vote at every election. In lonely villages of Morelos state, where Zapata once rode, Díaz Ordaz pictures by the hundreds flutter in strings across the dusty streets. His name is whitewashed on mountainsides in

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On outskirts of Mexico City, alongside an expressway streaming with new automobiles, some of the city's poor search for the means of existence in a garbage

Viva el Candidato!

letters 40 feet high. It blinks down from an electric sign atop a skyscraper near Mexico City's main boulevard, the broad and handsome Paseo de la Reforma. In the section called Lomas, where the millionaires live, houses are being put up for sale by overextended politicians who backed another man, and are being purchased by politicians who fancy themselves to be Díaz Ordaz's friends.

Because The Candidate has a reputation as a moderate and an able administrator, business confidence is booming. "He will not declare it publicly, but I can tell you that he hates the Communists," says a Mexican industrialist, smiling broadly. "European money is coming in every day," reports a French investment banker in Mexico City scouting for opportunities. "This is the only country in Latin America the European investor trusts." Wall Street oversubscribed a $40-million bond offering by the Mexican government last summer, and since the Díaz Ordaz nomination, the bonds have been selling at a healthy premium.

When he dons the green-and-red sash of office at his inauguration next December, Díaz Ordaz will assume almost complete power over Latin America's second most populous nation (after Brazil) and its third largest (after Brazil and Argentina). It is a brown and buckled land, nine-tenths arid, which its conqueror, Cortés, once described by crumpling a sheet of parchment in his hand. Generations of American tourists have known it—if only for jumping beans, hairless dogs, *mariachi* musicians and intestinal parasites. Generations of American expatriates have been fascinated by the brooding, mystical Mexican soul.

In a part of the world where so much has lately been going wrong, the overriding fact about Mexico is that so much is quietly going right. Mexico, alone in Latin America, has enjoyed stability and progress for 30 years, and its economy has been growing by almost five percent a year. The growth rate last year hit six percent and is now accelerating.

Mexican-American relations have never been so warm, and you rarely hear that old maxim of Mexican Dictator Porfirio Díaz (1877–1911), "Poor Mexico, so far from God and so close to the United States." Meeting with President López Mateos in Los Angeles last February, Lyndon Johnson hailed Mexico as proof that the Alliance for Progress can work.

But a proud and even touchy sovereignty is part of the current Mexican mood. As a cornerstone of what it calls an "independent" foreign policy, Mexico maintains cordial diplomatic relations with Cuba, and most of the Castro agents trained in Cuba for work elsewhere in Latin America fly in and out by way of Mexico. This posture led to what one banker calls a "crisis of confidence" in 1961, and $125 million fled Mexico.

That money is now coming back. The Mexican peso, worth eight cents, is one of the few strong currencies in Latin America, backed by an all-time high of $510 million in gold-and-dollar reserves. Such solvent independence has piqued the interest of Charles de Gaulle, who paid a state visit to Mexico in March. As the oldest one-party "guided democracy" in the underdeveloped world, Mexico has attracted, too, the attention of such men as Algeria's Premier Ben Bella, who is sending observers to see how the system works. His men will find some puzzlers.

The P.R.I. (pronounced pree), the party that grew out of the gory revolution which began in 1910 and raged on for 20 years, could easily win even an honest election (though no election in Mexico ever is). Díaz Ordaz's only duly registered opponent is an earnest professor of law named José González Torres, 44, who represents the vaguely Catholic and conservative National Action Party. He is understandably glum about his chances: "The P.R.I. maintains that this is a democracy. The fact is that the P.R.I. holds all of the senate seats, 172 of the 178 seats in congress, all the governorships and all the 3,500 municipalities, with the exception of a single town of 30,000 which is ours. Peasants and workers are compelled to attend P.R.I. political rallies. It is a party sustained by the government offices it holds, by the labor and peasant groups it controls, and thus its power is absolute."

While conservatives brood, the far left bickers. One branch of the Communist Party is sponsoring a write-in candidate. The other branch, the Popular Socialist Party, headed by Vicente Lombardo Toledano, swallowed its pride and endorsed Díaz Ordaz. Running their own man, Lombardo told delegates to the party convention, "would be like the mouse who drank the bottle of tequila and thought he could take on the cat."

Lightweight Leftists

The Communists swing some weight at the universities, but almost none in labor—they control one small bakery local, and one small typographical local whose members are all employed in putting out the Communists' own propaganda. "How can you have a Left without workers?" asks a Marxist professor, who admits that he gets pretty discouraged. "The top labor leader in Mexico is a man named Fidel Velázquez. He is a creature of the government. You can find him most any night at a table in the Normandía nightclub. What kind of labor leader is that?"

The usual checks and balances of democracy do not exist in Mexico. Congress and the judiciary are rubber stamps for the president. The press is cowed and subservient. Civil rights are only sporadically observed. Twenty-six labor leaders and the famous artist (and Communist) David Siqueiros are currently serving prison terms as long as 16 years on a vague and probably unconstitutional charge called "social dissolution." The screams of a prostitute being hauled by her heels into a paddy wagon just a block off the Reforma are real and frightening. Mexican jails are notorious hellholes. One prisoner is a tourist from Texas named Dykes Simmons, who was convicted of murder on flimsy evidence [*The Saturday Evening Post*, September 21, 1963] and is awaiting the outcome of his appeal to the Mexican Supreme Court.

But an oddly egalitarian attitude persists among Mexicans as a carry-over from the revolution. At the elegant Passy Restaurant in Mexico City, a waiter talks back freely to a tableful of Mexican millionaires. On the sidewalk in front of the National Palace, nattily dressed officials scatter before a broad, bare-footed Indian woman who plods along with a baby on either arm. A small boy walks by as if he owned the place, swinging three live chickens by the feet.

The economic system consists of Socialist-minded *téchnicos* from the universities presiding over a swashbuckling capitalism in which the politicians themselves own the major interest. What comes out of it is a mixed, surprisingly well-planned economy, which Mexicans like to compare to that of France. The government may take over an industry, as it did with petroleum back in 1938 and electric power in 1960, but it does not harass. American companies, whose investment comes to $900 million, are treated well, but most of them have heeded government advice and "Mexicanized" by going partners with local capital. The *téchnicos* are probably the best in Latin America. And as for the politicians, "they are not simply talking through their hats," says a top American businessman. "What they do affects their own enormous holdings. And because they run the show, they are less prone to send their money abroad."

One foreign diplomat describes the ideology of the P.R.I. as "don't rock the trough." Raids on the treasury are not nearly so blatant as in the heady revolutionary days of the 1920's, when on one occasion a trainload of gold bullion completely disappeared and, on another, President Álvaro Obregón ordered that his war minister's gambling debts of 80,000 pesos be paid out of the public treasury. "It is much more sophisticated now," says a Mexican businessman, "but the sums involved are larger. It is not too different from the system in the U.S. A politician is given a chance to buy shares for $10 that are soon worth $100."

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"It is the poor who pay the cost of Mexico's industrial progress."

dump where many of them also live.

In a freight elevator rising through the skeleton of a half-finished skyscraper in Mexico City, a financier who is a front man for politicians pointed off to a site involved in a typical deal. The city fathers had just moved the railroad station back several hundred yards, opening access between the crowded middle-class district of Santa Maria and a vacant stretch of ground long isolated by the railroad tracks. It was soon to become a shopping center. "By an odd coincidence," he grinned, "I own that piece of land."

To accumulate capital for development the P.R.I. has held the living standards of the masses down. Two percent of the population enjoys 40 percent of the income. More than half the people live at a bare subsistence level. In the 10,000-square-mile Mesquital desert in Hidalgo state, 300,000 Otomí Indians are starving, and water is so scarce that even the babies drink pulque, a potent cactus wine. On the outskirts of Mexico City, along the four-lane throughway to Toluca, a great garbage pit, once a quarry, swarms with human scavengers. "With all their inglorious defects and weaknesses," wrote sociologist Oscar Lewis in *The Children of Sanchez*, "it is the poor who emerge as the true heroes of contemporary Mexico, for they are paying the cost of the industrial progress of the nation."

Yet the poor still feel some sense of identity with the P.R.I. "Yes, we are with Díaz Ordaz," said an old man, squatting in a doorway in the filthy village of Valle de Santiago in Guanajuato. "They have built a new school here. And he is the candidate of the revolution." The poor even take pride in the P.R.I.'s handsome new $1.2 million headquarters, equipped with marble corridors and thick carpets, on Avenida Insurgentes in Mexico City. "It looks more like a bank than a party headquarters," admits the man who did the interior design, "but that was the effect they wanted, a feeling of stability."

Mexico's political leaders, far from revolutionaries, come from the middle class. "That is their strength and weakness," says an American political scientist. "They have no ideology and never had one. In fact, most of them have second-rate minds. But unlike the usual Latin American politician, they are sincerely interested in such grubby problems as growing better artichokes or more tomatoes." They are a secretive, clubby lot. The party president, Gen. Corona del Rosal, an affable man with a sloping Indian face, ignores the five telephones on his desk at P.R.I. headquarters if a visitor is present, and retires to another telephone in a closet to take his calls.

President López Mateos's father was a dentist. Díaz Ordaz is the lawyer son of a government accountant in Puebla who still goes to the office every day at the age of 90. After working his own way through school, The Candidate began making the right kind of friendships fast. He married the daughter of the federal district attorney in Puebla just after passing his bar exams in 1937. As a young judge in Puebla, his first boss within the P.R.I. was President Ávila Camacho's brother, the local cacique, or political boss, who once advised a friend: "If you build a road for 75,000 pesos and pocket 1,000, everybody will howl. But if you build a road for 75 million pesos and knock back a million, nobody will even notice."

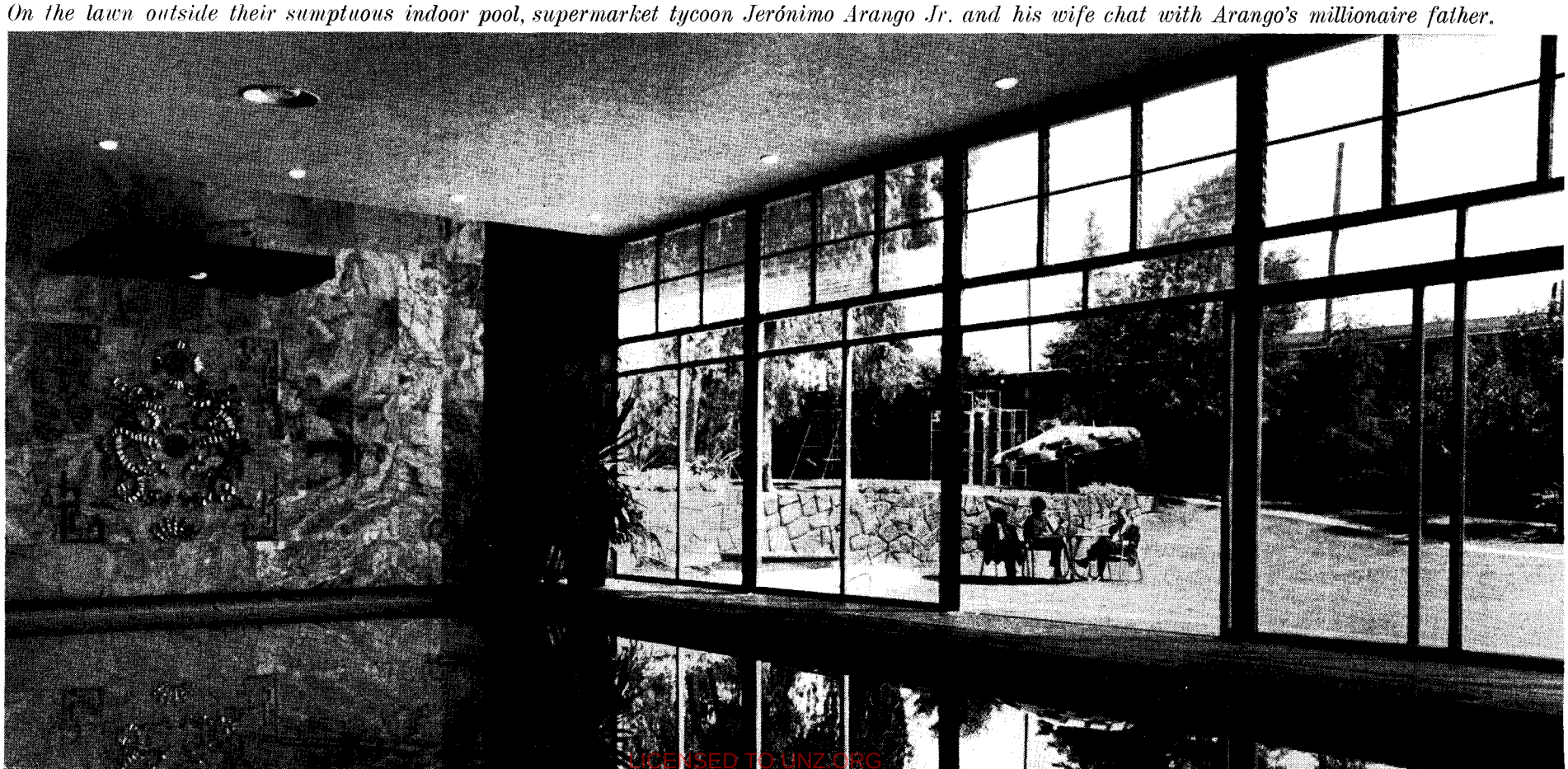
Moving up to the senate in 1946, Díaz Ordaz formed the key friendship of his life, with another freshman senator named Adolfo López Mateos. The two became confidants and neighbors in the Pedrigal section of the capital. When López Mateos became president in 1958 he gave Díaz Ordaz the Ministry of Government. It is a notoriously corrupt and inefficient agency, responsible for internal affairs. "If you fall into the hands of *Gobernación* and its red tape," American residents warn, "you'll leave this country a broken man." Díaz Ordaz undertook no basic reforms, but his police did handle such matters as breaking a nasty series of strikes in 1959 with brutal dispatch. He angered the far left by supplying the FBI with photographs of visitors to Cuba. The pro-Communist magazine *Política* ran a cartoon showing Díaz Ordaz dressed as a priest and carrying a club labeled WALL STREET. Within the inner circle of the P.R.I., where important decisions are made, ex-President Lázaro Cárdenas, who leads the party's left wing, argued strongly against his candidacy. But López Mateos was strong enough and determined enough to push it through. "He's the only real politician in my cabinet," López Mateos told a friend.

The next president is a clean-desk man with an eye for detail. After he said goodbye to hundreds of *Gobernación* employees one day last fall, he turned to an aide with a complaint: "There were eight people in that line who don't even work here." He keeps a normal Mexican schedule, a late one, broken in mid-afternoon by a peppery three-hour lunch and siesta. He is a passionate but mediocre (high 90's) golfer, and he loves to drive fast cars—his Thunderbird is his favorite. He is a practicing Catholic, but out of respect to the anticlerical tradition of the Mexican revolution stayed away from church when his daughter was married last year. He describes himself as a middle-of-the-roader. "I like to operate like a submarine on sonar. When I am picking up noise from both the left and right, I know my course is correct."

He is expected to be a consolidator rather than an innovator. For instance, López Mateos has distributed 25 million acres of land to peasants, and Díaz Ordaz promises to follow through with irrigation projects and technical assistance, explaining that "land reform that is not thorough and productive is not land reform at all." He is certain to continue the López Mateos foreign policy, including relations with Cuba, and the great current emphasis on education, which takes 22 percent of the Mexican budget compared to only 10 percent for the armed forces—the reverse of the usual Latin American priorities.

The supreme goal is economic progress by whatever methods will work. And in Mexico today, striking signs of progress abound at every hand. In the years since the ruinous earthquake of 1957, which cracked the Continental Hilton Hotel down the middle and toppled dozens of older landmarks, the capital city has been completely transformed. Luxury hotels, including the new El Presidente and María Isabel, match any in the world for splendor and service. Many of the daring new buildings, including the marble U.S. Embassy and the 44-story Latin Tower—tallest in Latin America—ride on floating foundations in the watery subsoil, a building technique at which Mexican architects excel. Mayor Ernesto P. Uruchurtú, who is nicknamed "Mr. Flowers-Fountains" because of his many

On the lawn outside their sumptuous indoor pool, supermarket tycoon Jerónimo Arango Jr. and his wife chat with Arango's millionaire father.



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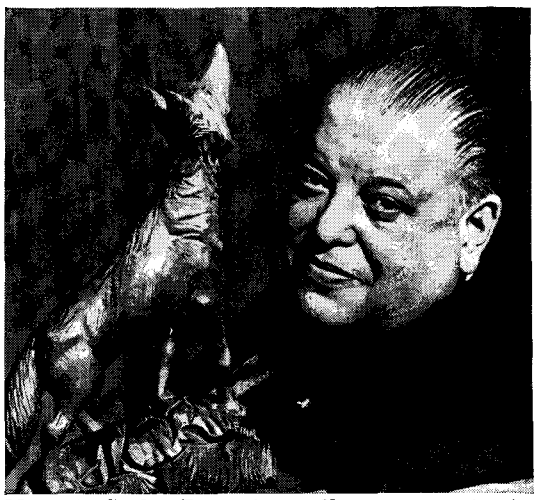
New millionaires, called coyotes, emerge daily. Their political connections are excellent.

Builder Quintana rose fast.



Magnate Carlos Trouyet proudly wears coyote pin.

Italian immigrant Bruno Pagliai made fortune in steel, married Merle Oberon.

Viva el Candidato!

beautifying drives, has razed miles of rat-ridden slums in Mexico City and replaced them with housing projects and modern markets. One project alone, Nonoalco, being built by government and private capital on 250 acres cleared of slums and railroad yards, will house 200,000 people in handsome apartment houses at rents from $12 to $60 a month. The project includes Architect Mario Pani's graceful pointed office tower and centers around a "Plaza of Three Cultures," which contains an Aztec pyramid unearthed during the excavations, as well as the oldest church in the New World. "And it is all just three minutes from the heart of town," a Mexican banker explains.

In his passion for bulldozing and building, Uruchurtú often ruffles feelings. Once, when property owners banded together to stop him from widening Avenida Insurgentes, he simply changed the name of the avenue, bulldozed the buildings in question and changed the name back again. Last year his traffic commissioner acquired the nickname "Peter the Great" when he decreed that all policemen with moustaches had to shave them off. Uruchurtú is now building an entire new boulevard, an extension of the Paseo de la Reforma, through the very heart of Mexico City, bulldozing down among other buildings the Mexican Foreign Ministry, which is moving to Nonoalco. "This city is a gift to the people from Uruchurtú," said a Mexico City resident. "He saved it from becoming one big slum."

Tourists, most of them Americans, are one driving force behind the Mexican boom. They spent $800 million last year. In the capital, they crowd the jai-alai stadium and the world's largest bullring, the Plaza de México. During Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter holidays, flocks of American coeds nuzzle their Mexican dates in the pitch-black bar on the top floor of the Continental Hilton, overlooking the lights of the Paseo de la Reforma and the flames belching from the antique Atzcapotzalco oil refinery.

Acapulco is already one of the world's major resorts, and Puerto Vallarta has been discovered with a resounding boom since the sojourn of Taylor and Burton. Planeloads of American tourists got canceled out there this winter when new hotels, being built at frantic pace, were not completed in time. "It was going to be the high point of the trip," grumbled a doctor from California who had been obliged to take Acapulco instead. "I've been to Acapulco twice already." Flights from Miami to the Mayan and Toltec ruins near Merida in tropical Yucatán are jammed. The Barbachano family, Mexicans of Italian descent, own a virtual monopoly on first-class accommodations at the ruins, and are getting rich. Outside Guanajuato in central Mexico, the blond American matron walking her poodle means prosperity too—100,000 Americans now make Mexico their home.

A deeper force behind the boom is the Mexican determination to modernize and industrialize. In desolate Infiernillos (Little Hell) Canyon, for example, where the Balsas River tumbles off the Sierra Madre foothills toward the Pacific 50 miles away, an all-Mexican team is completing the biggest hydroelectric dam in Latin America, a project so huge that no Mexican company could have attempted it 10 years ago.

A construction town of 18,000 has sprouted among the giant cactus plants at Infiernillos, and a work crew of 4,200, many of them straight off the farm, keep the air hammers going around the clock on two 12-hour shifts. The builders have excavated more rock than was tunneled from Mont Blanc, and the French-made generators they are installing inside the mountain are the world's most powerful outside Russia, with a total capacity of 936,000 kilowatts, or almost a fourth of Mexico's entire present supply.

In Mexico City and in Toluca, to the west of the capital, eight automobile plants are going up as the next phase of Mexican industrialization. In Querétaro, a drive-in restaurant and a Singer sewing-machine factory stand at the bottom of the Hill of the Bells, where Emperor Maximilian was shot in 1867. In Irapuato, where Mexico's best colonial architect, Tresguerras, built his grandest churches, a new Del Monte plant commands a vista of green, irrigated fields, and a huge sign put up by local boosters reads (in Spanish) SEÑOR INDUSTRIALIST, IRAPUATO AWAITS YOU. Latin America's best highway network crisscrosses Mexico's difficult terrain, and a collection of cars worthy of an international auto show—Fiats, Ramblers, Mercedes, Jaguars, Toyopets—whiz along at 55 mph.

The Mexican boom is making new millionaires every year. They are aggressive and versatile men, blessed with a social mobility unknown elsewhere in Latin America. They are called coyotes, or wheeler-dealers, and they have excellent political connections. There is Carlos Trouyet, 59, who was born in a Mexico City slum of a bitterly poor Mexican mother and a drifting French father, and who is today one of the country's richest men, chairman of the board of the Mexican Telephone Company and 19 other major firms. He is a friend of presidents and wears a diamond coyote in his lapel. "It is the lower-middle class that is building Mexico," says Trouyet, "and I am proud to come from that class."

There is Bruno Pagliai, 60, an elegant man with tiny feet who was born in Italy, learned finance while working for the Bank of America in San Francisco, and who commands a steel-and-aluminum fortune of $50 million. He collects art and fine wines, and his third wife is Merle Oberon. There is Bernardo Quintana, 44, who was so broke 17 years ago that he had to mortgage his car to pay the overhead on his engineering firm. Today that firm, called ICA, is worth at least $16 million, and Quintana is Mexico's biggest builder, employing 15,000 people. One of his projects is the Infiernillos Dam. "Our only problem at ICA," he says, "is running fast enough to keep up with the velocity of this country."

Climbing up the ladder far below these men are the millions of poor. Packed aboard ancient buses or crowded into the backs of trucks, they keep pouring into the cities and construction camps to fight for a part of the boom—and, if they are lucky, for a place in the lower-middle class and what Mexicans call a "decorous" life, costing at least $120 a month. Francisco Benitez, only 21, has made it. He wandered into a construction camp from his home village in Michoacán eight years ago, got a job as a water boy for 40 cents a day, and now has worked all the way up to diesel mechanic and a salary of $240 a month at Infiernillos. Javier Ruiz Marín, 23, from the cattle-growing country of Zacatecas state, dropped out of high school seven years ago and caught a ride on the back of a truck to Mexico City. It took him six months to find his first job, but now he is an engineering draftsman for the Federal Electricity Commission, making $144 a month. "I have finished high school and enrolled in the university," he says. "No, I feel no ties to Zacatecas. This is the place for me."

Through a picture window in an office looking out over the floor of one of his nine discount houses, retailer Jerónimo Arango Jr. has spent as much time as any other man in Mexico studying this new middle class in action. In the eight years since he took his first fascinated stroll through a discount house, during a trip to New York, he and his two brothers, all educated in the U.S., have turned Mexican marketing upside down. Their stores do a $25-million business annually, and turned a profit of more than a million dollars last year. The customers haul a wondrous farrago, ranging from television sets to shoes and groceries, through the check-out lines.

Spreading the goodies

"There," says Arango, pointing down at a neat, solemn-faced young couple. "They are what I would call typical middle class. A few years ago he wouldn't have been caught dead doing something so unmasculine as pushing a grocery cart. Let's see what he's buying. Fab, our biggest seller. Nescafé. These names sound familiar? They're all made in Mexico now.

"Ah, look, Gerber's baby food. Always a sure sign. Yes, that man has made it. He's a member of the middle class."

It is a bland enough stage for a revolution to have reached. Mexican intellectuals complain, in fact, that they are being "homogenized" by guided democracy and a secondhand, second-rate culture, made in the United States. "We are afraid to try the next step," complains novelist Carlos Fuentes. "It's cozy to let the P.R.I. lead you around. The gap between our economic and political development is widening." But most Mexicans, still poor, have not begun to worry about such considerations. If Díaz Ordaz had a mandate from his electorate, it would be to spread the Gerber's around. THE END

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Leading a procession of rural voters eager to proclaim The Candidate, a tractorload of farm workers make a holiday of Diaz's visit to their town in Hidalgo, north of the capital.

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EXTREMISM AND THE NEGRO REVOLUTION

In Washington, D. C., recently an old man was sitting on his front porch enjoying a warm spring evening. A pair of Negro youths happened by, and one of them said to the other, "There's a white man. Let's get him." The two Negro youths beat up the old man, and he was taken to a hospital, badly mauled.

This brutal little episode is part of a growing pattern of senseless Negro violence and of stupid, self-defeating tactics that are doing great harm to the Negro cause. Examples are occurring all across the country:

- In Jacksonville, Fla., three Negro youths triggered racial violence by tossing Molotov cocktails and light bulbs filled with paint at the Burns-for-Governor election headquarters. (Jacksonville Mayor Haydon Burns had incensed Negroes by clamping down on racial demonstrations.)
- In Berkeley, Calif., and San Francisco, Negro demonstrators protesting hiring policies loaded supermarket carts with food, let cashiers ring up their purchases, then "suddenly decided" they didn't want the food.
- In San Francisco's Sheraton-Palace Hotel, demonstrating Negroes (also protesting hiring policies) blocked doorways, instituted an all-night siege in the lobby, preventing customers from entering or leaving the hotel.
- In San Francisco, demonstrators protesting hiring policies at automobile agencies entered showrooms, disrupted business by sitting in display cars and lying on the floor under cars and around them.
- In Atlanta, Ga., demonstrating Negroes entered a segregated restaurant and urinated on the floor.
- A wave of racial violence broke over New York. Negro teen-agers mugged two Columbia University professors. A gang of about 20 Negro hoodlums terrorized a subway in Brooklyn, beat and robbed white passengers, smashed windows and light bulbs. In a separate episode, on another train, four Negro youths threatened a motorman and 40 passengers with a meat cleaver. A policeman was mobbed by 11 Negro youths when he attempted to break up a fight between a white man and a group of young Negroes. On the Staten Island ferry, two dozen Negro youths ran amok, swept food and drinks off the refreshment counter and took $90 from the cash register. In the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn, Hasidic Jews organized a fleet of radio patrol cars to protect their fellow citizens from marauding Negroes.

It is time everyone recognized the fact that the Negro revolution has taken a very ugly turn. More and more violence for the sheer sake of violence and demonstrations without specific purpose are taking place. In Nashville, Tenn., as a Negro demonstration erupted into violence recently, a Negro leader, the Reverend J. Metz Rollins, said, "You don't have to have any specific objectives. This is a protest against being a Negro in this country." A Negro speaker in Cambridge, Md., recently told his audience, "We are radicals, not moderates. Moderates negotiate with whites; radicals renounce them."

It would be hard to exaggerate the explosive potential of this situation. The respected Negro author, Louis Lomax, says, "The recent disclosures of anti-white Negro gangs in Harlem are but a minor leak of a major development in the mass Negro community. It has been common knowledge among Negro reporters and social critics that the black masses of New York, Chicago and other cities are arming themselves. More than a year ago I wrote that the Negro masses have lost faith in the basic integrity of white people; that they were on the verge of taking matters into their own violent hands."

If the Negro continues to resort to violence, the white man inevitably will react with violence. The result will be a disaster for everyone, especially the Negro. Simple arithmetic makes this so. Negroes comprise 10 percent of the population. Without the help of a substantial segment of the white population, they will never achieve their lawful objectives. The Negro for ages has deplored the lawlessness and violence inflicted upon him by the white man. He cannot now turn to these methods and expect others to support him. Criminality is criminality no matter who is the offender. It can never be excused, condoned or rationalized. The Negro, if he turns to violence, will forfeit the moral suasion of his cause.

The tragic fact today is that the Negro is leaderless. Responsible Negro leaders have lost control of the revolution. The trend toward violence is the gravest threat to that revolution. It not only alienates the Negro's friends, it creates a barrier between the races that may one day be insuperable.

The *Post* has always believed, and still deeply believes, that the American Negro must be accorded full citizenship as expeditiously as possible. But lawlessness and violence can never be the way to achieve this objective.

At a Negro rally in Cambridge, Md., recently *Post* Washington editor Stewart Alsop sat next to a Negro woman who was chanting "Freedom. Freedom." Alsop asked her specifically what it was that she wanted. Was it jobs, better, housing, or more school integration? The questions seemed merely to irritate her. "Can't you understand?" she said. "We want freedom, freedom, NOW."

Every Negro who is tempted toward extremism should ask himself what can be accomplished by pointless violence. The answer is "nothing." The Negro, the white man, the nation can only lose.

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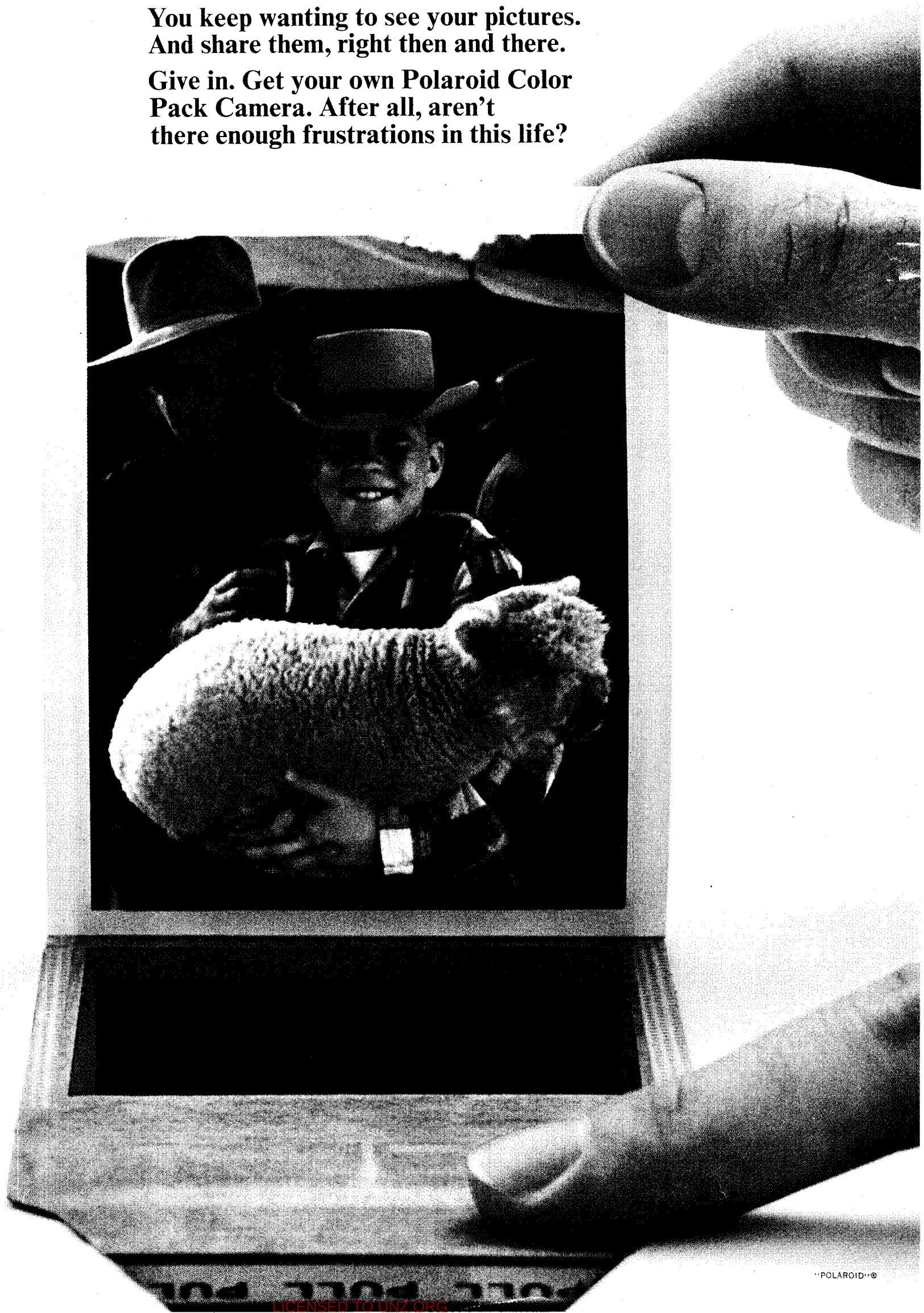

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